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# THE CHEERY WAY

# The Cheery Way

## *A Bit of Verse For Every Day*

*By* JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
*Author of "A House-Boat on the Styx"*
*"The Pursuit of the House-Boat" etc.*

Decorations by
J. R. FLANAGAN

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Books by

# JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE CHEERY WAY
THE BICYCLERS
THE CHAFING-DISH PARTY
COFFEE AND REPARTEE
A DRAMATIC EVENING
DREAMERS
THE ENCHANTED TYPEWRITER
THE FATAL MESSAGE
THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX
THE GENIAL IDIOT
JACK AND THE CHECK-BOOK
MR. BONAPARTE OF CORSICA
OVER THE PLUM PUDDING
A PROPOSAL UNDER DIFFICULTIES
THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT
THE REAL THING
THREE WEEKS IN POLITICS
THE WORSTED MAN
YOUNG FOLKS' MINSTRELS

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
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The Cheery Way

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# CONTENTS


THE NEW-BORN YEAR . . . . . *January First*
WATCH OUT! . . . . . *January Second*
THRO' THE DEPTHS . . . . . *January Third*
LUCK AND PLUCK . . . . . *January Fourth*
PERSISTENCE . . . . . *January Fifth*
VAIN . . . . . *January Sixth*
LOVE'S BLINDNESS . . . . . *January Seventh*
IMMUNE . . . . . *January Eighth*
THE STARS . . . . . *January Ninth*
THE SOURCE . . . . . *January Tenth*
THE EVER-YOUNG . . . . . *January Eleventh*
THE FURNISHINGS . . . . . *January Twelfth*
COMPENSATION . . . . . *January Thirteenth*
THE GUEST . . . . . *January Fourteenth*
POSSESSION FIRST . . . . . *January Fifteenth*
WINTER ROSES . . . . . *January Sixteenth*
A MATTER OF TASTE . . . . . *January Seventeenth*
RADIATION . . . . . *January Eighteenth*
RICH AND POOR . . . . . *January Nineteenth*
THE PASSWORD . . . . . *January Twentieth*
THE GOSSIPER . . . . . *January Twenty-first*
MY PRAYER . . . . . *January Twenty-second*
EXPOSED . . . . . *January Twenty-third*
SHIPMATES . . . . . *January Twenty-forth*
THE BLUES . . . . . *January Twenty-fifth*
GOOD AND EVIL . . . . . *January Twenty-sixth*
THE BORROWERS . . . . . *January Twenty-seventh*
THE RICH MAN . . . . . *January Twenty-eighth*
CHEER UP! . . . . . *January Twenty-ninth*
LIGHT AND SHADOW . . . . . *January Thirtieth*
THE TREASURE-CHEST . . . . . *January Thirty-first*
THE DESIGN . . . . . *February First*
POSSESSIONS . . . . . *February Second*
A HINT . . . . . *February Third*
THE PLAN . . . . . *February Fourth*
THE SURE SUN . . . . . *February Fifth*
WANTED . . . . . *February Sixth*
EXCHANGES . . . . . *February Seventh*
TO FEBRUARY . . . . . *February Eighth*
THE HEART OF YOUTH . . . . . *February Ninth*

# CONTENTS


My Work . . . . . *February Tenth*
Profit-sharing . . . . . *February Eleventh*
Lincoln . . . . . *February Twelfth*
The Lonely Heights . . . *February Thirteenth*
A Protest . . . . . *February Fourteenth*
Transformation . . . . . *February Fifteenth*
Appreciation . . . . . *February Sixteenth*
Mr. Joy . . . . . *February Seventeenth*
An Absurdity . . . . . *February Eighteenth*
The Unfathomable . . . . *February Nineteenth*
The Ladder and the Light . *February Twentieth*
Garnered Sweets . . . *February Twenty-first*
Washington . . . . *February Twenty-second*
An Explanation . . . . *February Twenty-third*
A New Beginning . . . *February Twenty-fourth*
A Goodly Gift . . . . *February Twenty-fifth*
The Self-made Man . . *February Twenty-sixth*
Don't Worry . . . . *February Twenty-seventh*
The Edifice . . . . *February Twenty-eighth*
The Day . . . . . *February Twenty-ninth*
March . . . . . *March First*
Defiance . . . . . *March Second*
The Dwelling-place . . . . *March Third*
Mine Enemy . . . . . *March Fourth*
Partners . . . . . *March Fifth*
Weedless . . . . . *March Sixth*
In Proportion . . . . . *March Seventh*
A Cheerful Institution . . . *March Eighth*
A Long Quest . . . . . *March Ninth*
A March Day . . . . . *March Tenth*
My Face . . . . . *March Eleventh*
Modeling . . . . . *March Twelfth*
A Good Investment . . . . *March Thirteenth*
Profit . . . . . *March Fourteenth*
Unreal Troubles . . . . . *March Fifteenth*
Fill It . . . . . *March Sixteenth*
Flowers . . . . . *March Seventeenth*
Contented . . . . . *March Eighteenth*
Redemption . . . . . *March Nineteenth*
Comfort . . . . . *March Twentieth*
Mellowing . . . . . *March Twenty-first*
No Tribute . . . . . *March Twenty-second*
All in One . . . . . *March Twenty-third*
Concealed Treasure . . *March Twenty-fourth*
A Call . . . . . *March Twenty-fifth*
Safety . . . . . *March Twenty-sixth*
Evidences . . . . . *March Twenty-seventh*

# CONTENTS


THE WISE FOOL . . . . . *March Twenty-eighth*
VALUES . . . . . *March Twenty-ninth*
TWO RAILS . . . . . *March Thirtieth*
THE SEQUENCE . . . . . *March Thirty-first*
APRIL . . . . . *April First*
HOLD FAST . . . . . *April Second*
A PREFERENCE . . . . . *April Third*
THE FLOWER . . . . . *April Fourth*
KEY-NOTES . . . . . *April Fifth*
CHANGED AMBITION . . . . . *April Sixth*
IN HOURS OF GRIEF . . . . . *April Seventh*
THE GIFTS OF SPRING . . . . . *April Eighth*
THE PAST . . . . . *April Ninth*
ORIGINS . . . . . *April Tenth*
A WELCOME VISITOR . . . . . *April Eleventh*
ALWAYS AT HOME . . . . . *April Twelfth*
THE GIFT . . . . . *April Thirteenth*
THE SHIP . . . . . *April Fourteenth*
A PLEASANT THREAT . . . . . *April Fifteenth*
ALONGSIDE . . . . . *April Sixteenth*
A REALIZATION . . . . . *April Seventeenth*
STRENGTH . . . . . *April Eighteenth*
THE VERDICT . . . . . *April Nineteenth*
PICTURES . . . . . *April Twentieth*
BAD COMPANY . . . . . *April Twenty-first*
HOPE . . . . . *April Twenty-second*
STRENGTHENING . . . . . *April Twenty-third*
ASPIRATION . . . . . *April Twenty-fourth*
THE HARVEST . . . . . *April Twenty-fifth*
TOLERANCE . . . . . *April Twenty-sixth*
MUNITIONS . . . . . *April Twenty-seventh*
SOURCES . . . . . *April Twenty-eighth*
A WISH . . . . . *April Twenty-ninth*
IMMORTAL! . . . . . *April Thirtieth*
A MAY-DAY WHIM . . . . . *May First*
THE SEED . . . . . *May Second*
THE TREASURY . . . . . *May Third*
THE SINGING BREEZE . . . . . *May Fourth*
A TOAST TO EARTH . . . . . *May Fifth*
THE POINT OF VIEW . . . . . *May Sixth*
THE LITTLE BIRD . . . . . *May Seventh*
TO HAPPYLAND . . . . . *May Eighth*
THE END AND THE BEGINNING . . . *May Ninth*
PAGES OF LIFE . . . . . *May Tenth*
THE SINGING WAY . . . . . *May Eleventh*
THE LAUGHING SONG . . . . . *May Twelfth*
HOPES RESTORED . . . . . *May Thirteenth*

# CONTENTS


Promises . . . . . *May Fourteenth*
Immune . . . . . *May Fifteenth*
The Daily Book . . . . . *May Sixteenth*
Wireless . . . . . *May Seventeenth*
The Mirth-cure . . . . . *May Eighteenth*
A Resolve . . . . . *May Nineteenth*
Understudies . . . . . *May Twentieth*
To the Rose . . . . . *May Twenty-first*
In Plain Sight . . . . . *May Twenty-second*
The Thief . . . . . *May Twenty-third*
The Homeward Way . . . *May Twenty-fourth*
The Link . . . . . *May Twenty-fifth*
Your Share . . . . . *May Twenty-sixth*
Visions . . . . . *May Twenty-seventh*
A Resolve . . . . . *May Twenty-eighth*
Stumbling . . . . . *May Twenty-ninth*
Memorial Day . . . . . *May Thirtieth*
The Victor . . . . . *May Thirty-first*
The Messenger . . . . . *June First*
A Fair Idea . . . . . *June Second*
Judgment . . . . . *June Third*
The Proof . . . . . *June Fourth*
Elation . . . . . *June Fifth*
Blessings Twain . . . . . *June Sixth*
A Good End . . . . . *June Seventh*
Fishin' . . . . . *June Eighth*
My Faith . . . . . *June Ninth*
The Hate That Steals . . . . *June Tenth*
Friendly Offerings . . . . . *June Eleventh*
A Frequent Cure . . . . . *June Twelfth*
The Poet . . . . . *June Thirteenth*
Spread It . . . . . *June Fourteenth*
Fortune . . . . . *June Fifteenth*
The Daily Word . . . . . *June Sixteenth*
The Tree . . . . . *June Seventeenth*
Oak or Lily . . . . . *June Eighteenth*
Sigh Not . . . . . *June Nineteenth*
A Goodly Choice . . . . . *June Twentieth*
The Day . . . . . *June Twenty-first*
The Triple Hold . . . . *June Twenty-second*
Sheer Waste . . . . . *June Twenty-third*
Achievement . . . . . *June Twenty-fourth*
The Climber . . . . . *June Twenty-fifth*
The Old and the New . . . *June Twenty-sixth*
The Burden-bearer . . . *June Twenty-seventh*
Ever Young . . . . . *June Twenty-eighth*
Safety-deposit Vaults . . . *June Twenty-ninth*

# CONTENTS


As to Unkind Words . . . . . *June Thirtieth*
July Showers . . . . . *July First*
Build . . . . . *July Second*
July . . . . . *July Third*
Freedom . . . . . *July Fourth*
Will . . . . . *July Fifth*
The Excess . . . . . *July Sixth*
The Test . . . . . *July Seventh*
Insurance . . . . . *July Eighth*
A Pleasant Game . . . . . *July Ninth*
The Point of View . . . . . *July Tenth*
The Accounting . . . . . *July Eleventh*
Independence . . . . . *July Twelfth*
Satisfaction . . . . . *July Thirteenth*
Out of the Storm . . . . . *July Fourteenth*
The Immortal Thing . . . . . *July Fifteenth*
A Resolution . . . . . *July Sixteenth*
Age-proof . . . . . *July Seventeenth*
In and Out . . . . . *July Eighteenth*
Life . . . . . *July Nineteenth*
The Thought-garden . . . . . *July Twentieth*
The Call . . . . . *July Twenty-first*
The Open Road . . . . . *July Twenty-second*
The World . . . . . *July Twenty-third*
Externals . . . . . *July Twenty-fourth*
The Builder . . . . . *July Twenty-fifth*
Self-approval . . . . . *July Twenty-sixth*
The Question . . . . . *July Twenty-seventh*
Look Up! . . . . . *July Twenty-eighth*
As to Questions . . . . . *July Twenty-ninth*
Imperishable . . . . . *July Thirtieth*
Willing Targets . . . . . *July Thirty-first*
August . . . . . *August First*
A Library of Days . . . . . *August Second*
Rations . . . . . *August Third*
As to Nightmares . . . . . *August Fourth*
Brothers All . . . . . *August Fifth*
A Short Cut . . . . . *August Sixth*
Worth While . . . . . *August Seventh*
A Parallel . . . . . *August Eighth*
Odds and Ends . . . . . *August Ninth*
Demand and Supply . . . . . *August Tenth*
The Fault . . . . . *August Eleventh*
Eternal Youth . . . . . *August Twelfth*
Fortune . . . . . *August Thirteenth*
Locked In . . . . . *August Fourteenth*
Mist . . . . . *August Fifteenth*

# CONTENTS


A Foolish Plaint . . . . . *August Sixteenth*
Good-will . . . . . *August Seventeenth*
Yield Not . . . . . *August Eighteenth*
Vaulting Ambition . . . . *August Nineteenth*
Sailing . . . . . *August Twentieth*
Idle . . . . . *August Twenty-first*
Joy o' Living . . . . . *August Twenty-second*
Reactions of Rhyme . . . *August Twenty-third*
As to Clay . . . . . *August Twenty-fourth*
Deathless . . . . . *August Twenty-fifth*
A Division . . . . . *August Twenty-sixth*
Weather-proof . . . . . *August Twenty-seventh*
Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow *August Twenty-eighth*
Molding . . . . . *August Twenty-ninth*
The Bee . . . . . *August Thirtieth*
Summer Passes . . . . . *August Thirty-first*
September First . . . . . *September First*
Swim Out . . . . . *September Second*
The Doctor . . . . . *September Third*
Suspicious . . . . . *September Fourth*
Ghosts . . . . . *September Fifth*
The River . . . . . *September Sixth*
The Phœnix . . . . . *September Seventh*
A Suggestion . . . . . *September Eighth*
My Loves . . . . . *September Ninth*
As to Certain Doses . . . . *September Tenth*
The Wise Spendthrift . . . *September Eleventh*
The Ingredients . . . . . *September Twelfth*
The Winner . . . . . *September Thirteenth*
The Sailor . . . . . *September Fourteenth*
The Joy of Being . . . . *September Fifteenth*
Free Gifts . . . . . *September Sixteenth*
The Standard of Measurement *September Seventeenth*
Motors . . . . . *September Eighteenth*
A Pleasant Notion . . . *September Nineteenth*
Soul-sculpture . . . . *September Twentieth*
Overlooked . . . . . *September Twenty-first*
Tolerance . . . . . *September Twenty-second*
Knots . . . . . *September Twenty-third*
As to Enemies . . . *September Twenty-fourth*
Good Sailing . . . . *September Twenty-fifth*
A Dream? . . . . . *September Twenty-sixth*
Fools and Sages . . . *September Twenty-seventh*
What's Your Hurry? . . *September Twenty-eighth*
Telling Time . . . . . *September Twenty-ninth*
All the Same . . . . . *September Thirtieth*

# CONTENTS


October . . . . . *October First*
The Huntsman . . . . . *October Second*
Happiness . . . . . *October Third*
The Road . . . . . *October Fourth*
Good Company . . . . . *October Fifth*
Greetings . . . . . *October Sixth*
Fruition . . . . . *October Seventh*
A Robbery . . . . . *October Eighth*
Oak or Acorn . . . . . *October Ninth*
Tested . . . . . *October Tenth*
My Star . . . . . *October Eleventh*
The Blind Man . . . . . *October Twelfth*
Alternations . . . . . *October Thirteenth*
The Best Available . . . *October Fourteenth*
The Painter . . . . . *October Fifteenth*
The Real Genius . . . . *October Sixteenth*
The Old Things . . . . *October Seventeenth*
A Useful Whim . . . . . *October Eighteenth*
Waiting . . . . . *October Nineteenth*
Friend and Enemy . . . . *October Twentieth*
Practice . . . . . *October Twenty-first*
A Receipt . . . . . *October Twenty-second*
Poison . . . . . *October Twenty-third*
An Epitaph . . . . . *October Twenty-fourth*
The Universal Language . *October Twenty-fifth*
My Song . . . . . *October Twenty-sixth*
A Reflection . . . . . *October Twenty-seventh*
The Gambler . . . . . *October Twenty-eighth*
The Gift of Time . . . *October Twenty-ninth*
Good Training . . . . . *October Thirtieth*
An Improvement . . . . . *October Thirty-first*
Glad November . . . . . *November First*
The Small Potato . . . . *November Second*
Transferred Roses . . . . *November Third*
Lands of Promise . . . . *November Fourth*
The Explorer . . . . . *November Fifth*
The Whimsical Philosopher . *November Sixth*
Co-operation . . . . . *November Seventh*
Morning, Noon, and Night . *November Eighth*
Unimpaired . . . . . *November Ninth*
To the Unknown Friend . . *November Tenth*
Thorns and Roses . . . . *November Eleventh*
The School of Life . . . *November Twelfth*
Up . . . . . *November Thirteenth*
The Better Plan . . . *November Fourteenth*
Mother Earth . . . . . *November Fifteenth*
Imaginary Trouble . . . . *November Sixteenth*

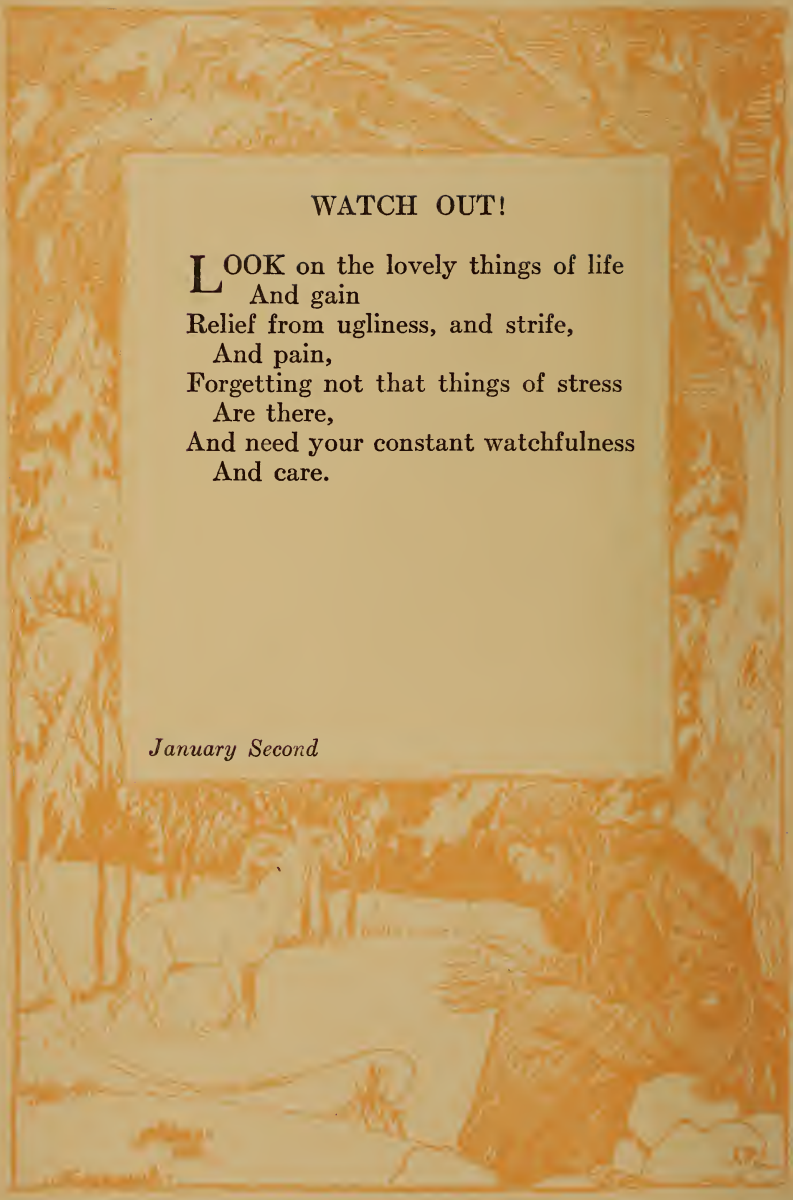
# CONTENTS


A Reversible Heart . . *November Seventeenth*
Head and Heart . . . *November Eighteenth*
In Defeat . . . . . *November Nineteenth*
The Truer Joy . . . . *November Twentieth*
The Symbol . . . . . *November Twenty-first*
Out of the Depths . . *November Twenty-second*
The Daily Harvest . . *November Twenty-third*
The Joy of Hoping . . *November Twenty-fourth*
Puzzles . . . . . *November Twenty-fifth*
Thanksgiving . . . . *November Twenty-sixth*
Action . . . . . *November Twenty-seventh*
A Preference . . . . *November Twenty-eighth*
The Wisdom of the Moth *November Twenty-ninth*
The Thing That Counts . . *November Thirtieth*
The Icy Road . . . . . *December First*
Mirrors . . . . . *December Second*
The Humorous Philosopher . . *December Third*
Allies . . . . . *December Fourth*
Out of the Murk . . . . . *December Fifth*
The Cup . . . . . *December Sixth*
At Sunset . . . . . *December Seventh*
The Willing Will . . . . . *December Eighth*
A War Impression . . . . . *December Ninth*
Earnings . . . . . *December Tenth*
The Weather-maker . . . *December Eleventh*
A Query . . . . . *December Twelfth*
A Resolve . . . . . *December Thirteenth*
The Overburdened . . . *December Fourteenth*
The Dance . . . . . *December Fifteenth*
The Thief . . . . . *December Sixteenth*
Clearing the Way . . . *December Seventeenth*
In the Woods . . . . *December Eighteenth*
Sanctuary . . . . . *December Nineteenth*
As to Heaven . . . . . *December Twentieth*
Space and Time . . . . *December Twenty-first*
Star-led . . . . . *December Twenty-second*
My Gift . . . . . *December Twenty-third*
The Christmas Spirit . . *December Twenty-fourth*
Santa Claus . . . . . *December Twenty-fifth*
The Aftermath . . . . *December Twenty-sixth*
Now and Here . . . *December Twenty-seventh*
Pleasant Thinking . . . *December Twenty-eighth*
If, But, and Why . . . *December Twenty-ninth*
The Refuge . . . . . *December Thirtieth*
A Parting Gift . . . . *December Thirty-first*

## THE NEW-BORN YEAR

COMES now a smiling New-Born Year
To fill to-day with goodly cheer—
An infant hale and lusty.
Upon our door-sill he is left
By Daddy Time, of clothes bereft
Despite the season gusty.
If he be Churl or doughty Knight,
A Son of Darkness or of Light
No man can tell, God bless him!
But be he base or glorious
Time puts it wholly up to us
To dress him!

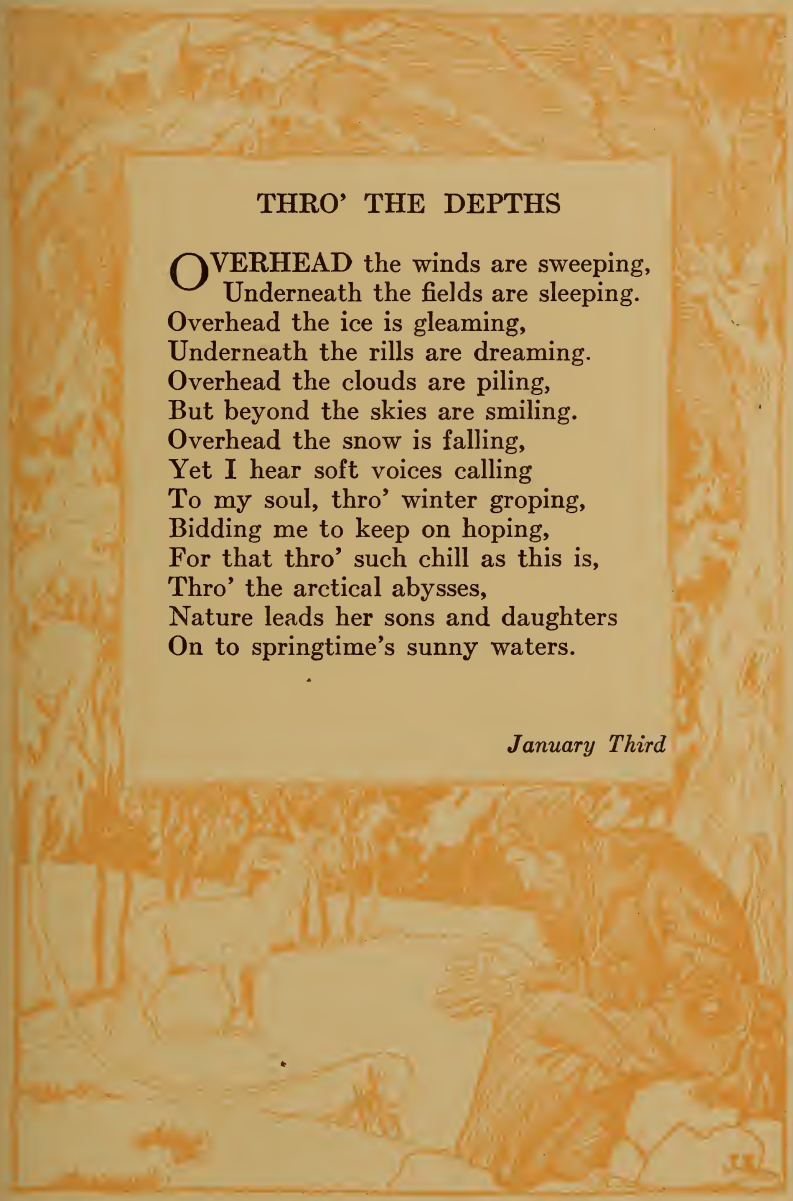
*January First*



## WATCH OUT!

LOOK on the lovely things of life
And gain
Relief from ugliness, and strife,
And pain,
Forgetting not that things of stress
Are there,
And need your constant watchfulness
And care.

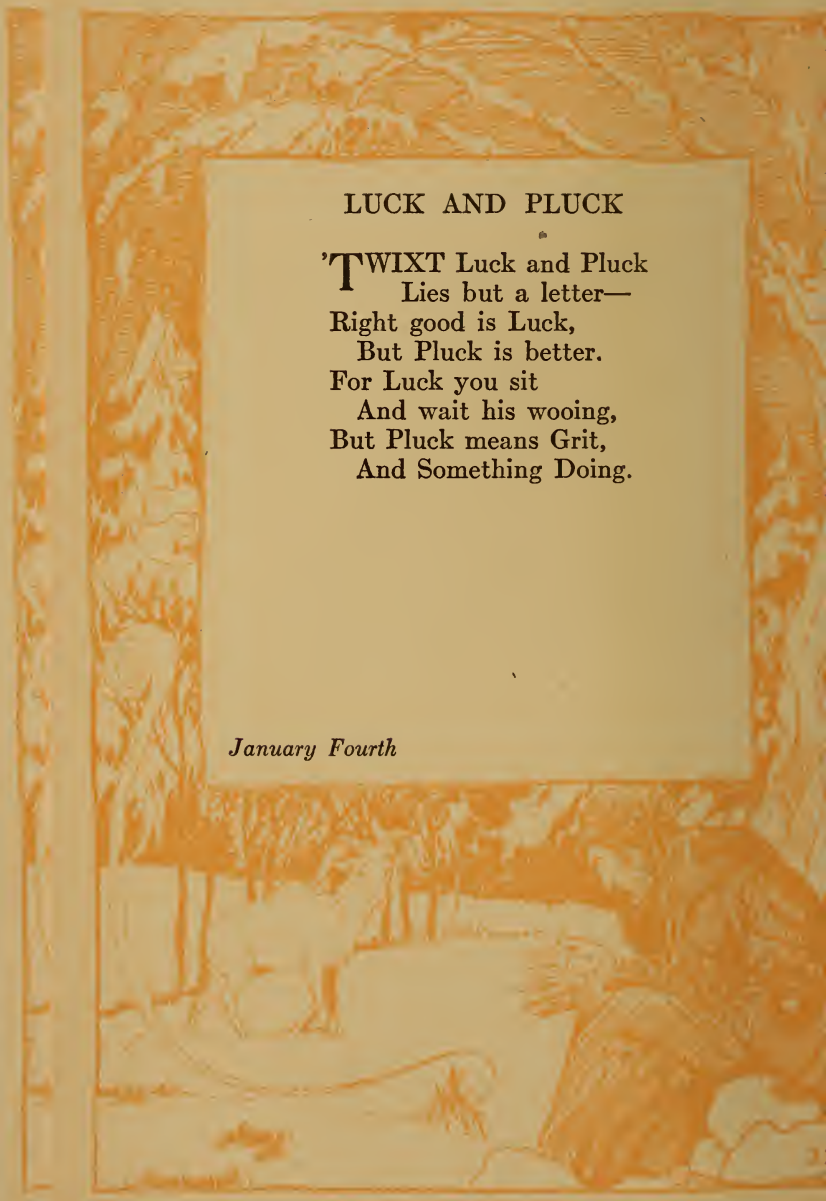
*January Second*



## THRO' THE DEPTHS

OVERHEAD the winds are sweeping,
Underneath the fields are sleeping.
Overhead the ice is gleaming,
Underneath the rills are dreaming.
Overhead the clouds are piling,
But beyond the skies are smiling.
Overhead the snow is falling,
Yet I hear soft voices calling
To my soul, thro' winter groping,
Bidding me to keep on hoping,
For that thro' such chill as this is,
Thro' the arctical abysses,
Nature leads her sons and daughters
On to springtime's sunny waters.

*January Third*



## LUCK AND PLUCK

'TWIXT Luck and Pluck
Lies but a letter—
Right good is Luck,
But Pluck is better.
For Luck you sit
And wait his wooing,
But Pluck means Grit,
And Something Doing.

*January Fourth*

## PERSISTENCE

A STURDY soul was that one who,
By Fortune sadly tricked,
Deep in the mesh of woe and rue
Went smiling on and never knew
Or guessed that he'd been licked:
And, knowing not his evil fate,
Just grinned when Fortune slammed the gate,
And fearless of all slip or fall
Won out by climbing o'er the wall!

*January Fifth*

## VAIN

WHEN coming face to face
With sordid things and base,
With trouble and with care,
'Twere vain to say
In careless way
That they're not really there.
Yet it were vainer still
To judge the whole world ill
Because of sordid woes—
The mire of earth
Destroys nor worth
Nor glory of the Rose!

*January Sixth*

## LOVE'S BLINDNESS

LOVE'S not so blind as he's supposed to be.
There's precious little that he cannot see,
And all his vaunted and much-talked-of
blindness
Is nothing more than his eternal Kindness.

He sees our faults, nor fails to recognize
them
The very minute that his optic spies them;
But being Love, he neither notes nor books
them—
He takes them as they are, *and overlooks them.*

*January Seventh*

## IMMUNE

THE weather? What's weather to me?
'Tis little I care for the rain,
The turbulent wrath of the sea,
Or tempests that beat on the pane.

Right little care I for the storm
With all of its roaring and din—
My heart and my spirit are warm
With sunshine I carry within.

*January Eighth*

## THE STARS

WHENCE come the stars, and where they go
I must confess I do not know,
And what is more I do not care—
'Tis quite enough to know they're there
Like friendly spirits in the sky
That smile and wink a merry eye
On you and me, and with their gleam
Make all the world more genial seem.

*January Ninth*

## THE SOURCE

IF there is not some Fount of Love
Somewhere in this great Universe,
Whence comes the joyous treasure-trove,
As from some boundless open purse,
That fills the heart of man with peace,
And mitigates the sting of woe,
And sends him smiling o'er life's seas
Whatever adverse winds may blow?

*January Tenth*

## THE EVER-YOUNG

SINCE I have learned the fact so true
That with each day I'm born anew,
And with each dawn a day of cheer
Begins another, fresher, year,
I've felt as young as any boy
Who greets the sunny hours with joy,
And plod my path with youthful zest,
And wait the end with interest.

*January Eleventh*

## THE FURNISHINGS

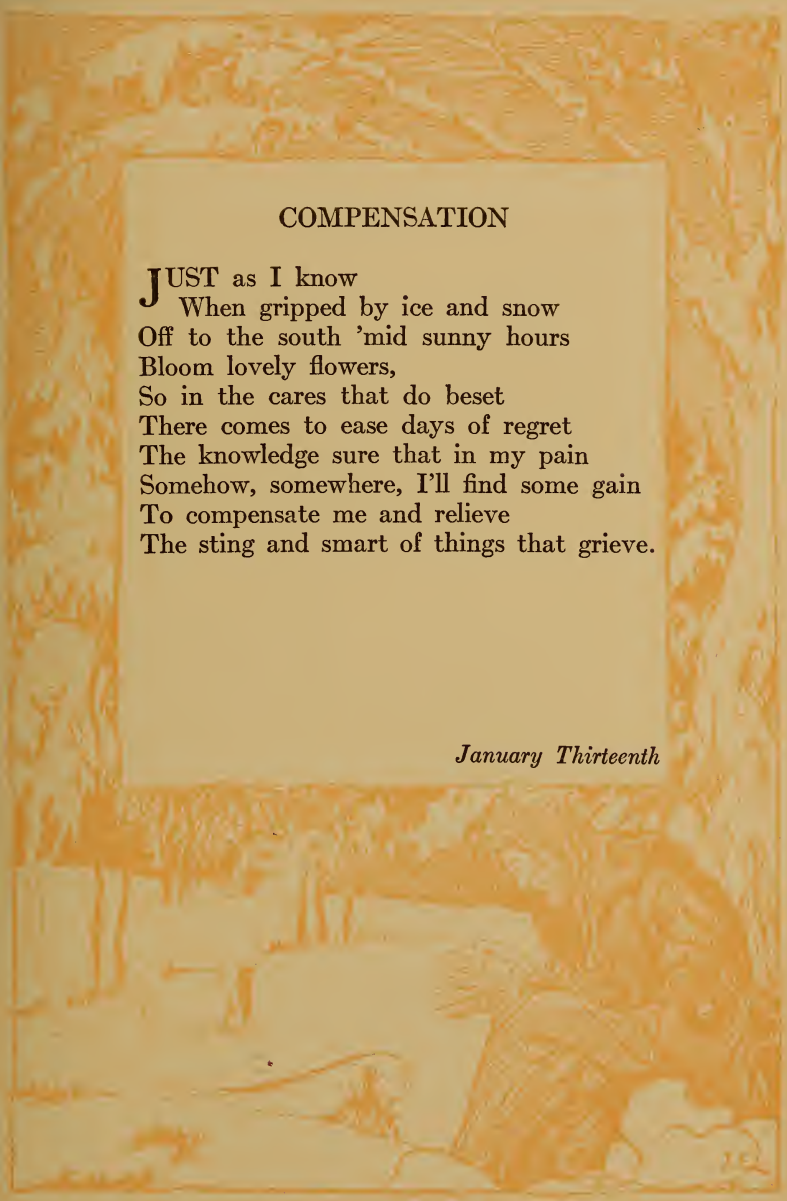
WE dwell within ourselves, and that is why
'Tis well that inner Self to beautify;
To furnish it with kindly thoughts, and strive
To keep the soul of Fellowship alive;
To sweep out ugliness, and place
Where'er we can such articles of grace
That when we sit within our eyes will find
On every side things of a cheery kind.

*January Twelfth*

## COMPENSATION

JUST as I know
When gripped by ice and snow
Off to the south 'mid sunny hours
Bloom lovely flowers,
So in the cares that do beset
There comes to ease days of regret
The knowledge sure that in my pain
Somehow, somewhere, I'll find some gain
To compensate me and relieve
The sting and smart of things that grieve.

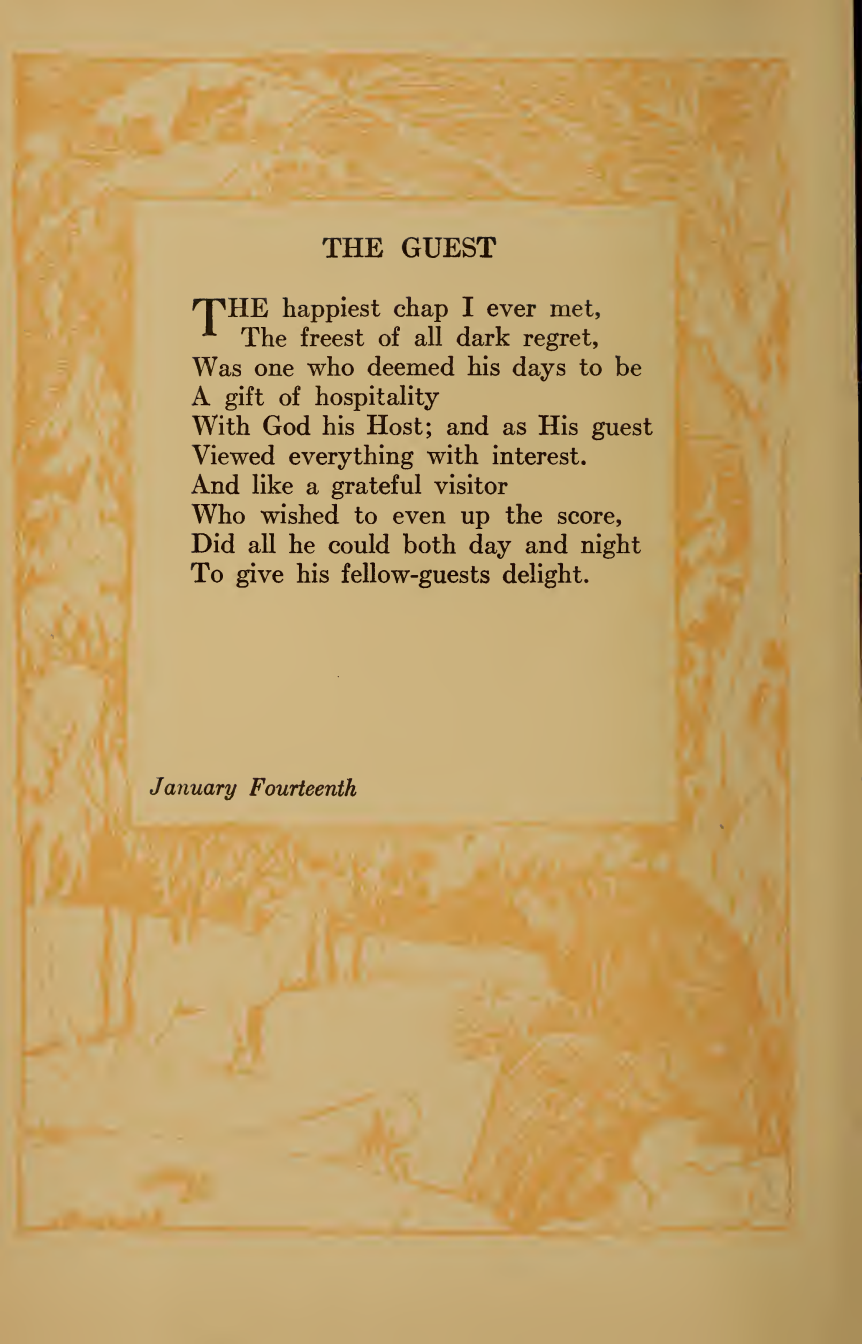
*January Thirteenth*



## THE GUEST

THE happiest chap I ever met,
The freest of all dark regret,
Was one who deemed his days to be
A gift of hospitality
With God his Host; and as His guest
Viewed everything with interest.
And like a grateful visitor
Who wished to even up the score,
Did all he could both day and night
To give his fellow-guests delight.

*January Fourteenth*



## POSSESSION FIRST

WHAT you have not
You can't bestow,
No matter what
Of joy or woe.
So if you'd be
A fount of light,
Your mind hold free
Of thoughts of night.
And if of cheer
You'd be the source,
You'd better steer
The sunny course.

*January Fifteenth*

## WINTER ROSES

THE Rose-trees of the Garden sleep,
And snowy drifts their vigils keep,
But other Roses rare there be
That never bloomed on any tree—
The Rose of Hope, the Roses good
Of Hearts that bloom in Brotherhood,
And blossoms pure that scent the air
With Sympathy and loving Care,
And as their petals soft unroll
Disclose the beauty of the soul.

*January Sixteenth*

## A MATTER OF TASTE

IF anything on all this earth
Is useless past compare
It is to waste one hour of worth
On some stale bit of care.
If Fate's to catch me in some mesh
I hope at least it will be fresh.

*January Seventeenth*

## RADIATION

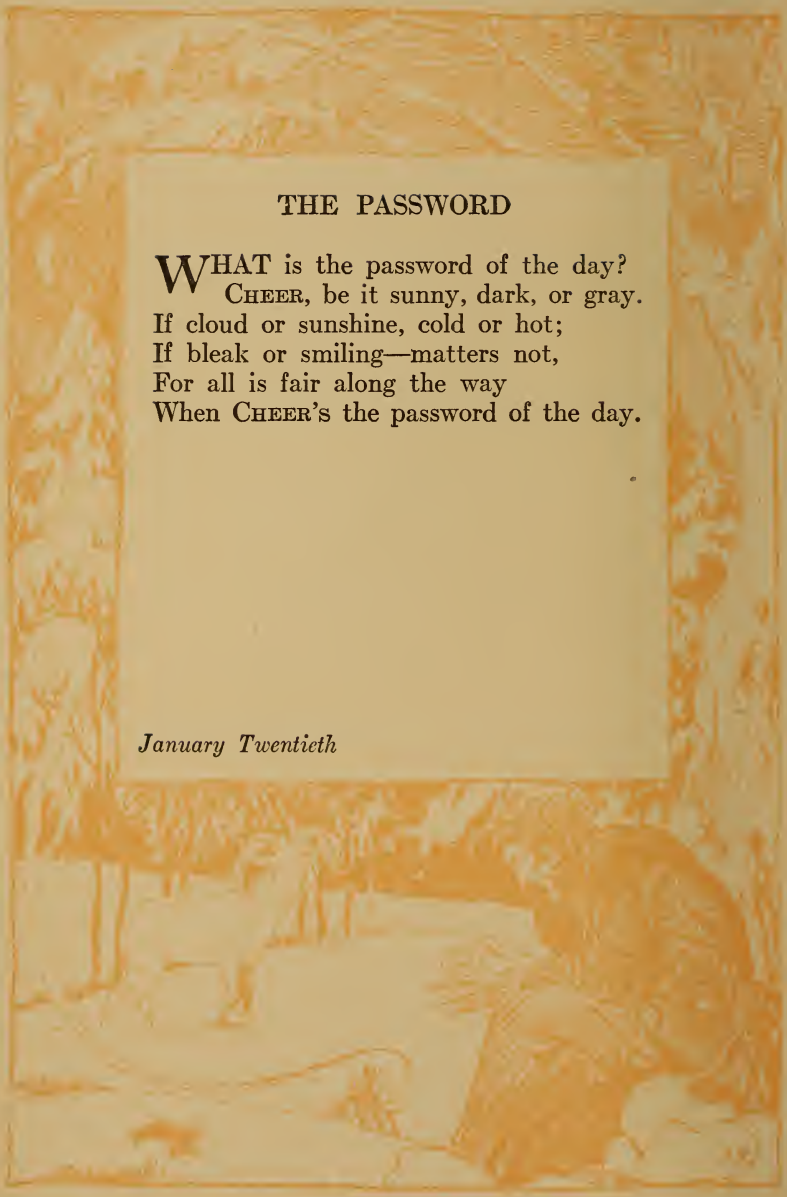
TO fill the world with happiness,
And ease it of the stir of stress,
Begin
Within—
Make it your sure resolve and plan
To be as happy as You can,
And when your heart is brimming o'er,
So full it cannot handle more,
By radiation let it rise
In word, and deed, and kindly eyes,
Till others round about you share
The fruitage of your jocund air.

*January Eighteenth*

## RICH AND POOR

WHAT'S being rich but chance to share?
What's being poor but naught to spare?
Millions may lie in chests secure
Yet leave the holder deadly poor
Since he hath not the will to give
That others may more fitly live,
And empty pockets richer be
Allied with love and sympathy.

*January Nineteenth*



## THE PASSWORD

WHAT is the password of the day?
CHEER, be it sunny, dark, or gray.
If cloud or sunshine, cold or hot;
If bleak or smiling—matters not,
For all is fair along the way
When CHEER's the password of the day.

*January Twentieth*

## THE GOSSIPER

GOSSIP would quite harmless be
If the stories that we tell
Were of virtues that we see
In the folks that round us dwell;
If the news we spread were of
All the good things that we hear,
Things of kindness and of love,
Things of helpfulness and cheer.

If a gossip I must be
That's the kind, I'm sure, for me.

*January Twenty-first*

## MY PRAYER

I ASK not change of wind and tide
To suit the course I'm sailing,
But that the tempest I may ride
With confidence unfailing;
That spite of storm and hurricane,
And all the sea's demurrage,
Whate'er betide me on the main
I'll meet with proper courage.

*January Twenty-second*

## EXPOSED

THE Wolf was standing at my door,
Indulging in a fearsome roar,
But when he knocked it pleased my whim
To go outside and grapple him;
And as we fought he gave a cough
And shivered, and his skin came off,
And who do you think he chanced to be?
No one but OPPORTUNITY,
Right there before my very eyes
Hid underneath that wolfish guise!

*January Twenty-third*

## SHIPMATES

AS Life tells me to set my sail,
So shall my canvas e'er be spread,
That through the hurricane and gale
My sturdy craft shall forge ahead.

If I have Hope to hold the helm,
And Faith and Love to lay my course,
No storm that comes can overwhelm,
No seas o'erpower me with their force.

And sailing onward, ever on,
Whatever tempests fierce may rage,
I know with these for Mates anon
I'll come to Port and anchorage.

*January Twenty-fourth*

## THE BLUES

YOU seek to know if I am ever blue,
And I the truth will whisper unto you—
*I always am!* I'm blue as summer skies
That smile on me. I'm blue as those blue
eyes
That flash to other eyes the glint of joy
That ever springs from love without alloy.
I'm blue as any happy Bluebird there
High in the radiance of the morning air
Who sings
The while he soars the sky on outstretched
wings;
And mark ye, too,
I'm blue
As ever was a violet held close
Unto the heart of some fair human rose

*January Twenty-fifth*

Sent by a lover to his Heart's Desire;
And blue am I as the deep sapphire
Of sparkling seas that glitter in the light
Of some rare day emerged from stormy
night.

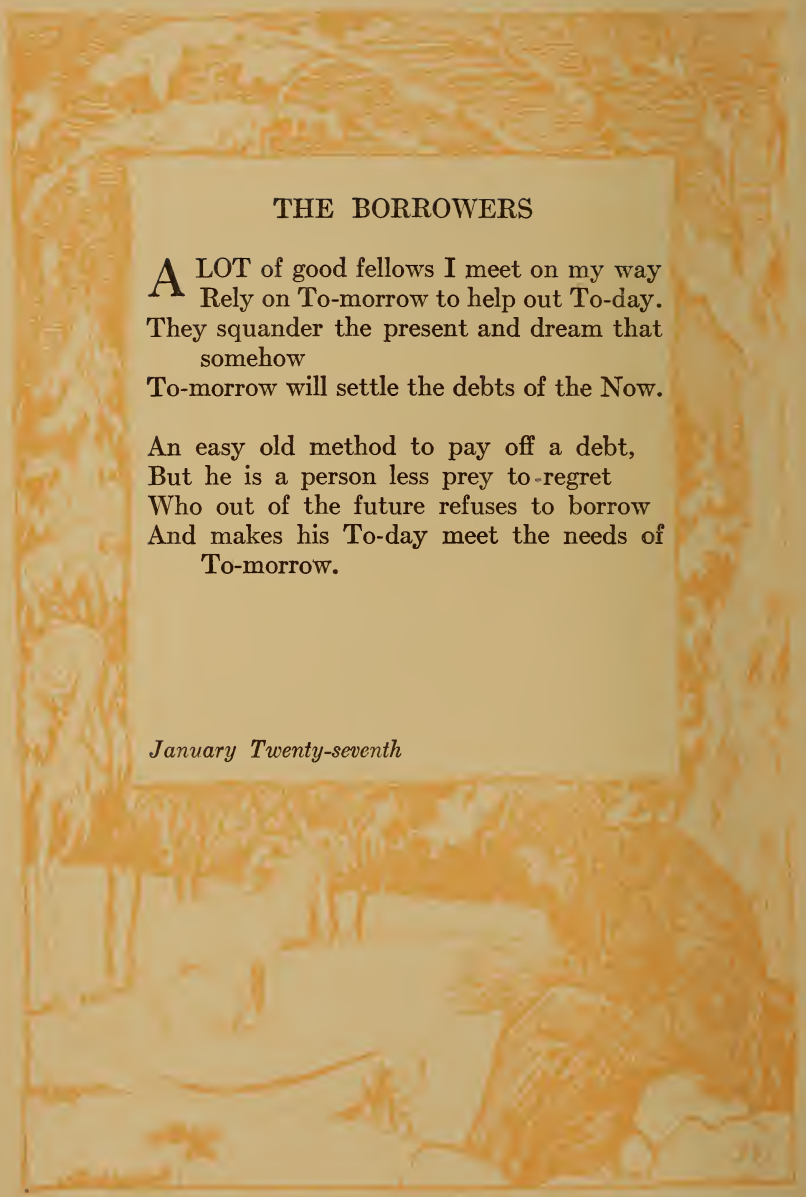
*January Twenty-fifth*

## GOOD AND EVIL

I LOOKED about for Ugliness,
And found it, sure enough—
I truly did not have to press
To find the sorry stuff;
But I discovered everywhere
I cast my eager eyes,
Despite the uglinesses, there
Were lovely things likewise.

If there were weeds, some flower nigh
Was always to be seen,
And where some cloud obscured the sky
The earth was lushly green;
And tears had laughter playing round,
And once amid the blur
And murk of crime-rid hearts I found
The gold of Character.

*January Twenty-sixth*



## THE BORROWERS

A LOT of good fellows I meet on my way
Rely on To-morrow to help out To-day.
They squander the present and dream that somehow
To-morrow will settle the debts of the Now.

An easy old method to pay off a debt,
But he is a person less prey to regret
Who out of the future refuses to borrow
And makes his To-day meet the needs of To-morrow.

*January Twenty-seventh*

## THE RICH MAN

I HAVE few pence, but stores of health.
I hold no bonds, but hosts of friends,
And that I deem the sort of wealth
That never ends.
I've love aplenty, and good will
Enough the whole wide world to fill,
So why should I be full of care
Because I'm not a billionaire?

*January Twenty-eighth*

## CHEER UP!

SMALL is your place, unknown your name;
You plod along your toilsome way
With ne'er a hope of winning fame—
And yet, who knows what coming day
May crown your plodding and redeem
The glories lost of which you dream?
Rich prizes wait on high desires,
And smallest sparks start greatest fires.

*January Twenty-ninth*

## LIGHT AND SHADOW

ACROSS the scene a shadow lay,
A cloud obscured the loving sky,
And all seemed cold, and dull, and gray
To the despairing eye.

But in my heart was song and cheer,
And e'en though dark my day was fair—
That very shadow eased my fear—
'Twas proof the sun was there!

*January Thirtieth*

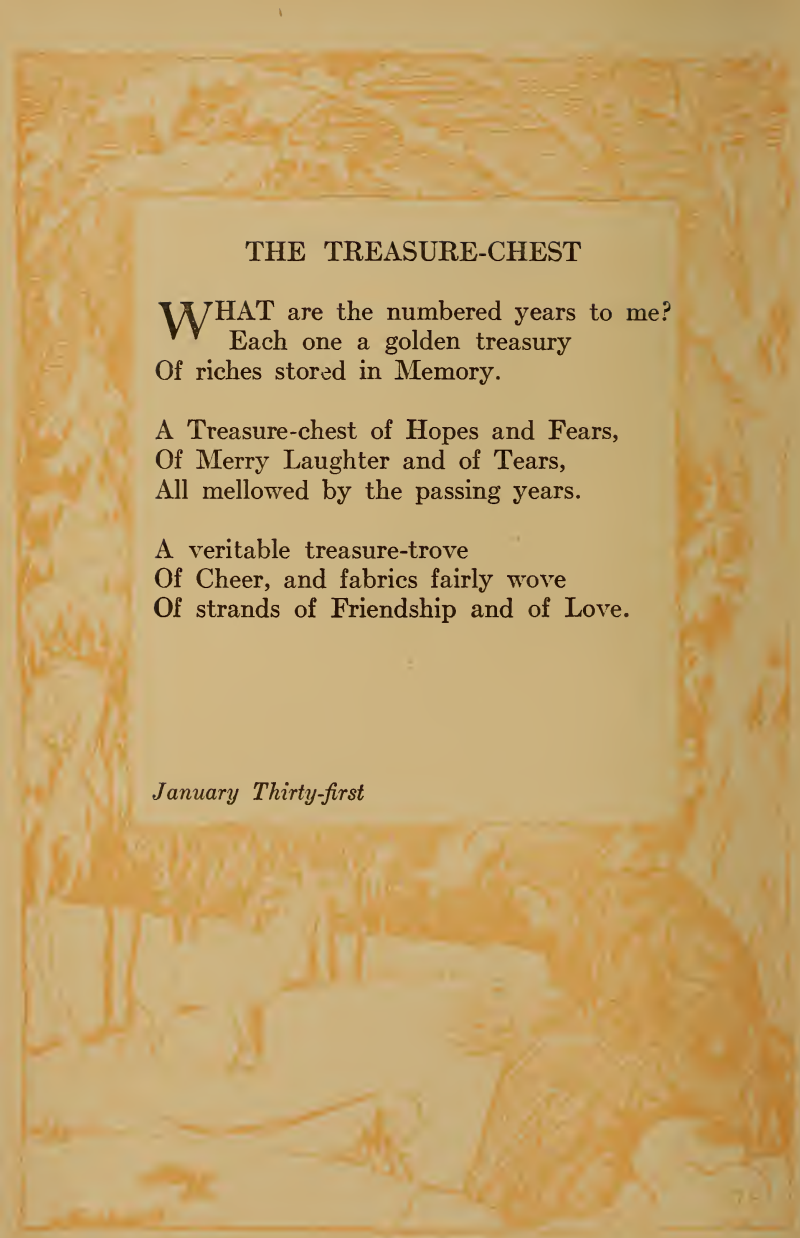
## THE TREASURE-CHEST

WHAT are the numbered years to me?
Each one a golden treasury
Of riches stored in Memory.

A Treasure-chest of Hopes and Fears,
Of Merry Laughter and of Tears,
All mellowed by the passing years.

A veritable treasure-trove
Of Cheer, and fabrics fairly wove
Of strands of Friendship and of Love.

*January Thirty-first*



## THE DESIGN

FEBRUARY, to my mind
By old Chronos was designed
As a sort of time in which
Mortals very far from rich
Might observe the truth that though
All is murk and slush below,
All is bleak and cold and mean,
Still the Heavens are serene,
And the sun shines just as clear
As when summer's days are here,
Giving light and promise of
Life's abundant stores of Love.

*February First*

## POSSESSIONS

THOU hast no Art?
The glowing pictures of the land and sea
In all their beauty rich belong to thee.

Thou hast no song?
The madrigals of singing birds divine
If thou hast ears to hear are wholly thine.

Thou hast no lands?
Thou hast thy space, and truly in the end
Midas himself shall have no more, my friend.

Thou hast no wealth?
The sun by day, and all the stars that shine,
The living light, and love of God are thine!

*February Second*

## A HINT

A CHAP I knew once waited for
A ship that never reached the shore,
And Fame and Fortune failed to win
Because his ship did not come in.
But there was also one I knew
Who had a ship he waited, too,
And when she failed to come, why he
Jumped overboard and swam the sea.

He swam and swam and swam away,
He swam by night, he swam by day,
Until he reached the Port wherein
Lay all the things he sought to win;
And, 'stead of one, had several ships
Engaged in making many trips
To land upon his native shore
What others lost by waiting for.

*February Third*

## THE PLAN

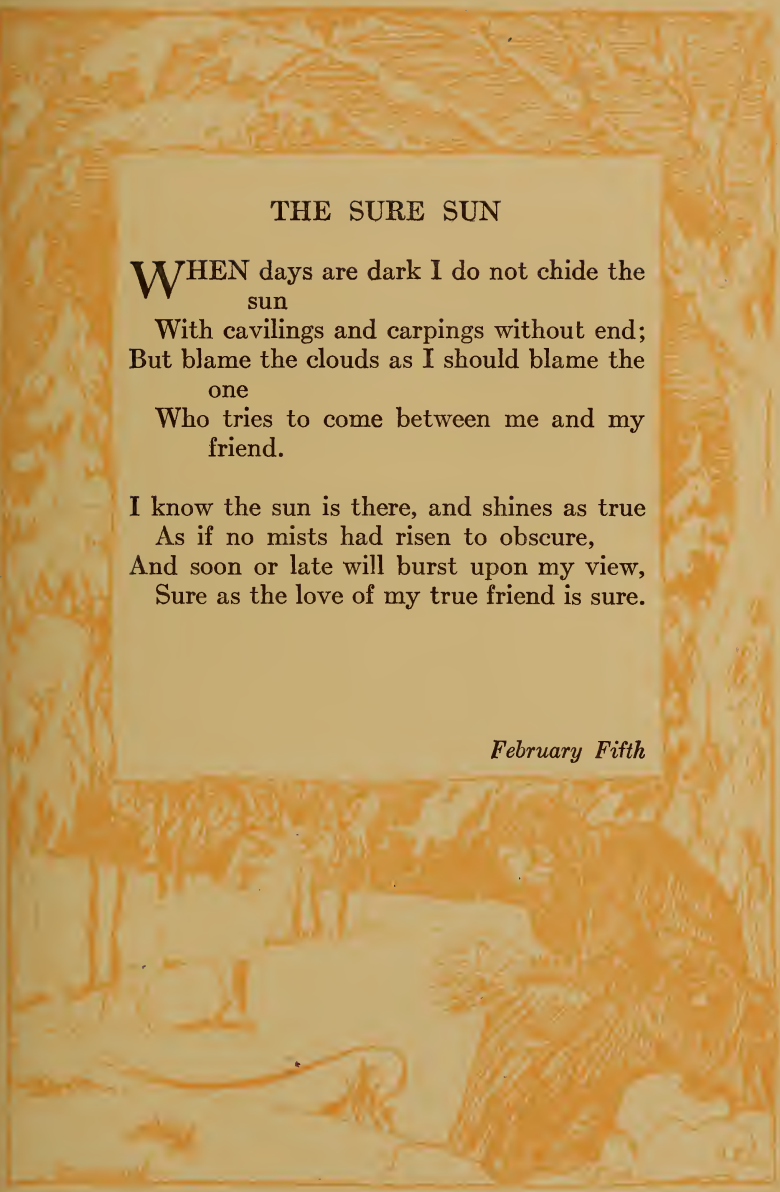
CHANGEABLE the days may be,
But what's that to you and me,
Thirsting for variety?

Little touch of spring to-day
Hinting of the coming May—
Then a snap of winter gray.

Now it's hot, and now it's cold,
Sullen skies, and skies of gold,
Timid zephyrs, breezes bold.

Hold your plaint, O Mr. Man!
Can't you see 'tis Nature's plan
Just to please us if she can?

*February Fourth*



## THE SURE SUN

WHEN days are dark I do not chide the sun
With cavilings and carpings without end;
But blame the clouds as I should blame the one
Who tries to come between me and my friend.

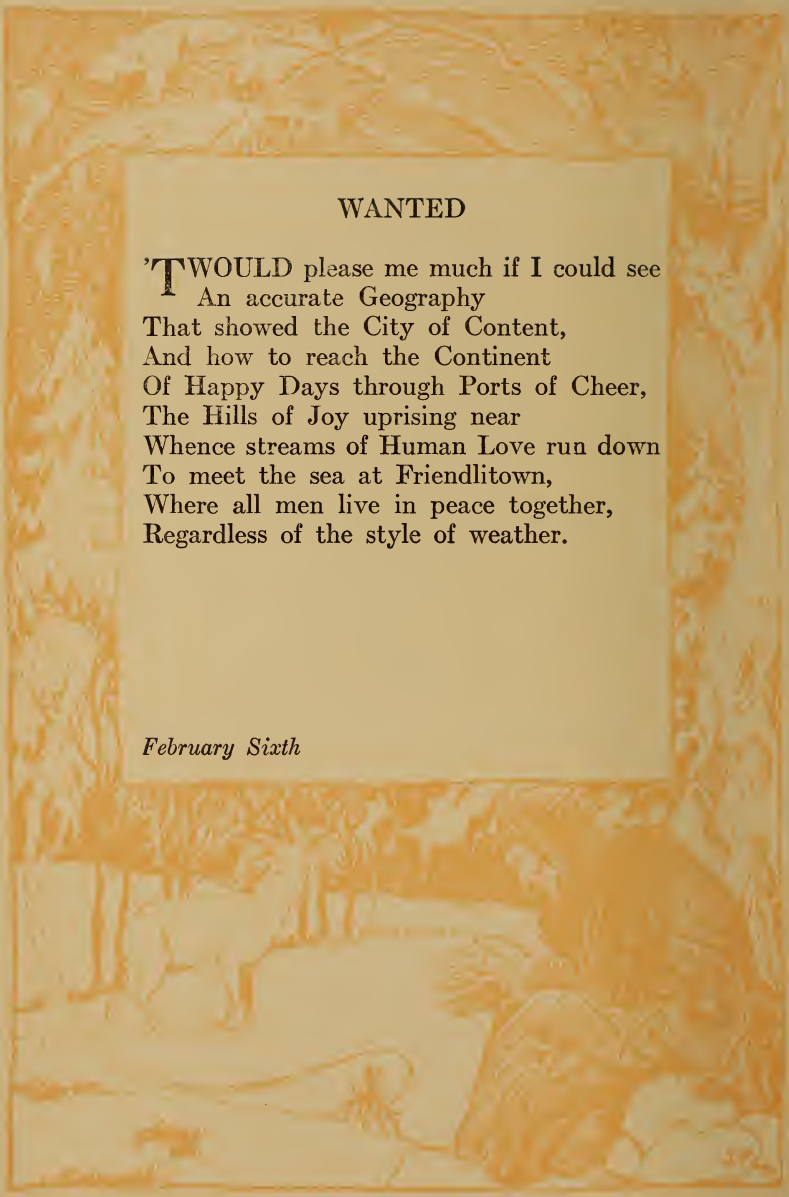
I know the sun is there, and shines as true
As if no mists had risen to obscure,
And soon or late will burst upon my view,
Sure as the love of my true friend is sure.

*February Fifth*

## WANTED

'TWOULD please me much if I could see
An accurate Geography
That showed the City of Content,
And how to reach the Continent
Of Happy Days through Ports of Cheer,
The Hills of Joy uprising near
Whence streams of Human Love run down
To meet the sea at Friendlitown,
Where all men live in peace together,
Regardless of the style of weather.

*February Sixth*



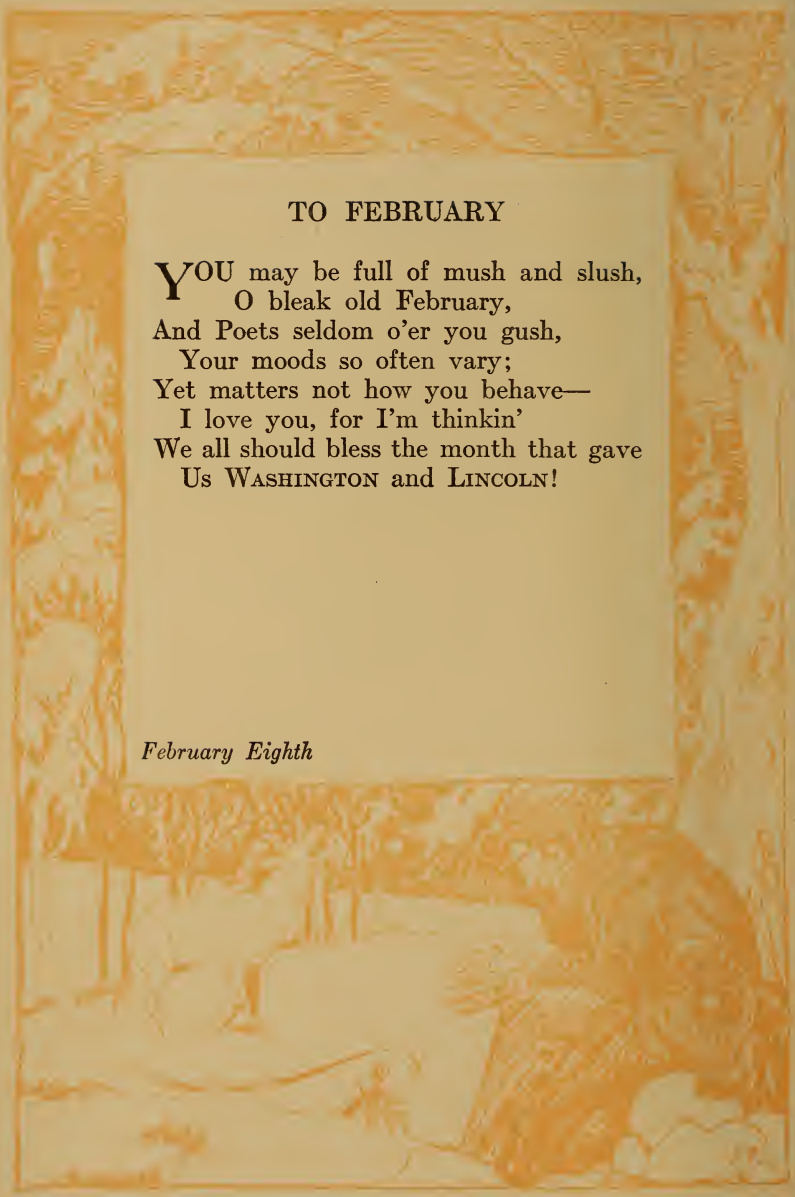
## EXCHANGES

FOR to-day let's swap our cares—
I'll take yours and you take mine;
I your pitfalls, you my snares—
Let's all do it down the line.

Pauper take the rich man's woe;
Serf assume the Monarch's crown;
Magnate on the highway go
Meek and lowly, trodden down.

Not much gained? Well, maybe not—
But it somehow seems to me
On all sides we'd find a lot
Of good healthy sympathy!

*February Seventh*



## TO FEBRUARY

YOU may be full of mush and slush,
O bleak old February,
And Poets seldom o'er you gush,
Your moods so often vary;
Yet matters not how you behave—
I love you, for I'm thinkin'
We all should bless the month that gave
Us WASHINGTON and LINCOLN!

*February Eighth*

## THE HEART OF YOUTH

I LITTLE care how folks may laugh
And cover me with sneering chaff,
Because in these my latter days
I fondly cling to childish ways,
Since he who keeps childhood in view,
And to its purity is true,
And holds the high faith of a boy
In things of laughter and of joy,
Can ne'er grow old, and finds no fears
Of age in his increase of years.

*February Ninth*

## MY WORK

MY work is not mine enemy
That I must fight and put to rout,
But rather friend in whom I see
A comrade true to help me out.
I meet it, therefore, as I would
A cherished brother, and I try
To prove it excellently good,
And greet it with a smiling eye—
And since I've made my task my pard
I've never really found it hard.

*February Tenth*

## PROFIT-SHARING

IF so it be
Life has been good to thee,
And has filled up
With golden joy thy cup,
Let others share
That teeming content there,
And thus thy store
Will be increased the more—
Thy joys divide
And find them multiplied.

*February Eleventh*

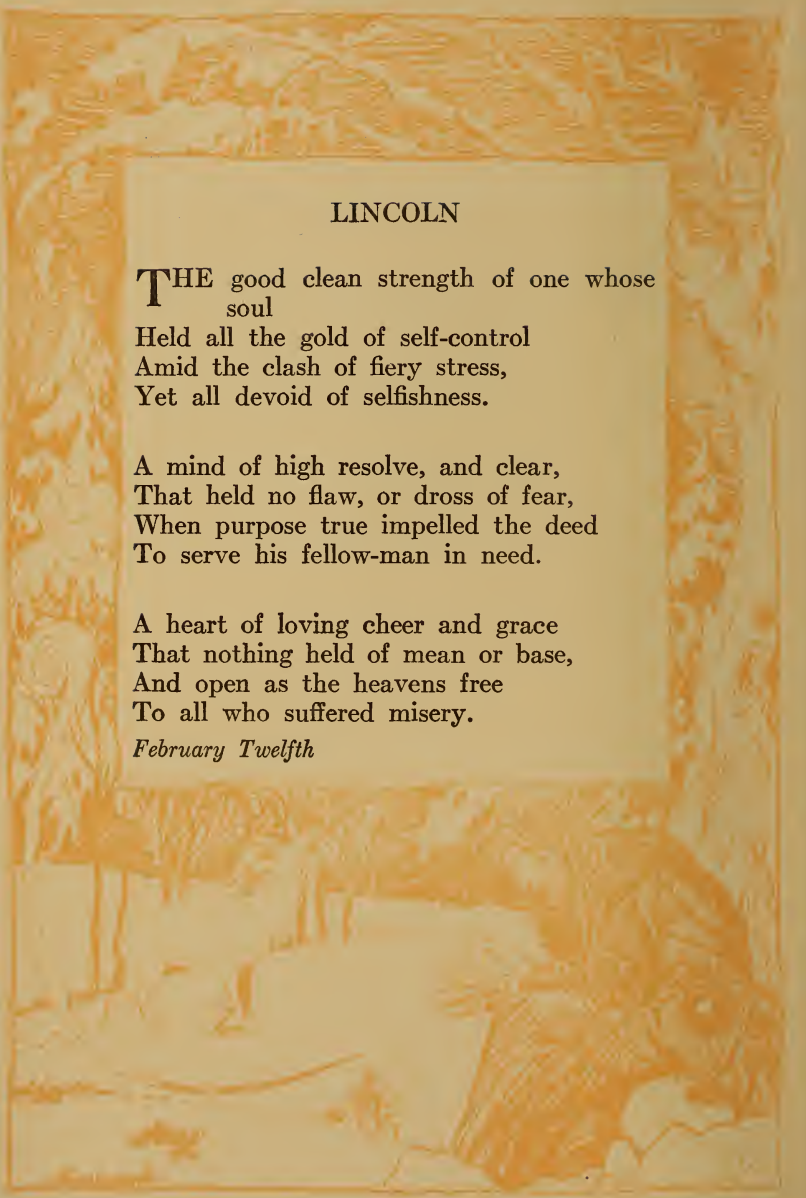
## LINCOLN

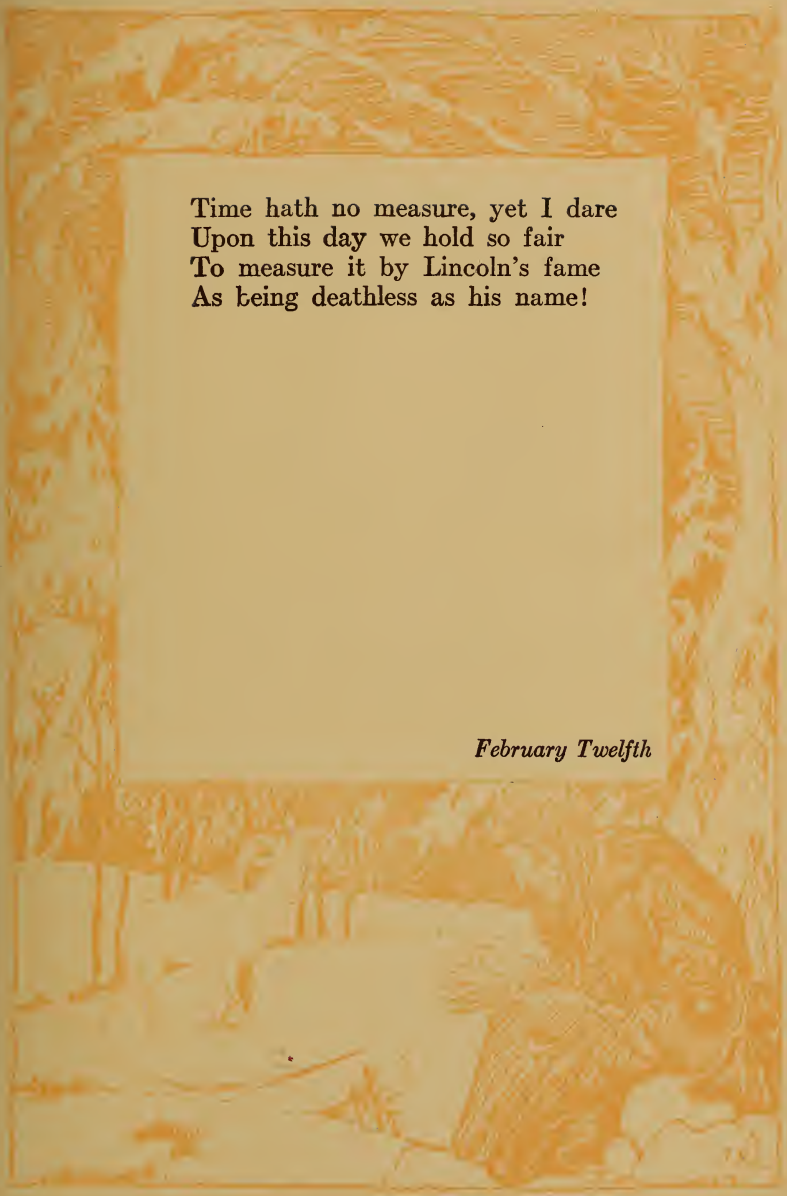
THE good clean strength of one whose soul
Held all the gold of self-control
Amid the clash of fiery stress,
Yet all devoid of selfishness.

A mind of high resolve, and clear,
That held no flaw, or dross of fear,
When purpose true impelled the deed
To serve his fellow-man in need.

A heart of loving cheer and grace
That nothing held of mean or base,
And open as the heavens free
To all who suffered misery.

*February Twelfth*





Time hath no measure, yet I dare
Upon this day we hold so fair
To measure it by Lincoln's fame
As being deathless as his name!

*February Twelfth*

## THE LONELY HEIGHTS

THEY say that at the top there's lots
And lots and lots of room—
Not villa sites, but palace plots,
With laurels all abloom.

But somehow as I peer above
To where those spaces be,
For all their wondrous treasure-trove
They don't appeal to me.

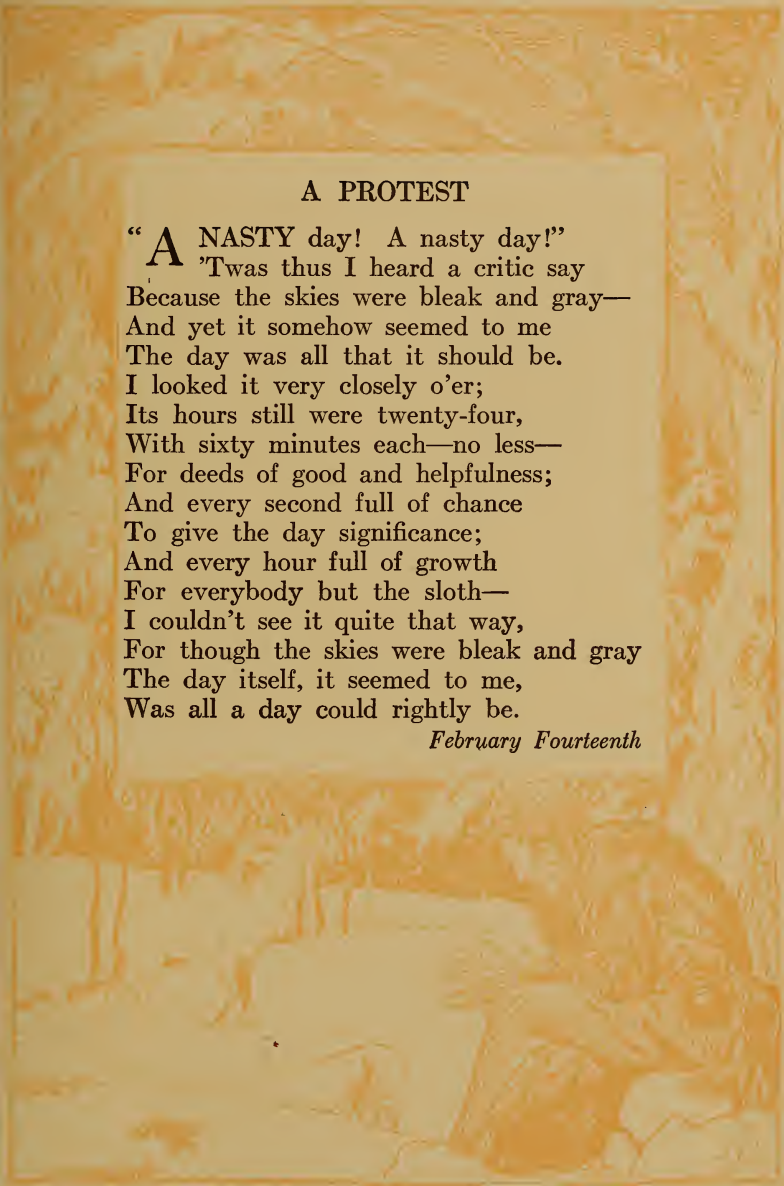
They seem so lonely and so drear,
No crowds to come and go,
And I prefer the bustling cheer
Of Company—below.

*February Thirteenth*

## A PROTEST

"A NASTY day! A nasty day!"
'Twas thus I heard a critic say
Because the skies were bleak and gray—
And yet it somehow seemed to me
The day was all that it should be.
I looked it very closely o'er;
Its hours still were twenty-four,
With sixty minutes each—no less—
For deeds of good and helpfulness;
And every second full of chance
To give the day significance;
And every hour full of growth
For everybody but the sloth—
I couldn't see it quite that way,
For though the skies were bleak and gray
The day itself, it seemed to me,
Was all a day could rightly be.

*February Fourteenth*



## TRANSFORMATION

I LIKE the man who takes the stones
Upon his rocky road
With smiling lips instead of groans,
Whate'er his heavy load
Who seizes each as on he goes,
And neatly crumbles it,
And turns his share of pebbly woes
To stores of inner grit.

*February Fifteenth*

## APPRECIATION

IT may be true that beggars lie—
But so perhaps would you and I
If we were vexed with want as they
Who wander on their hopeless way.
At any rate, or false and true,
I never look their stories through,
But pay them for the tale they tell,
And if forsooth they do it well
Throw in an extra bit to show
That, if it be romance or no,
A moving tale I ever hold
Worth its reward if fitly told.

*February Sixteenth*

## MR. JOY

NOW Joy he is the strangest thing
That ever I did see.
He turns his back on Prince and King
To dwell with you and me.

To palaces he seldom goes,
Where pomp and power strut,
Yet often stops to warm his toes
In some poor peasant's hut.

For gilded halls he doesn't care,
And rich foods leave him flat,
But on the humblest sort of fare
He blooms, and waxes fat.

*February Seventeenth*

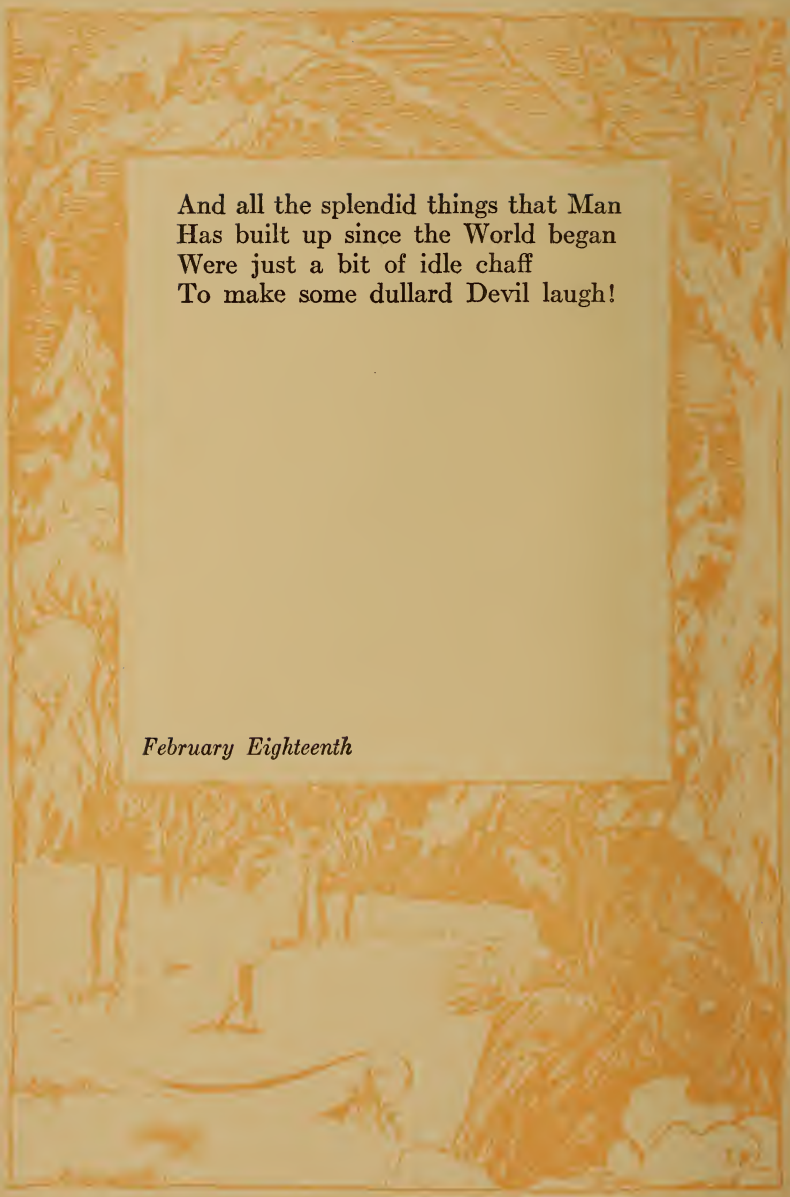
## AN ABSURDITY

THE world's a school that teaches us
Full many a lesson glorious.
It teaches love, and how to bear
The burden of oppressive care;
How to forget, how to forgive—
In short, it teaches how to live.

Yet there be those who tell us that
'Tis all for nothing, stale and flat;
That, having learned to live, we press
From Being into Nothingness,
And out of all our stress have won
The blessing of—Oblivion!

As if the grandeur of our days,
And all the wonder of our bays,

*February Eighteenth*



And all the splendid things that Man
Has built up since the World began
Were just a bit of idle chaff
To make some dullard Devil laugh!

*February Eighteenth*

## THE UNFATHOMABLE

I CAN'T explain the mysteries
That bring fruition to the trees,
But well I know their fruit is fair
And seek the golden bounty there.

I do not comprehend the hills
That shield me from the Arctic ills,
But when the blasts of winter press
I seek their sheltering friendliness.

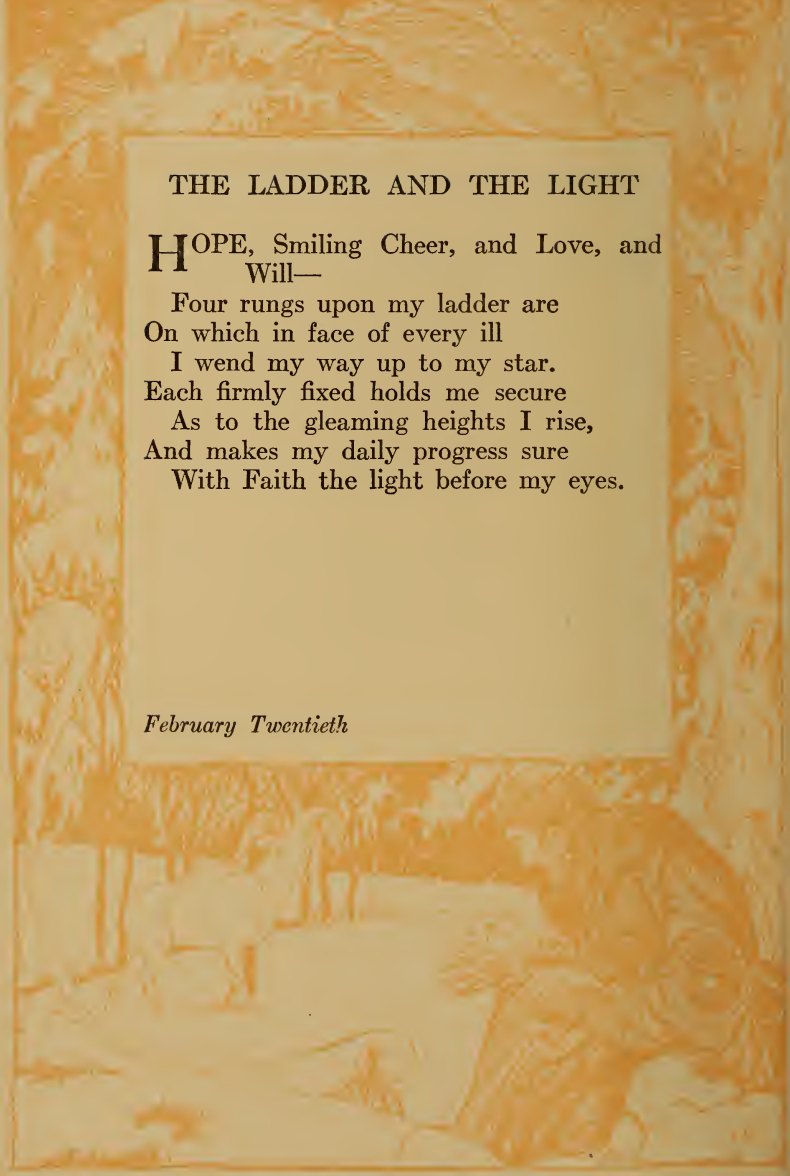
So with my God. The mind of me
Cannot unfold Infinity,
Yet I can seize upon the good
Of His immortal Fatherhood!

*February Nineteenth*

## THE LADDER AND THE LIGHT

HOPE, Smiling Cheer, and Love, and Will—
Four rungs upon my ladder are
On which in face of every ill
I wend my way up to my star.
Each firmly fixed holds me secure
As to the gleaming heights I rise,
And makes my daily progress sure
With Faith the light before my eyes.

*February Twentieth*



## GARNERED SWEETS

AS bees their honey store,
So shall I store to-day
Until the hive runs o'er
The sweets that come my way,
That I and friends of mine
In days of gloomy weather
May sit us down and dine
Upon their joys together.

## WASHINGTON

'MID all the glory great of war,
And power vast as that of Kings
He never lost his passion for
The world of peace and simple things.

Surrounded by vast selfishness,
With high ambitions face to face,
Unselfish ever did he press
On to the freedom of his race.

The wreath he sought was but the bay
Of Service, and full Duty Done,
The diadem that crowned the day
Of loyal-hearted Washington.

*February Twenty-second*

## AN EXPLANATION

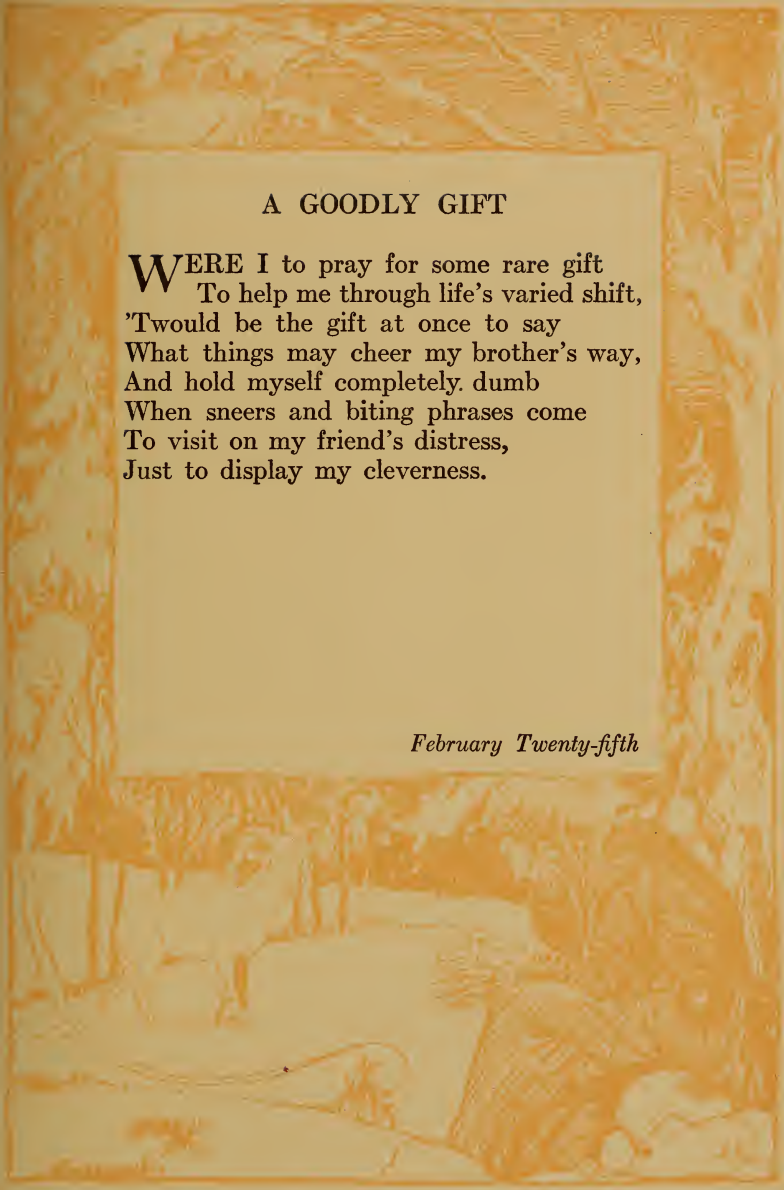
YOU need not think
It's vanity that makes me prink,
And take much care
To keep myself both fit and fair.
'Tis not false pride or vain conceit
That keeps me trying to be neat,
But just the plain and simple truth
That I have held to since my youth
That this old frame in which I dwell
Is nothing more than the hotel
In which my Soul and Hopes must stay
Until I'm called to move away,
And for their dwelling-place I plan
To give them quite the best I can,
And keep the place up spick and span.

*February Twenty-third*

## A NEW BEGINNING

WHAT if yesterday holds mistakes,
A record full of qualms and quakes?
To-day hath come, a page pure white,
Whereon your errors you may right.
It lies before you clean and fair
With smiling invitation there
To start anew, and smooth away
The sad mischance of Yesterday.

*February Twenty-fourth*



## A GOODLY GIFT

WERE I to pray for some rare gift
To help me through life's varied shift,
'Twould be the gift at once to say
What things may cheer my brother's way,
And hold myself completely dumb
When sneers and biting phrases come
To visit on my friend's distress,
Just to display my cleverness.

*February Twenty-fifth*

## THE SELF-MADE MAN

HE said he was a Self-made Man,
And yet I fear he stole the plan,
For truly, far as I could see,
He differed not from you and me,
Who've come to be
As Much as he
The things we are, for weal or woe,
For good or ill, or high or low,
By keeping ever in our view
The things the ages point us to,
And getting help from every one
In every blessed thing we've done,
And not afraid a little bit
To gratefully acknowledge it.

*February Twenty-sixth*

## DON'T WORRY

DON'T worry, Friend, because you are
not great.
The Road's more human in the vales
below—
More laughter, song, more hearts with joy
elate,
More freedom in life's ceaseless ebb and
flow.

Keep plodding on with smiling lip and eye,
Nor vex your soul because you may not
mount,
And o'er your smallness neither weep nor
sigh,
For, after all, it's little things that count!

*February Twenty-seventh*

## THE EDIFICE

IN building up your Soul the plan prepare
With watchful foresight and with proper care,
That it may stand the storm and stress of life,
And hold you safe from evil and its strife.
Make Love the cornerstone, and that good cheer
May hold you free from worry and from fear,
Immune to all the terrors of the night,
Keep every window open to the light.

*February Twenty-eighth*

## THE DAY

AN extra day from Time's full purse,
To use for better or for worse—
A meed of minutes, gift of light,
A pause, perhaps, in Time's swift flight
Wherein we may redeem the cost
Of wasted hours we have lost.

*February Twenty-ninth*

## MARCH

I'VE watched old March for many a year,
With all her ways so dark and drear,
And know full well her wild barrage
Of bluster is all camouflage.

She blows her blasts and ramps along,
And sings a mighty war-like song,
But underneath her flaunting wing
She hides away the joys of spring.

And all her temper melts away
Into the smiles of April's day
As on her wayward course she goes
To flowers fresher for the snows.

*March First*

## DEFIANCE

YOU need not think, black-visaged Woe,
that you
Can take my soul and twist it to your
whim.
It may be you can force on me the brew
Of bitter trial with your frowning grim.
But never while my Heart holds true to cheer
Can all your venturings in deadly care,
Or your emprises in the realm of fear,
Within that smiling Soul enthrone
Despair.

*March Second*

## THE DWELLING-PLACE

THE Dwelling-place of Light
Is not in yonder Sun,
Nor in the Stars of night
When day at last is done,
But in the Human Soul
It flames forever free
And cheers the Road of Dole
With Love and Sympathy.

*March Third*

## MINE ENEMY

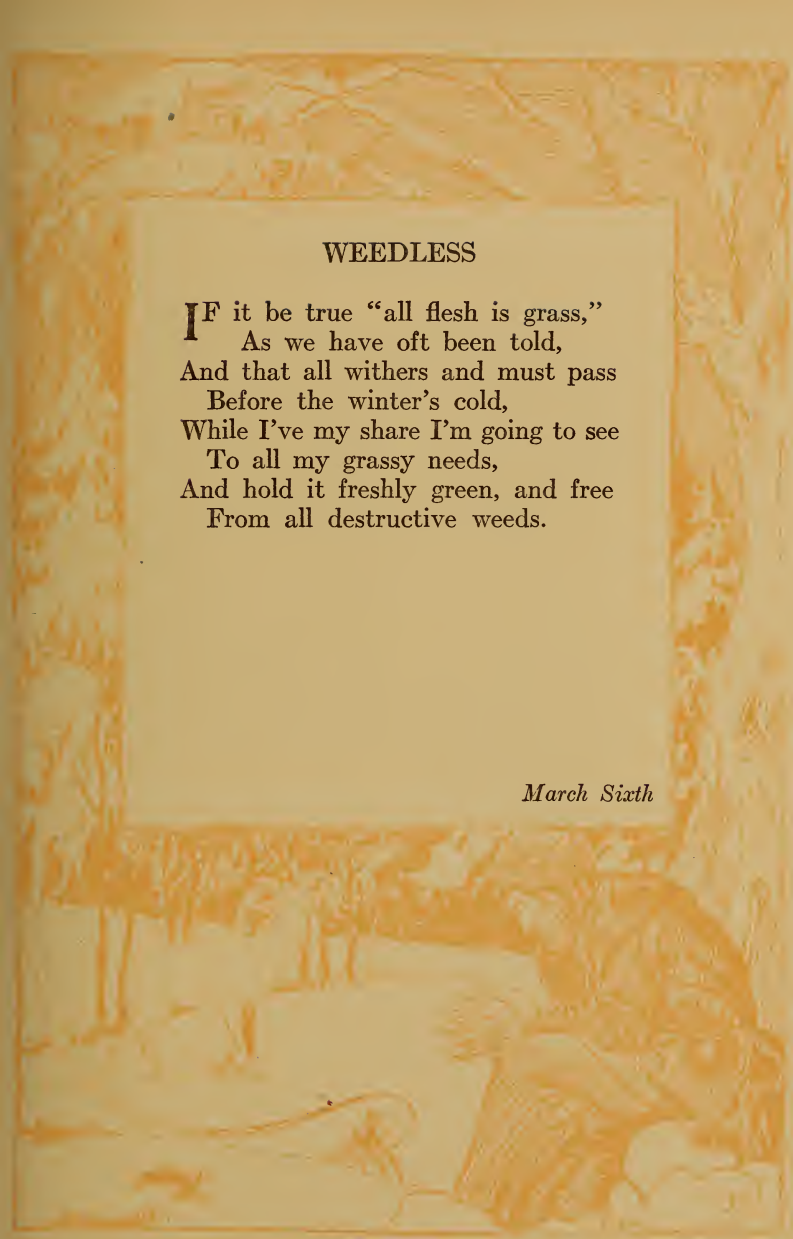
THE only enemy I know,
My one and only fearsome foe,
I do conceive to be
That curious old creature who
Ne'er leaves my side whate'er I do,
And all men know as ME—
And him I fight
Both day and night
With all my strength and weight
And do my best
In every test
To keep the fellow straight.

*March Fourth*

## PARTNERS

IN all the rush and all the roar
And all the turmoil and the war
Of daily life, though 'tis not clear
For what, and why, and how we're here,
'Tis good to be a part of it,
To strive with brawn and brain and wit,
And with our powers overcome
The hazards hard and burdensome;
Since all these burdens that we bear
In things of trial and of care
Must be for some objective high
That we shall share in by and by.

*March Fifth*



## WEEDLESS

IF it be true "all flesh is grass,"
As we have oft been told,
And that all withers and must pass
Before the winter's cold,
While I've my share I'm going to see
To all my grassy needs,
And hold it freshly green, and free
From all destructive weeds.

*March Sixth*

## IN PROPORTION

I KNOW I'm not a statesman of the type
of Washington.
I know I cannot do the things that Edison
has done.
I know I cannot pen such lines as Billy
Shakespeare writ,
And when compared to old Mark Twain,
God knows I'm not a wit.
But with the tools that I have got—they're
mighty small and few—
I go about my daily stint, and all I can
I do,
And while I'm not renowned as those who
wear the diadem
I'm just as great for little me as they are
great for them.

*March Seventh*

## A CHEERFUL INSTITUTION

IF I had old Crœsus' wealth
I'd found a University
Where Souls could go to study Health,
And Scientific Amity.
I'd have a Chair
On Handling Care,
A dozen Teachers of Good Will;
A two-year course
Upon the Force
Of Laughter as a Cure for Ill—
Lectures on Love, and Sympathy,
And How to Grin When Days Are Drear,
And give a graduate degree
Of Bachelor of Cheer.

*March Eighth*

## A LONG QUEST

I'M daily looking for a man
As on my way I go—
His features and his general plan
I greatly wish to know.

He's never very far away,
And yet we've never met—
He's been my comrade every day
Since first my course was set.

He is that man inside o' me
That holds the most of good
That I myself some day might be
If I but understood.

*March Ninth*

## A MARCH DAY

THE day was dark and tearful,
But I—I made it cheerful
By thinking of some other days
All full of fair and golden ways
Whose memory had made my path
Immune to things of woe and wrath,
And turned the desolated scene
Into a picture fresh and green,
As any soft and springy time
Praised by the poet in his rhyme.

*March Tenth*

## MY FACE

IF so you do not like my face
To me it matters not.
Perhaps it lacks all lines of grace,
But it's the best I've got,
And if I keep it lit with cheer,
And always smiling-eyed,
And unafraid confronting fear—
Why, I am satisfied.

*March Eleventh*

## MODELING

WHEN Woe comes stalking near
Imperiling my cheer,
I bear it as I must,
And view its painful thrust
As might a marble block
That bears the hammer-shock
Of him who fashions there
A bit of sculpture rare,
And patient wait to see
What's to be made of me,
And what life's modeling
Out of my soul will bring.

*March Twelfth*

## A GOOD INVESTMENT

INVEST yourself in smiling cheer,
And you will gain rich dividends,
Paid every day throughout the year
In kindly welcome from your friends.
Man's capital is but himself,
And its return is joy or stress,
So why not choose the sweeter pelf
That one derives from friendliness?

*March Thirteenth*

## PROFIT

WHEN with the set of sun
I find my duty done,
Then can I rest in peace
And find in dreams increase;
The hours of night all gain,
Unvexed by care and pain,
And greet the new-born day
That follows on their way
Refreshed, and smiling view
The things that I must do.

*March Fourteenth*

## UNREAL TROUBLES

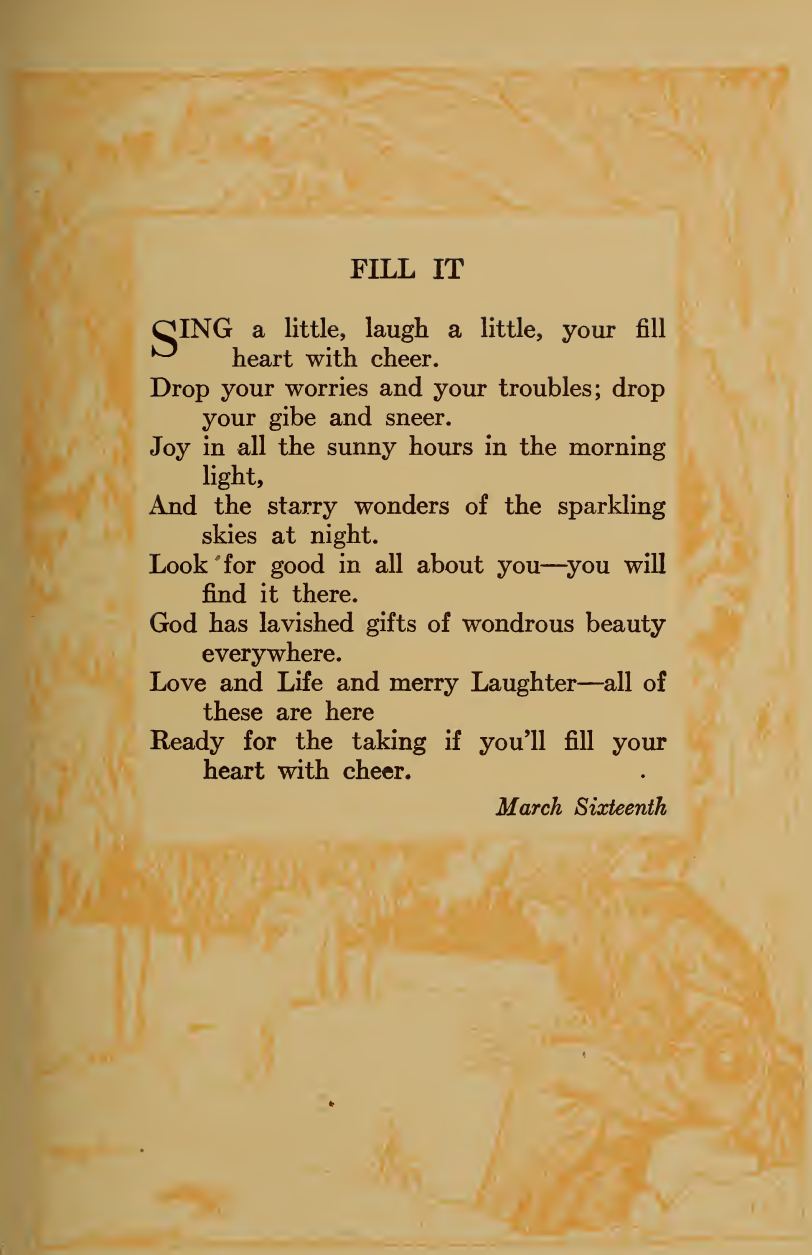
IF I must have an ill, may it be real,
That I may meet it eye to eye and fight,
And wheresoever it may strength reveal
Get after it with all my main and might.
The woe that but impends and wears the mind
With worry deep and most vexatious care,
Is harder fighting than the realler kind,
For when you come to strike—it isn't there!

*March Fifteenth*

## FILL IT

SING a little, laugh a little, your fill heart with cheer.
Drop your worries and your troubles; drop your gibe and sneer.
Joy in all the sunny hours in the morning light,
And the starry wonders of the sparkling skies at night.
Look for good in all about you—you will find it there.
God has lavished gifts of wondrous beauty everywhere.
Love and Life and merry Laughter—all of these are here
Ready for the taking if you'll fill your heart with cheer.

*March Sixteenth*



## FLOWERS

IF flowers have no soul, as some do say,
Deep in mine own I'll hide them safe away
And let them share what beauty there shall be,
Just as their loveliness they've shared with me.
Their lack I shall supply, and when at last
On through the Gates of Mystery I've passed
I think I'll find my Paradise more fair
Because I've ta'en my floral comrades there.

*March Seventeenth*

## CONTENTED

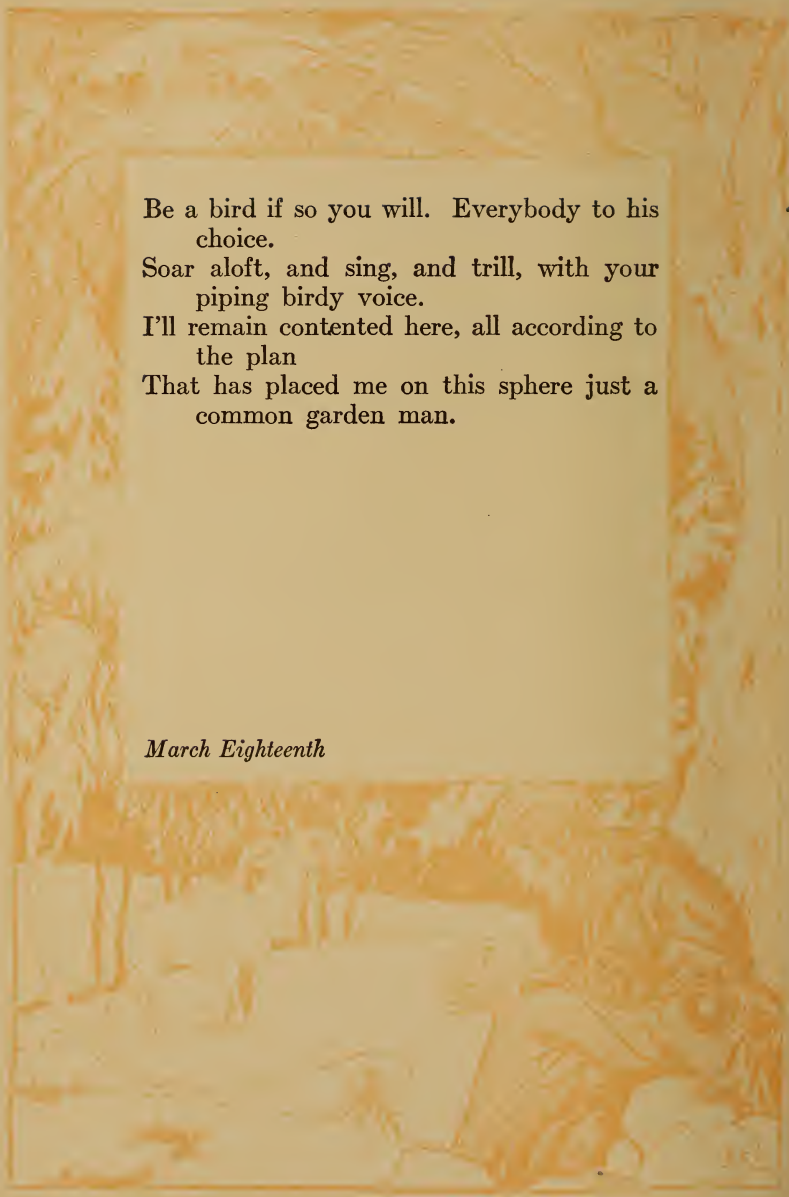
WISH you were a bird, do you? Well,
I don't, and that's a fact.
Soaring through the heavens blue doubtless
is a thrilling act.
But when I sit down to eat, bread and
butter suits my whim—
Bread and butter, pie and meat, not the
worm that does for him.

Flying—that would please my taste, swoop-
ing through the upper air,
But a bed of straw and waste in a swaying
tree somewhere,
That is not at all the kind that would suit
the bones of me.
Sport of every passing wind flirting with
that chilly tree.

*March Eighteenth*

Be a bird if so you will. Everybody to his choice.
Soar aloft, and sing, and trill, with your piping birdy voice.
I'll remain contented here, all according to the plan
That has placed me on this sphere just a common garden man.

*March Eighteenth*



## REDEMPTION

'TIS sadly true that what is writ is writ,
Nor can you change a single line of it.
Indelible it stands, your record there
For good or evil, be it dark or fair.
But true as that may be 'tis also true
A clear to-morrow lies ahead of you,
And if the die for evil has been cast
It holds the story only of the past.
The future yet remains, and if you will
Its pages, all unsullied, you may fill
With deeds of honor high to blot away
The record of that evil yesterday.

*March Nineteenth*

## COMFORT

GRIEF is a woeful measure hard to bear,
And some there be who yield up to despair,
Yet, looking back through the remembered years
With all their portions full of scalding tears,
I've known no grief that did not ope to me
Well-springs of Friendliness and Sympathy;
Nor failed to find in depths 'neath sorrow's frown
The loving hand of Fellowship stretched down.

*March Twentieth*

## MELLOWING

ACCUMULATING years to some spell age—
To me each one is but a fresher page
That opens up new prospects to the sight
And shows life's loveliness in fuller light;
And 'tis my prayer that as the years pass by
I'll not seem older to the friendly eye,
But riper grown and ever mellowing,
Like the rich fruits that from young blossoms spring.

*March Twenty-first*

## NO TRIBUTE

I SHALL not spoil a morning fair
With any groans of mine,
Nor dim with shadows of despair
The glad sun's golden shine.

I shall not add a note of woe
To any stormy day,
But rather seek with laughter's glow
To drive the storm away.

So whatsoe'er the weather be,
Clear days or dark with rain,
Old Master Care will ask of me
A tribute all in vain.

*March Twenty-second*

## ALL IN ONE

ETERNITY
Don't bother me
The very littlest bit.
I feel somehow
This minute, Now,
Is all there is to it.

For Time is but
An endless strut
Of minutes such as this,
Which, understood
And used for good,
Will fructify in bliss.

*March Twenty-third*

## CONCEALED TREASURE

WHY brood on others' manners bad?
Perhaps they were the best they had.
And possibly they never yet
Have even heard of etiquette.
Just take them as they come, and find
Relief by bearing well in mind
That roughest ledges sometimes hold
Deep veins within of purest gold.

*March Twenty-fourth*

## A CALL

TWENTY-FOUR hours are mine to-day
For work, and rest, and thought, and play,
And in each one of them I see
A gift of Opportunity
To carry on, if I've the bent,
God's work of earthly betterment.

The time is full, the way is clear,
The tools to do the work are here.
And few of us have need to ask
The why or wherefore of the task,
Such are the needs that round us lurk—
So, Brother, rise, and get to work!

*March Twenty-fifth*

## SAFETY

AN atom in the Universe—
That's all I am, I know,
And yet for better or for worse
I'm rather glad it's so,
For Malice seeks the shining mark,
And Envy shoots above,
But in the light or in the dark
There's naught too small for Love.

*March Twenty-sixth*

## EVIDENCES

A SMALL bird flying North to-day
Told me that spring was on the way,
And paused upon my window-sill
A little snatch of song to trill
Which made me think of April showers,
And sunny gardens full of flowers,
And blossoms white upon the trees,
And lyric whispers of the breeze,
Of May and June, and then I knew
The secret that he told was true!

*March Twenty-seventh*

## THE WISE FOOL

IT may be I'm the Fool of Hope,
But when in mazes dark I grope
And there's no light to show the way
Into a brighter, clearer day,
Hope in the stricken heart of me
Serves to assuage perplexity,
And Fool or not I forward fare
Eased of a portion of my care.

*March Twenty-eighth*

## VALUES

I LITTLE care how tall you are,
Nor if you're small how small you are.
The thing that matters most to me
Is not how big your body be,
Nor how much cash you've stored away,
Nor on the scales how much you weigh,
But how much SOUL you've set apart,
And what's the measure of your HEART,
And in your share of stocks preferred
What is the VALUE of your WORD.
If these be always kept at par,
It matters not how small you are,
Nor on what lowly planes you press—
YOU'VE WON SUCCESS!

*March Twenty-ninth*

## TWO RAILS

A RAIL was lying in the sun
Beside a highway dusty,
And, resting idle, all it won
Was but a coating rusty.
Another, bearing every day
The burden of stern duty,
Took on a gleam of silver gay
That shimmered in its beauty.

*March Thirtieth*

## THE SEQUENCE

EXIT winter, cheerless, cold,
With its blasts all blustering,
With its ways so braggart bold,
Enter now the smiling spring.

Out of all the dark and drear
Of the frowning winter hours
Come the loveliness and cheer
Of the laughing skies and flowers.

Thus ofttimes on woe and pain,
On the trail of things of fear,
Follows all the joyous gain
Of a new-born day of cheer.

*March Thirty-first*

## APRIL

HERE she comes with her beguiling
Ways and sunny prospects smiling,
Lovely April with her showers
Freshening the lanes and bowers,
Making ready for the flowers.

She's perhaps a trifle tearful,
But at heart she's warm and cheerful,
And her tears are not of sadness,
But the tears of joyous gladness
To escape from winter's madness.

Rain or shine, I'll not reprove her,
For with all my soul I love her,
Since she speeds me from the gray time
Of black winter to the play-time
Of the glad and blissful May-time.

*April First*

## HOLD FAST

THAT man can ne'er grow old who keeps secure
Within his heart and soul some of the joy
All free of care, in character so pure,
Of being, spite of years, a smiling boy.

Hold fast to Boyhood, Friend! The hours will fly;
Your brow will bear the mark of fleeting days,
And Time may dim the luster of your eye,
But hearts stay young that hold to youthful ways.

*April Second*

## A PREFERENCE

I DO not like the Owl because he hoots,
And that's a sort of thing that never suits
My optimistic mind,
For hoots are nothing more than empty sneers,
And sorry gibes, and mean and cynic jeers,
Bespeaking thoughts unkind.

I much prefer the happier bird that sings,
And soars above the cloud on outstretched wings,
And greets the golden morn
With tuneful carolings that seem to show
His heart within with joy is all aglow,
And free from taint of scorn.

*April Third*

## THE FLOWER

IF it be true that man is like a flower
That lives and dies in but one little hour,
'Twere well if, like the flower, he so gives
Of beauty, life is sweeter while he lives.

So in this span so brief how fine 'twould be
If man could live his hour florally,
And, like the Rose, whose span is Beauty's gain,
Add to earth's joy and ease the sting of pain!

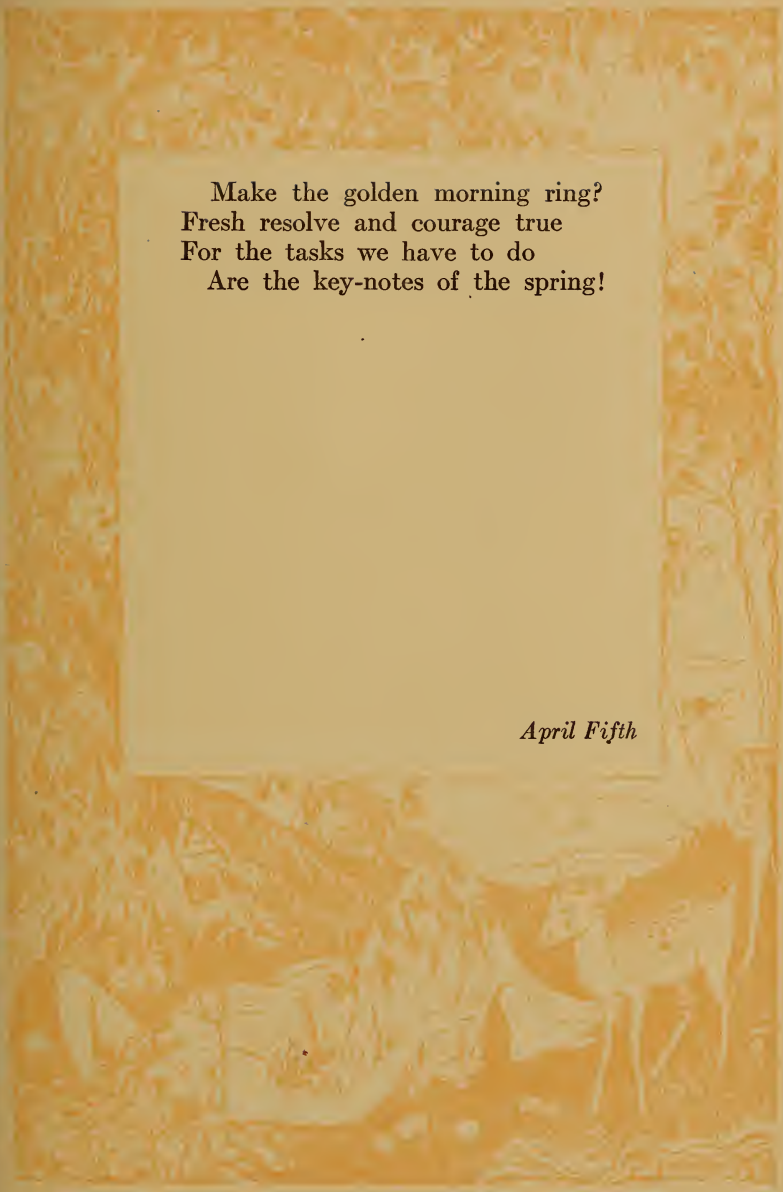
*April Fourth*

## KEY-NOTES

WHO would yield to black despair
When sweet April's silky air
Holds him in its kindly arms?
Air that o'er the tree and bush
Out of winter's icy hush
Spreads a veil of leafy charms?

Who'd give way to thoughts of night
In the days of warming light
That from out drab wintry woes
Leads the earth to vernal bowers
Gaily decked with fragrant flowers—
Lily, violet, and rose?

Who would dwell on things of wrong
When the glad birds with their song



Make the golden morning ring?
Fresh resolve and courage true
For the tasks we have to do
Are the key-notes of the spring!

*April Fifth*

## CHANGED AMBITION

I USED to think it would be fine
To be a King of Royal Line,
And hold the people of the land
Obedient to my command.
But, now that Kings are on the run,
With that ambition I am done,
And am well satisfied to be
A common garden mortal, free
To walk my way and win the pelf
Of him who's Master of Himself.

*April Sixth*

## IN HOURS OF GRIEF

IN your grief for some one gone
Put no garb of mourning on—
Rather think of magic ways
Leading into sunlit ways
Whitherward his spirit strays.

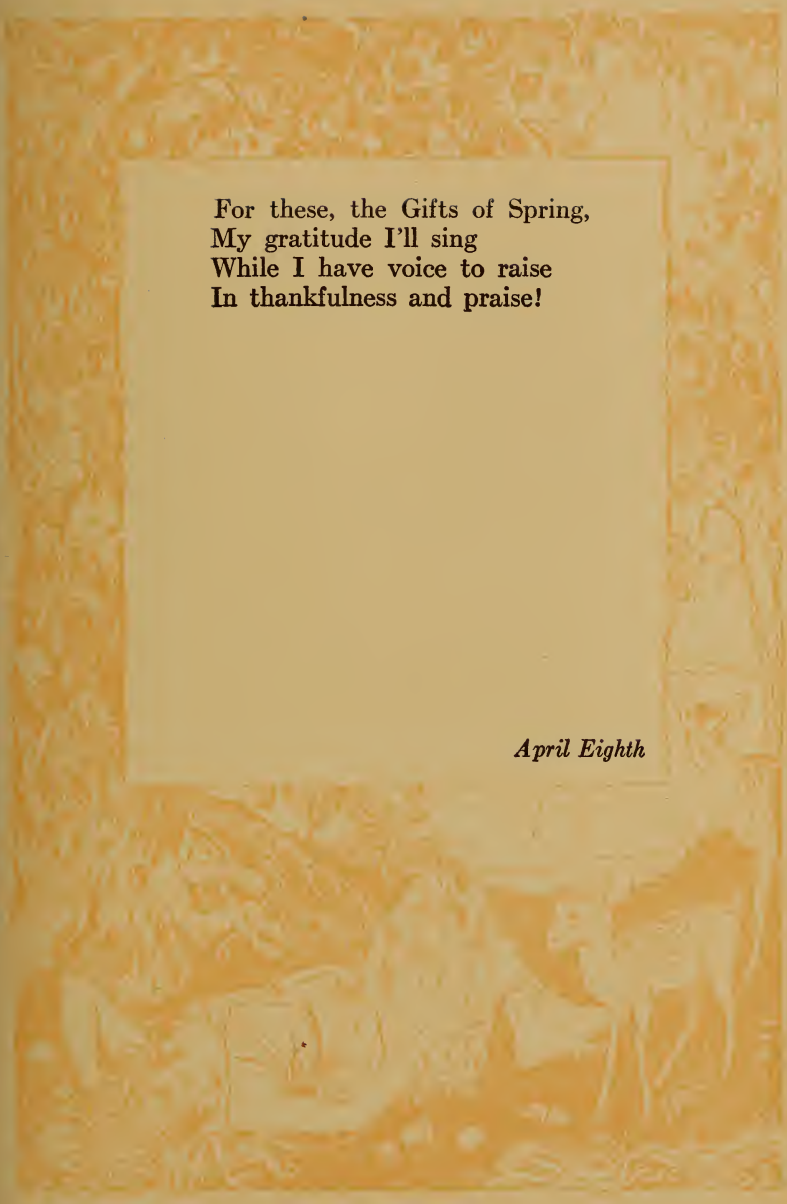
Think of him as gone before
Through the new dawn's open door
Into scenes of splendor rare,
Into fields of service where
Lies forgetfulness of care.

*April Seventh*

## THE GIFTS OF SPRING

O LOVELY springtide gifts—
The golden light that lifts
My spirit out of care;
The soft and silken air
That wraps earth round about
And lures the flowers out;
The welcome rains that speed
The fructifying seed;
The freshly vernal green
That colors all the scene;
The lovely blue of skies
That rests the weary eyes;
The music of the breeze,
The magic of the trees
That seem to whisper cheer
To them that pause to hear—

*April Eighth*


For these, the Gifts of Spring,
My gratitude I'll sing
While I have voice to raise
In thankfulness and praise!
April Eighth

## THE PAST

I VEX me not with trials that are past,
And yet I'd not forget the years now sped
With all the tender memories that cast
Their kindly spell upon the paths I tread.

An heritage in joy, I'll hold it close,
Unmindful of its stress and fevers hot,
As perfect as some well-remembered Rose
For beauty cherished and the thorns forgot.

*April Ninth*

## ORIGINS

I KNOW some souls of such rare grace
They make me think the human race
Sprang not from Apes, as Darwin says,
Back in the prehistoric days,
But from two Sunbeams blithe and gay
Who on some smiling bygone day
Strayed from the Fount of Light, and sped
Off to the green world, there to wed,
And gave us Love to rule the earth
And people it with Souls of Worth.

*April Tenth*

## A WELCOME VISITOR

THAT little boy I used to be
Comes back at times to visit me,
And with his laughter helps me o'er
Hard spots and difficulties sore;
And by his ready scent for sham
Sometimes he shames the man I am
And turns me back unto the way
From which I've wandered far astray;
And certain tawdry things I prize,
Seen through his penetrating eyes,
Reveal their hollowness and speed
My heart and hand to worthier deed.

*April Eleventh*

## ALWAYS AT HOME

I FIND it pays to love the world so much,
And with my fellows hold so close a touch,
That it small matter makes just where I be,
There's just a bit of HOME surrounding me.
Who loves his kind and sees the things of worth
In such abundance throughout all the earth,
Can never feel the sad and bleak distress
Of Strangers overcome with loneliness.

*April Twelfth*

## THE GIFT

A THING that's older than the hills,
Yet young as any new-born day;
Light-hearted as the bird that trills,
Yet stable as the mountains gray;
In joy a measure full of song,
In grief the surest treasure-trove,
Boon to the weak, strength to the strong—
The ever golden gift of Love!

*April Thirteenth*

## THE SHIP

I LITTLE care for things that buffet me.
No more than ships that ride the stormy sea
And sail undaunted on, and nobly brave
The pestering of angry wind and wave.
For I'm a ship upon the seas of life,
And must sail onward through the spumy strife,
And if I'm stanch and hold my courses clear,
I know I'll find at last the Ports of Cheer!

*April Fourteenth*

## A PLEASANT THREAT

I'M going to take a gun to-day
And shoot at folks along the way
With bullets made of joyous mirth,
And hints of hope and peace on earth,
And kindliness, and wholesome glee,
And all the sweets of sympathy,
And make the streets a shambles of
Sheer Brotherhood and Human Love.

*April Fifteenth*

## ALONGSIDE

WHATEVER things my ways betide
I'll seize what joys lie by my side,
Nor risk the loss that waits anon
In bliss uncertain farther on.
Thus shall each day provide its share
Of joyousness to ease my care,
And if some dawn shall be all gray
The hoarded light of Yesterday
I'll use to brighten with its glow
The path beset with present woe.

*April Sixteenth*

## A REALIZATION

I'VE given up the pleasant labor
Of finding weakness in my neighbor,
And sought to find what faults there be
Hid deep within the Thing called Me;
And I must say if there is fun
In finding faults in any one,
There's fun enough right there in sight
To keep me grinning day and night
From now until I leave this earth
To visit realms of greater worth.

*April Seventeenth*

## STRENGTH

THE strongest man I ever knew
Was not of that steel-fibered crew
Who lift great weights or run for days
Over the Marathonian ways,
But he who in a day of woe,
His heart with anger all aglow,
His soul with rank injustice stung,
Had the rare strength to hold his tongue
And bear with patient fortitude
The slings and arrows harsh and rude
In fullest confidence that Right
Would rise triumphant into light.

*April Eighteenth*

## THE VERDICT

I HOPE to live to-day
In such a proper way
That when To-morrow sits
In judgment on it its
Keen penetrating eye
Will view it smilingly,
And righteously conclude
That it was pretty good.

*April Nineteenth*

## PICTURES

I'VE never seen old Tokyo, nor visited in Lhassa.
I've never looked on China, or the forests of Mombassa,
But I've no doubt that they exist, for I've seen pictures of 'em,
Full of the beauties rich and rare that make the natives love 'em.

And so it is with future things. Of Heaven I've a feeling
We've pictures of it everywhere, its beauties rich revealing,
In human love, and sympathy, and all the glorious leaven
Of lovely things the Earth provides to prove the truth of Heaven.

*April Twentieth*

## BAD COMPANY

"GOOD morning, Mr. Care," quoth I.
"I thought I saw you passing by,
And pause to say 'twould pleasing be
If you would come and visit me.
I like to pass away week-ends
Surrounded by my pleasant friends,
And I've invited Brother Cheer,
And Mr. Unafraid-of-Fear,
And Sisters Smiling-Face and Joy,
And Love, the Springtide's little boy,
To meet you if you'll come along
And join us in a day of song."

But Mr. Care just frowned on me.
He didn't like my company,
And ever since then, be it said,
The poor old chap has cut me dead.

*April Twenty-first*

## HOPE

A REFUGE sure in days of pain
Which never yet has proven vain
Lies in our Hope, and no Despair,
However fortified with Care,
Can penetrate the fastness strong
Where Hope commands, nor any Wrong
Win out, however great its might,
Before the rich glow of its light.

*April Twenty-second*

## STRENGTHENING

A MOUNTAIN in my path? 'Tis well—
'Tis good to climb and from the height
Look o'er the distant vale and dell
Into the countries of Delight.
The smoother way is fair, no doubt,
But yields no zest unto the chase,
And obstacles o'ercome bring out
Undreamed-of powers to win the race.

*April Twenty-third*

## ASPIRATION

STRONG as the Oak, yet tender as the Rose!
In storm defiant of the wind that blows,
And facing wintry ills with eye serene
Despite the travails black that vex the scene,
Yet smiling as fair April's Garden Close
When there's a call of any kind to me
For gifts of Love and human Sympathy—
That is the sort of human I would be!

*April Twenty-fourth*

## THE HARVEST

IF in each day we press
Rich gifts of loveliness,
And ever keep the light
Of Brotherhood in sight,
The harvest that shall be
Will prove all amity,
And life will render us
A treasure glorious.

*April Twenty-fifth*

## TOLERANCE

WHEN I cannot agree
With those opposed to me
I'll try at least to find
With all my powers of mind
Whatever may be true
In others' points of view,
Until there may be found
A common vantage-ground
Whence they and I may press
Forward in friendliness.

*April Twenty-sixth*

## MUNITIONS

GOLD would I have in goodly store
To fight the wolves outside my door
And hold grim poverty at bay
And drive substantial cares away.
But even better than the dross
That guised as gain is often loss,
To battle with the hosts of fear
Grant me the goodly gift of cheer,
For gold's an evanescent pelf,
While cheer well-spent renews itself.

*April Twenty-seventh*

## SOURCES

"MAY it be mine, when storm-clouds lower,
To fill with peace some troubled hour
Of one who in the depths of sorrow
Looks forth with dread upon the morrow.
May it be mine on some dark day
To speed the stricken on their way
With thoughts of cheer, and love, and light,
And new-born courage for the fight."

'Twas thus I prayed, and from the sea
Of night a star-beam flashed to me—
"He best gives light who hath the wit
First to fill self and soul with it."
And that is why each passing day
I drink in sunshine where I may,
And from the Moon and Stars by night
Exact some tribute of their light.

*April Twenty-eighth*

## A WISH

I DO not pine for Easy Street
Where life is indolently sweet,
And everything runs smoothly on
To nothing much that lies anon.
I rather like the busier way
Where effort crowns the toil of day,
Where I must dare and use my wit
To do some kind of useful bit.
I only ask that I may dwell
Where I may serve my fellows well,
And if I walk, or chance to ride,
'Twill be upon the sunny side.

*April Twenty-ninth*

## IMMORTAL!

THERE is no Death! Man lives his day
And passes on the unseen way,
His deeds in days of peace and strife
Forming the measure of his life;
And every bit of good he's done
Living forever, on and on,
Part of the vast and splendid whole
Of God's imperishable Soul.

*April Thirtieth*

## A MAY-DAY WHIM

LET me go forth upon the sunlit way
And revel in the beauties of the day,
The greening trees, the zephyrs at their play.

Let song of bird rout every thought of care,
And all the fragrance of the gardens fair
Make sweetly odorous the morning air.

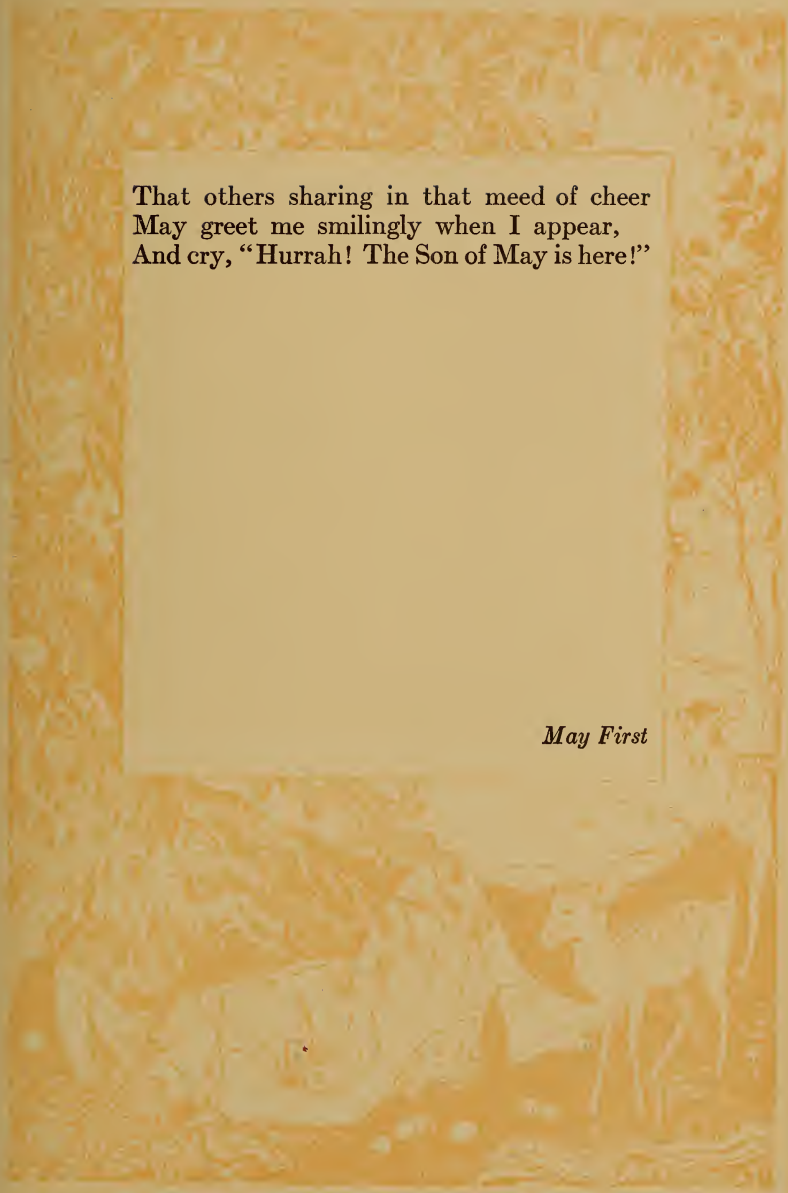
Let me drink in life's beauty as the Bee
Sips sweetness from the Rose's bounty free,
Until I'm fairly drunk with ecstasy.

And then when with the May-time's joys replete
To toil-worn ways I turn my dancing feet,
Let me transmit that joy to all I meet,

*May First*

That others sharing in that meed of cheer
May greet me smilingly when I appear,
And cry, "Hurrah! The Son of May is here!"

*May First*



## THE SEED

SEND out each day some pleasant whim
Designed to make the hour less grim
For some one in the grip of woe,
And like a flower-seed 'twill grow
Into a rich and fragrant bloom
That yet may lighten thine own gloom,
And into some dark hour press
An unsuspected loveliness.

*May Second*

## THE TREASURY

I WOULD I could devise some way
To store the loveliness of May
For use in some far-off November
Or in the days of chill December.

A goodly plan it were to try
To seize the gold from out the sky
And in some sanctuary store
A portion of its lovely score.

What safer strong-box could there be
Beyond the reach of thievery
For all this wealth of gracious toll
Than in the coffers of the soul?

*May Third*

## THE SINGING BREEZE

A BREEZE came by upon a city street
So filled with stress and onward-rushing feet
It did not seem that anywhere could be
A touch of quiet and tranquillity,
And as it passed along
It seemed to sing a song
Of dark-green woods, and richly verdured hills,
And fresh-turned fields, and laughing mountain rills,
That danced by mossy banks with ferns o'ergrown
Where weary feet might wander, not alone,
But in the dear companionship so blest
Of perfect rest.

*May Fourth*

And I—I thanked that little breeze because
Into the city's rush that knows no pause
It brought me dreams of byways passing fair
Where one may woo forgetfulness of care,
And hearts grown weary of the world's alarms
May find sweet respite in dear Nature's arms.

*May Fourth*

## A TOAST TO EARTH

YE call me "earthy of the earth"
As though I'd little of true worth,
And are inclined to frown and sneer
Because I sing of blessings here,
And take a smiling attitude
Of unremitting gratitude
For "worldly" gifts of loving cheer.

Well, sneer and jeer—I am content,
For while in Earth's confines I'm pent
It is the field God's given me
In lavish generosity,
To make the best I can of it,
To seek and find the plan of it,
And make it what He'd have it be.

*May Fifth*

So here's to EARTH—a gift of love
For us to taste the sweetness of!
A Garden fair with flowers gay
That we may gather day by day!
    Its beauties, I shall sing of them,
    And sound the golden ring of them
Till life itself hath passed away.

*May Fifth*

## THE POINT OF VIEW

THE world is here for what it is:
A thing of pain, a thing of bliss;
A thing of dullness or of wit,
According as we look on it.
If in my heart I dwell on woe,
And on the weeds that in it grow,
'Twill prove a sorry sort of place
Devoid of beauty and of grace.

But if I spend my waking hours
In thinking on its lovely flowers
And all the blessings I have got,
'Twill be for me a garden-spot.
Wherefore, whatever woes may press
I'll think upon earth's loveliness
And thereby win the gracious good
Of its unbounded plenitude.

*May Sixth*

## THE LITTLE BIRD

"PEEP!" said a little bird one morn
When I was feeling quite forlorn.
I took a "peep" and saw arrayed
In loveliness the world displayed.

"Cheep!" said the little bird, and I
The truth of it could not deny,
For all earth's lavish beauty spent
On me had cost me not a cent.

*May Seventh*

## TO HAPPYLAND

DOWN with all things melancholic!
Spring was made for joyous frolic.
Music greets us everywhere,
Flowers fragrant scent the air,
Lawns for dancing feet are spread,
Skies are smiling overhead.
Sunlit vistas lure the eye
Into golden prospects nigh.
Sense of buoyant youth renewed
Stirs the heart to gratitude.
Wherefore, Brothers, let's be jolly!
Fling away all melancholy,
And with Nature, hand in hand,
Hie us on to Happyland!

*May Eighth*

## THE END AND THE BEGINNING

AGE holds no fears for me.
I face it cheerfully,
For I've a faith sublime,
And growing all the time,
That when life's cruise is o'er
I'll find another shore
Whence I may forward press
To scenes of loveliness,
And far from being vexed
By years, I think, "What next?"
And smiling wait upon
The mysteries anon.

*May Ninth*

## PAGES OF LIFE

IF from the page of some insensate book
A cheery flower of Hope may sometimes spring,
And into some dark-shadowed spirit nook
A gleam of light to ease its sorrow bring,
How much the more from out the living day
Of human sympathy may there be borne
A stream of radiance to light the way
From woe to joy for travelers forlorn.

*May Tenth*

## THE SINGING WAY

LIKE to the winging bird I'd soar aloft
Into the springy air so fairly soft,
And on the topmost bough of some green tree
Pour out in song the very soul of me,
And with the breezes speed my singing way
Rejoicing in the loveliness of day,
With thanks for earth which holds in lavish meed
Rich gifts of every kind to meet my need.

*May Eleventh*

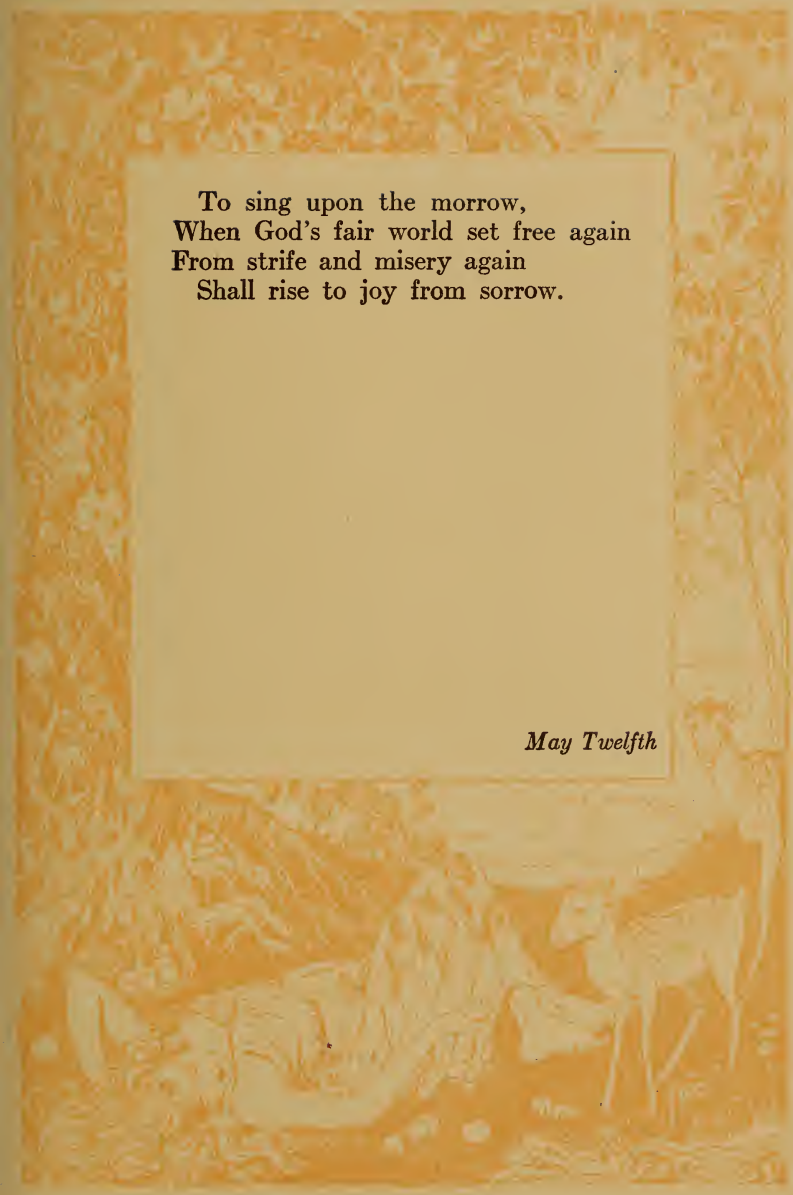
## THE LAUGHING SONG

I'D like to write a laughing song,
A rollicking and chaffing song,
So lively and so jolly
'Twould put a real quietus on
The troubles that await us on
Account of melancholy.

I want to see a tearful world
Transformed into a cheerful world,
All full of happy hours,
Where we can joy in May again,
And little children play again
Among the smiling flowers.

So help me write my happy song,
A brightly lilting, snappy song,

*May Twelfth*



To sing upon the morrow,
When God's fair world set free again
From strife and misery again
Shall rise to joy from sorrow.

*May Twelfth*

## HOPES RESTORED

OUR hopes may wane and fade away,
And gloom attend the darkening day,
But this I know: no gloomy hour
Can hold me in its gripping power.
For though all gray that hour may be
Another soon will come to me
Bright with the golden glow of morn,
New Hopes upon its fleet wings borne,
On which I yet may rise and find
The lofty bays I have in mind.

*May Thirteenth*

## PROMISES

I SAW a blossom on a tree
That told of fruit to come to me.

I saw the sun all golden bright
That promised endless stores of light.

I heard a bird sing songs at noon
That held the lilt of coming June.

I glimpsed a light in some one's eye,
A promise sweet of "by and by."

On every hand, below, above,
Are promises aglow with love

That tide me over stressful things
And give new strength to weary wings.

*May Fourteenth*

## IMMUNE

HAMMER on, O Fate!
Whack, and slam, and bang!
Land with all your weight—
I don't give a hang!

I am here to-day
And the skies are blue,
And I'll joy in May
In despite of you.

All your bumps and shoves
Can't destroy the flowers
For the soul that loves
May-time's happy hours.

Slap and snap and sneer
Every chance you see.
Not a plaint or tear
Will you get from me.

*May Fifteenth*

## THE DAILY BOOK

EACH day I live is like a book to me,
All full of pure romance and mystery,
With love and laughter and some tragedy.

I read it as I run, and try to find
My place in it, a place of proper kind
To suit my qualities of heart and mind.

I cannot be its hero, but 'tis clear
That if I smiling go in my own sphere
My part in it will be a part of cheer—

And that's a rôle that in the story's stress
'Tis well to play if when it leaves the press
The tale shall end in love and happiness.

*May Sixteenth*

## WIRELESS

NOW wireless telegraphy
Is quite a wondrous thing to me,
Although I must admit it's true
There's nothing in it very new,
For ever since the world began,
And maid was maid, and man was man,
Without the aid of earthly arts
Hearts e'er have spoken unto hearts,
And sent their messages of cheer
Vibrating through the atmosphere.

*May Seventeenth*

## THE MIRTH-CURE

ONCE in the grip of a malign mischance,
A victim of an evil circumstance,
I thought of something funny, and I grinned,
Forgetful of the woe that had me pinned,
And all the ill that vexed my soul with care
Went off like smoke and vanished in the air,
And, freed of thoughts of it, I saw the way
Out of the trials sore that spoiled my day,
And soon emerged out of my chancy plight
Into the golden glory of the light.

*May Eighteenth*

## A RESOLVE

RAIN or shine, it's naught to me
What the outer weather be,
If inside a heart of cheer
Routs all thoughts of irksome fear.
Like a tree that stands serene
In the midst of tempests green,
Whatsoever winds are blowin'
I shall smile and keep a-growin'!

*May Nineteenth*

## UNDERSTUDIES

WHEN Mr. Sun with all his power
Thro' clouds can't make his way,
And all the skies are dark and dour,
And gloomy is the day,
A twinkling eye, a friendly smile,
Some action full of grace,
Will help us for a little while
To take the old boy's place.

*May Twentieth*

## TO THE ROSE

THEY call you, Rose, a royal thing
Because your lavish coloring
Suggests the garb of reigning king—

But I demur, O Rose, at that.
To me you're no aristocrat,
But just a simple democrat,

Because, no matter who he be,
King, peasant, clod, or royalty,
You deign to nod at all you see.

With one and all your beauties fair,
Your lovely hues, your fragrance rare,
Without reserve you freely share,

And never ask if he be high,
Or lowly placed, who passes by,
And all stand equal in your eye.

*May Twenty-first*

## IN PLAIN SIGHT

"HAS any one e'er seen the Soul?"
Aye—that have I, and often, too!
So oft 'twould take an endless scroll
To hold the record full and true.

I've seen it in a Mother's eye;
Perceived it in a friendly hand;
In acts of grace and sympathy
I've witnessed it in every land.

Where love reveals its winning smile,
Where Brotherhood the spirit is;
Where living Truth hath conquered Guile,
And Mercy tempers Nemesis;

Where Faith and Honor dwell serene,
And Service hath become the goal,
E'en sightless eyes full well have seen.
That splendid vision of the Soul.

*May Twenty-second*

## THE THIEF

I FIND that Unbelief
Is nothing but a thief
That robs me of my sense
Of God's rich providence;
That takes from me the light
The Heavens hold in sight
To lead my soul above
To realms of endless love;
That wrests from me the bays
That urge to higher ways,
And clouds the smiling face
Of Everlasting Grace,
To leave me in my stress
A world of Nothingness.

*May Twenty-third*

## THE HOMEWARD WAY

YES, life is a stormy journey,
And the skies are sometimes bleak,
And the rough-and-tumble journey
Finds me weak.

But I waste no time in fretting
As my troubled way I roam,
For I know each day I'm getting
Nearer home!

*May Twenty-fourth*

## THE LINK

A DAY is short, and oft I think
It counts but little in the strife,
Yet each one forms a special link
To make or break the chain of life.

*May Twenty-fifth*

## YOUR SHARE

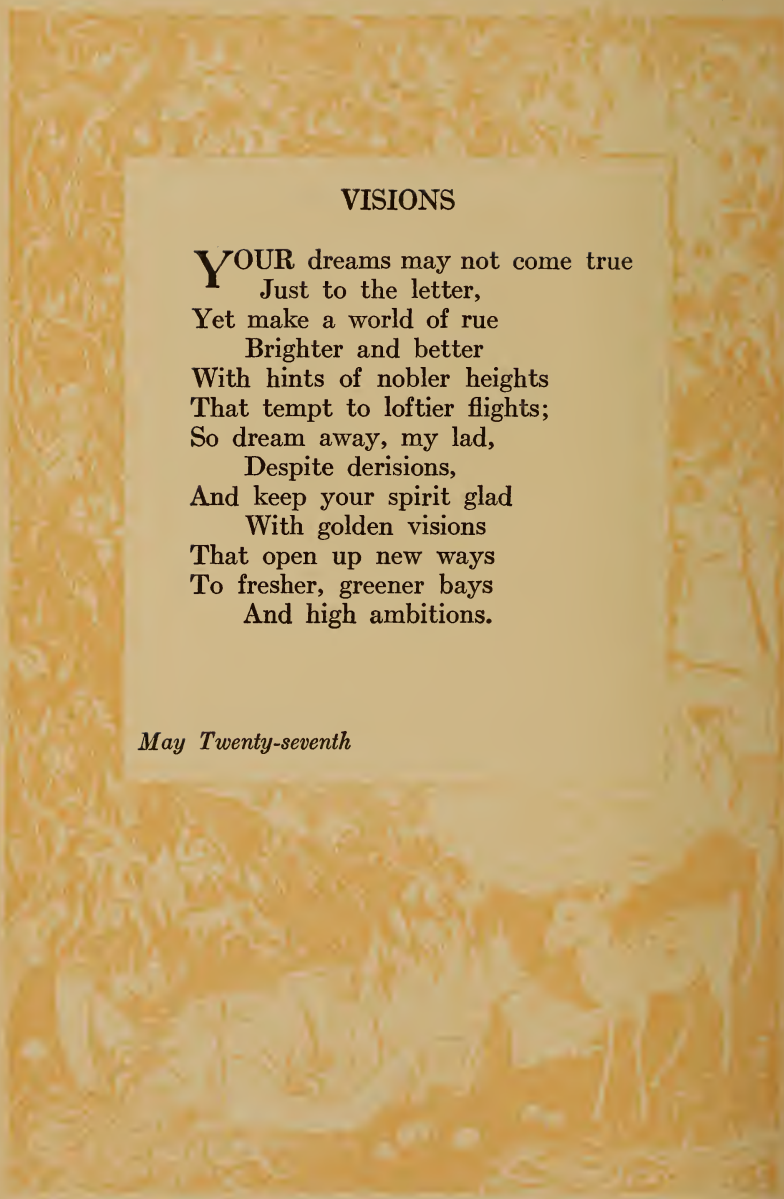
YOUR place may be an humble place;
You may not run the swifter race;
You may be classed among the small
Of whom the world ne'er hears at all;
And yet the sun that shines above,
And all the wealth of human love,
Are yours as much as his whose might
Has placed him on the topmost height—
E'en more, perhaps, for some who climb
For Love and Light have little time.

*May Twenty-sixth*

## VISIONS

YOUR dreams may not come true
Just to the letter,
Yet make a world of rue
Brighter and better
With hints of nobler heights
That tempt to loftier flights;
So dream away, my lad,
Despite derisions,
And keep your spirit glad
With golden visions
That open up new ways
To fresher, greener bays
And high ambitions.

*May Twenty-seventh*



## A RESOLVE

I SHALL not sing the bad,
I shall not sing the wrong,
I shall not let the sad
Intrude upon my song.
But all my singing days
In scenes of peace or strife
I'll chant in lines of praise
The graciousness of life.

*May Twenty-eighth*

## STUMBLING

IF you shall stumble now and then,
Don't let a fall your spirits balk.
Rise up upon your feet again
As when, a child, you learned to walk,
And stride along upon your way,
And there will come a time secure
When, as in that far childhood day,
You found your halting footstep sure.

*May Twenty-ninth*

## MEMORIAL DAY

FOR them that died that men might be
Forever and forever free,
This is the day of Memory.

Fair Nature's self devotes her powers
With all her golden sunny hours
To spreading o'er them fragrant flowers.

Where there shall fall a drop of rain
'Tis but the tear to prove their pain
And sacrifice were not in vain.

And if the skies shall be all blue
Their azure is the flawless hue
That stands for Honor tried and true.

*May Thirtieth*

## THE VICTOR

ONE grasped at stars, and seized but emptiness,
The sheer vacuity of space, and then
Out of the vales of failure, in distress,
Bemoaned the blindness of his fellow-men,
Because they could not see
How truly great was he.

Another grasped the nettle at his side,
And never even dreamed to win a name,
And sought the deed of Service without pride
Or thought ambitious for undying fame,
And wondered at the bays
That crowned his later days.

*May Thirty-first*

## THE MESSENGER

NOW Summer opens wide her door
And, with her gracious mien,
She bids us pass the threshold o'er
To prospects all serene.
She offers us a wealth of hours,
Of days that thrill with love,
With lanes and pastures decked with flowers,
And smiling skies above.

Her Messenger is lovely June,
All kindliness and grace,
With light of sun and stars and moon,
Illumining her face.
With music soft and zephyrs sweet,
And beauty all awake,
She lays her treasures at our feet
That we may freely take.

*June First*

## A FAIR IDEA

IF one should ask me my idea of Heaven
I think I'd answer six times out of seven
That 'tis a place where Love sits on his throne,
Where fear and all mistrust are quite unknown;
Where care comes not, and life is all in tune,
And from year's end to end 'tis always June.

*June Second*

## JUDGMENT

I NEVER knew a man so good
But I could find flaws if I would.
I never knew a man so bad
But that some virtue rare he had,
And hence it is I cannot find
A method certain in my mind
By which to judge my brother's ways,
In terms of blame, in lines of praise,
And therefore feel no special call
To judge my fellow-men at all.

*June Third*

## THE PROOF

I COULD not be an Atheist
Unless my soul could quite desist
From all belief in Love;
For Love, I hold, is but a form
Of Godliness, and peace or storm
Streams o'er us from above.

And Godliness could not well be—
Or so my logic teaches me—
If there were not some source,
Some Godlike fount and center whence
In all its rare munificence
That stream began its course.

*June Fourth*

## ELATION

I WALK my way on earth elate
Because my heart has banished hate;
Because my soul's too occupied
With things of love to think of pride,
And all the vanities that lead
The spirit of mankind to greed;
And everywhere I go I plan
To find the good that lies in man;
And when night comes I feel as though,
Despite life's worries and its woe,
I'd spent a host of happy hours
In meadows filled with lovely flowers.

*June Fifth*

## BLESSINGS TWAIN

TWO things I find most helpful in
This complex world of joy and sin
By which I'm often carried through
The clouds that evil chances brew;
The first is GRATITUDE for things
Of good in past adventurings,
The other HOPE for good to be
In days that lie ahead of me.

*June Sixth*

## A GOOD END

IF "Love's a sickness full of woe,"
As some old gloomy poet stated
I'd be the very last to go
To get myself inoculated;
For if dear Love is a disease,
A sort of miasmatic bubble,
Since sometime I must die, 'twould please
Me most to die of just that trouble.

*June Seventh*

## FISHIN'

GOIN' fishin'? Yes, I be,
But no hook ner line fer me,
Fer I know a little brook
Where ye don't need a line ner hook.

Brook a-streamin' from above
Full o' light and full o' love,
Bringin' schools o' swarmin' cheer
To us worried fellers here.

Goin' to ketch a mess o' fun
Swimmin' down from yonder Sun;
Goin' to ketch a mess of air
Makin' me fergit my care.

Goin' to ketch a stock o' health—
Finest kind o' human wealth—
Fishin' in the waters free
God's a-pourin' down on me.

*June Eighth*

## MY FAITH

I HAVE a Faith in things that are to be
Which in all woes doth much to comfort me—
A sense of an eternal Fatherhood
That as a child I found supremely good,
That held me safe from evil and alarms
Enfolded in its all-protecting arms,
And, tho' my stock of years is passing large,
E'en as a little child I hold in charge
That Faith that, whatsoever things may be,
A Father's hand is still stretched out to me.

*June Ninth*

## THE HATE THAT STEELS

THEY tell me not to hate, yet am I glad
When things of evil rear their heads to do
Such deeds as only worlds run wholly mad
Could match for pain, and wickedness, and rue,
That while my heart is still a heart that sings
Of that fair love that holds the spirit strong,
It holds deep hatred for those evil things
That steel the righteous hand to grapple wrong.

*June Tenth*

## FRIENDLY OFFERINGS

THERE'S no such thing as loneliness in June
If with the world you'll put yourself in tune—
By day the laughing flowers
Will nod at you for hours,
And when the night comes on the beaming Moon
Will offer you her comradeship, and far
Up in the Heavens vast some little star
Will wink a roguish eye at you,
And grin upon the sly at you,
As if unto the end
He'd like to be your friend.
So, Brother, hasten! Get yourself in tune
With all these friendly offerings of June—
The Stars, the nodding Flowers, and the Moon.

*June Eleventh*

## A FREQUENT CURE

AT five o'clock each day
I fold my cares away,
And when the whistle blows
Completely drop my woes,
And into night I slip,
As on a pleasure-trip,
Forgetting all my pain
Till morning comes again;
And, marvelous to say,
When on the coming day
I turn to seek my care
I find it isn't there.

*June Twelfth*

## THE POET

MR. BEE'S a jolly rover,
Humming through the fields of clover,
Working while he seems to play.
I don't wonder he's so jolly,
Seeming free of melancholy.
I'd be that way, too, by golly!
Making honey all the day.

Possibly he doesn't know it,
But to me the Bee's a Poet
Bent upon an endless rhyme—
Through incessant measures swinging,
Humming, strumming, drumming, singing,
From the Heart of Beauty wringing
Liquid sweetness all the time.

*June Thirteenth*

## SPREAD IT

GET in the Sunshine business,
And spread your wares around,
There's always some one in distress
And darkness to be found—
Some chap held in the grip of rue
To whom a greeting warm
Will seem like sunshine bursting through
The evil clouds of storm.

*June Fourteenth*

## FORTUNE

WHO would not help if so he could a
brother bear his pain
And count that little deed of good a measure
of pure gain?
Well, there are Brothers waiting, yes,
they're calling every day;
Their name is Legion, and they press in
hosts along the way.
And if a deed of Sympathy adds to the
profit score,
A fortune vast for you and me lies waiting
at the door.

*June Fifteenth*

## THE DAILY WORD

LET'S choose some word to-day
To help us on our way—
Some word like Sympathy,
Or Hope, or Charity,
Or Faith, or Love, or Light,
And keep it e'er in sight,
And use our Mother-wit
To LIVE the sense of it.
Who knows but we shall find
The word denotes our kind,
And when the twilight falls
And relaxation calls,
'Twill comfort us to feel
That we have made it real.

*June Sixteenth*

## THE TREE

'TIS nothing to be sad about
Because you cannot gad about,
And roam from place to place
In search of things to wake you up,
And possibly to shake you up,
In an eternal chase.

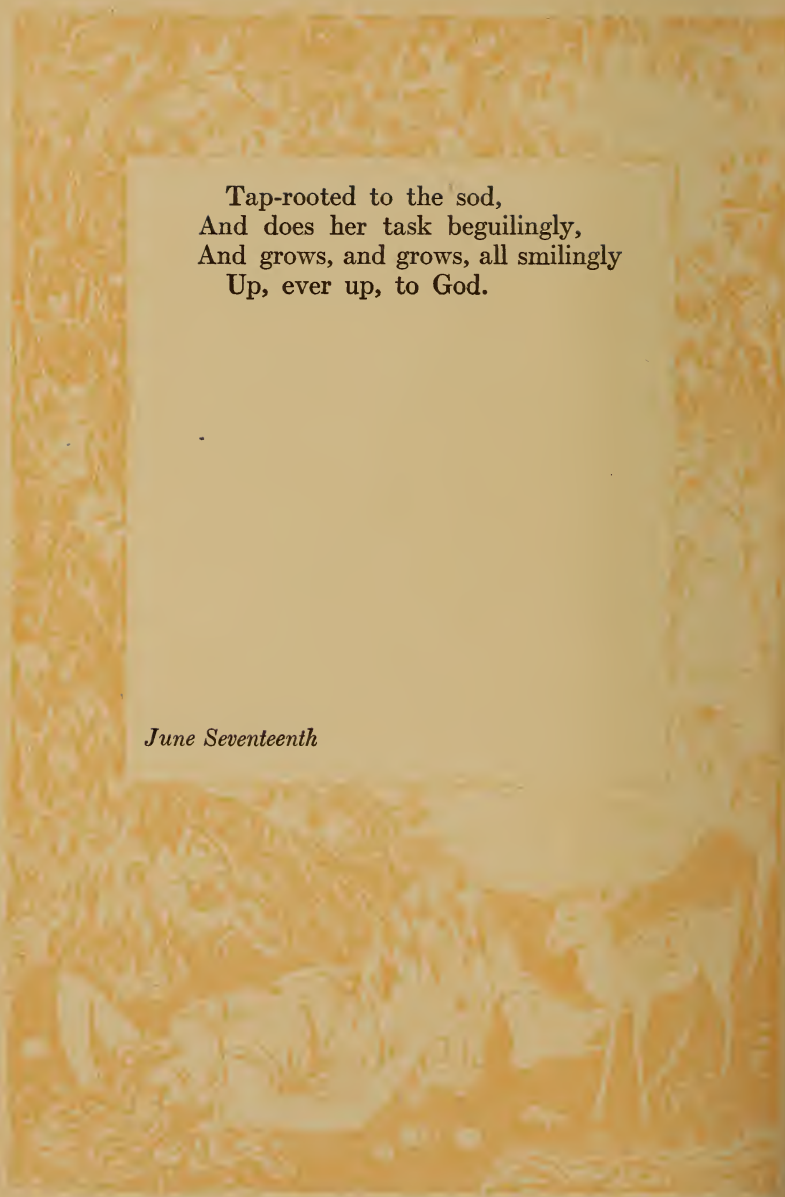
Yon Tree is anchored where she is—
And, oh! how wondrous fair she is
As motionless she stands!
You never hear her maundering
Because she is not wandering
O'er distant seas and lands.

She stays in her appointed place,
She takes her own annointed place,

*June Seventeenth*

Tap-rooted to the sod,
And does her task beguilingly,
And grows, and grows, all smilingly
Up, ever up, to God.

*June Seventeenth*



## OAK OR LILY?

THE Oak with endless length of days,
The Lily passing like a flash of light,
Both win from man a worthy meed of praise,
The one for beauty and the one for might.

Which would I be of these could I but choose?
I cannot say, but this is in my mind,
The lot of neither could I e'er refuse
Could I, as they, be perfect of my kind.

*June Eighteenth*

## SIGH NOT

SIGH not for better worlds all full of bliss,
But put your shoulder to life's whirring wheel
And try to make a better one of this,
And let the future what it will reveal.
We've sighs enough without your adding more,
And tears enough, and amplitude of sin,
But all the while Joy stands outside the door
And only waits your call to enter in.

*June Nineteenth*

## A GOODLY CHOICE

IF I shall win my goal or lose
I may not be the chooser;
But if the crown the fates refuse
One choice will be, and that I'll choose:
To be a SMILING LOSER!

*June Twentieth*

## THE DAY

MORN I rejoice in, since it brings me light,
And sends me on my way with sense of power
To do the things I must do ere the night
Hath set an end unto the golden hour.

Noon, too, I love with ardor, since the sun
In full and mellowed glory gilds the blue,
And shows the daily labor well begun,
With goals in sight that I am speeding to.

And night—the night is likewise dear to me
Since with it comes relief from press and strain,
With gifts of dreams through which the path I see
Back to the vigor of the morn again.

*June Twenty-first*

## THE TRIPLE HOLD

WHEN things are going wrong
And courage holds less strong,
To win the bays anon—
HOLD ON!
When tempted to give way,
Your purpose to betray,
To win the day at last—
HOLD FAST!
When weariness descends,
And weakness dire impends,
To put Defeat to rout—
HOLD OUT!

*June Twenty-second*

## SHEER WASTE

TO hate an enemy I hold to be an idle whim
That hurts me more, all said and done, than e'er it hurteth him.
It clutters up my heart with wrath, and fills my soul with gloom,
And wastes a lot of useful time on bitter thoughts of doom.

It smears the bright blue of my skies with sordid tints of gray,
And clouds with shadows dark the light of every passing day.
So why should I give up my joys for hatred seething hot
Of one who doesn't care a rap if I hate him or not?

*June Twenty-third*

## ACHIEVEMENT

I'M rather small, but I can do
The biggest things on earth,
And with small effort put 'em through
Despite their wondrous worth.

For I can LOVE and I can HOPE,
And hold a FRIENDLY HAND
To mortals who in trouble grope
Because I UNDERSTAND!

And I can give a bit of CHEER,
And brighten up the day
For some poor traveler pale with fear
Upon the darkened way.

*June Twenty-fourth*

## THE CLIMBER

I KNEW a man who used his chains
To climb on up to liberty,
And found his later stock of gains
The sweeter for his slavery;
And in his freedom won he found
Not less but greater servitude,
And passed to realms beyond us, crowned
With bays of golden gratitude.

*June Twenty-fifth*

## THE OLD AND THE NEW

THEY say there's really nothing new
upon this gladsome earth;
That all the jokes we laugh at are of very
ancient birth;
That all the great inventions of this won-
drous age of ours
Were known to the Egyptians and con-
temporary powers.
They say that all the stories by our story-
tellers told
Are but the variations of the narratives of
old;
That all the novel notions that we find
in politics
The Greeks and Romans tried out ere they
journeyed o'er the Styx.

*June Twenty-sixth*

They say that Life and Laughter are as
ancient as the hills;
That there is nothing novel in our very
latest ills;
But when they say that Love is old—the
oldest thing we see—
I'm glad to say despite its age it's new
enough for me!

*June Twenty-sixth*

## THE BURDEN-BEARER

WHEN burdens hard my shoulders bear,
One thing I know to ease my care—
'Twas God or I who placed them there!

If by some act of mine they came,
I know full well if I am game
Some other act can lift the same.

But if 'twas God that made of me
The bearer of some burden He
Wished carried forward sturdily,

With heart and soul elate, and voice
Upraised in thanks, I shall rejoice
And strive to justify His choice!

*June Twenty-seventh*

## EVER YOUNG

I'LL not be old until that day comes by
When I shall fail to feel the fresh surprise
That all the splendors of the morning sky
Reveal unto my soul through waking eyes.

I'll not be old until I cease to hear
The music in the whispers of the breeze,
And listen with a dull, unheeding ear
To Nature's so abundant harmonies.

I'll not be old until my heart shall find
No sense of love that's wrapped up in the rose,
And holdeth no response as to its kind
In all the beauty of the garden close.

*June Twenty-eighth*

I'll not be old until the soul of me
Ceases to joy in Faith and Hope and Truth,
And though an hundred years my span shall be,
With these to guide I'll hold always to Youth.

*June Twenty-eighth*

## SAFETY-DEPOSIT VAULTS

OLD Midas keeps his bonds and stocks
Hid in a Safe-deposit Box
Where thieves may not break in and seize
His fine gilt-edged securities.

I keep mine in the Vault of Blue
That none disputes my title to—
Great stores of streaming golden light,
And shares in all the Stars of Night.

A Mine of Loving Kindness pays
Rich dividends to bless my days,
And all its wondrous stores of love
I hold within those vaults above,

And need no lock, and need no key
Lest thieves shall steal that wealth from me,
Since I can GIVE it all and still
Find more those coffers vast to fill.

*June Twenty-ninth*

## AS TO UNKIND WORDS

THINK of all the unkind words in the dictionary.
Add them, if you wish to, to your vocabulary.
Keep 'em at your beck and call when you're feeling sneery.
Have 'em at your finger-tips when you're sore and weary.
Fit 'em to your angry mood—adjectives sarcastic;
Words of overwhelming kind, trenchant, sharp, and drastic.
Measure them with proper care, ponder them and weigh 'em.
But no matter how you feel, don't you ever say 'em!

*June Thirtieth*

## JULY SHOWERS

HERE comes sunny old July
With a twinkle in her eye
And her lovely smiling sky.

Bids us turn to pleasant ways;
Bids us think of playful days
With her genial prancing rays.

Dots the meadows with rare flowers,
Thrills the eye with leafy bowers,
Fresher made by cooling showers.

Ah, those showers! To my mind
They are gifts of Nature kind
In our trials to remind

Those of us beset by fears
What rare loveliness appears
As the aftermath of tears!

*July First*

## BUILD

IF you be expert or unskilled
It matters little if you Build;
And if in building you are true
'Twill make an expert out of you.
Waste little time in tearing down—
Destruction wins no lasting Crown—
The Souls that win the sweetest cup
Are Builders!
Builders!
Builders UP!

*July Second*

## JULY

FLOWER and song
The whole day long!
And soft starlight
The livelong night!
And breezes sweet
To ease the heat;
And glowing fields
For harvest yields;
And dancing rain
To coax the grain;
And skies the hue
Of truest blue;
And all things green
With summer sheen—
What wonder we
Who truly see
Are filled with cheer
With July here!

*July Third*

## FREEDOM

THE independence that I seek
Is that which leaves me wholly free
To serve the lowly and the meek,
And for the voiceless soul to speak
Such challenges to slavery
That soon will dawn that perfect day
When all men's chains have passed away,
And Freedom is the portion fair
Of Serf and Peon everywhere!

*July Fourth*

## WILL

WILL to be strong!
It won't be long
Before you really are.
Will to be free
From misery
And Care will draw afar.

Will to be brave
And e'en the grave
Will lose its terrors black.
Will to have health,
And spirit wealth,
And neither shall you lack!

*July Fifth*

## THE EXCESS

I'LL not complain of surplus heat
On country lane or city street,
But store the same deep in my heart
Where later it may do its part
When needy souls demand of me
An alms of geniality.

*July Sixth*

## THE TEST

THE test o' me
Is just to make the best o' me,
And if perchance that is not good
At least I've done the best I could,
And, after all, it can't be hid,
That's all Bill Shakespeare ever did!

*July Seventh*

## INSURANCE

IF so be you'd insure your life
Against the shafts of earthly strife,
An easy premium to pay
Is just a bunch of smiles each day.
A smile at dawn to greet the sun,
A smile at eve when tasks are done,
And in between, from nine to four,
Keep doling out the smiling score,
And every bit of fearsome care
Will vanish into thinnest air,
For Woe forgets her cruel wiles
Before the spirit armed with smiles.

## A PLEASANT GAME

PRETEND that you're a power-house,
Irradiating joy—
A sort of cheerful dower-house
Which nothing can destroy;
And that you're pushing trolley-cars
Upon the tracks of earth—
A lot of smiling, jolly cars
All echoing with mirth,
The which are toting weary folks
To scenes of peace and rest—
You'll fill your world with cheery folks,
And dwell among the blest.

*July Ninth*

## THE POINT OF VIEW

AN apple with a worm inside
Is not to man a thing of pride,
And yet I cannot help surmise
To Mr. Worm 'tis Paradise.
Whence I deduce that one can find,
If he but have a searching mind,
Somehow in everything some good
If it be rightly understood;
And what is joy, or what is rue,
Depends upon the point of view.

*July Tenth*

## THE ACCOUNTING

I STARTED in to count my cares,
And lost the wheat for counting tares.
I took a census of my woes,
And, counting thorns, saw not the rose.
'Twas then I turned the thing around,
And, counting blessings up, I found
That, dwelling on my stock of cheer,
I hadn't any time for fear.

*July Eleventh*

## INDEPENDENCE

WHATE'ER my forebears may have been,
Ape, insect, bird, flesh, fowl, or fin,
I am MYSELF, and, rain or shine,
Intend to fill the place that's MINE.
Say what you will, prove what you can,
About the Origin of Man.
No line of Monkey ancestry
Can make a Monkey out of me.

*July Twelfth*

## SATISFACTION

JEST how this old world come to be
Hain't never been quite clear to me,
But this I know—
Fer weal or woe
It's quite the best I ever see!

*July Thirteenth*

## OUT OF THE STORM

WHEN tempests rage, what use to mope
And look on life as void of hope,
And just because the fierce winds blow
Let all your nerve and courage go!

Go out and let the gales so keen
Sweep through your soul and make it clean,
And let the rain that floods the day
Wash all your gloomy thoughts away.

Go out and face it, and as flowers
Grow sweeter for the drenching showers,
So let the storm, for all its rue,
Refresh the heart and soul of you.

*July Fourteenth*

## THE IMMORTAL THING

THE world may change, and flowers fade,
And Hope by evil chance betrayed
Forever pass away.
The fair blue of the skies may hide
Behind the darkling clouds that ride
Upon the wings of day.
Our treasured plans may run askew,
And desolation chill the view,
Unto the mortal eye,
But in the heart by sorrows wracked
Remains the all-consoling fact
That LOVE can never die!

*July Fifteenth*

## A RESOLUTION

I'M going to take my temper hot
Into the hills to-day,
And in some tangled wooded spot
Where humans seldom stray
I'm going to lose it once for all
Far from the haunts of men,
Where, 'midst the brush and timber tall,
'Twill ne'er be found again.

*July Sixteenth*

## AGE-PROOF

WHAT need, though years shall pass away,
For any soul to yield to age,
When coming with each brand-new day
Life's story shows a brand-new page,
With brand-new things upon it writ,
Revealing brand-new veins of truth
To stir the mind and edge the wit,
And fill the heart with zest of youth?

*July Seventeenth*

## IN AND OUT

WITH ribbon, lace, and spat, and tie,
Our outer Selves we beautify.
We spend a lot of hours fair
In fashioning fine things to wear
The which shall make the Outer Us
Splendiferous.

And that's a right good thing to do,
If only when we put it through
We don't forget in outer pride
To titivate a bit Inside,
And make that hidden Inner Man
As spick and span!

*July Eighteenth*

## LIFE

LIFE is a blooming rose
Nurtured by Love's own fires,
And all our little woes
Are nothing but the briars.

*July Nineteenth*

## THE THOUGHT-GARDEN

A THOUGHT is but a Seed deep in the Mind
That, if you cultivate it, you will find
Will bloom in some achievement, ill or glad,
According as the Seed is good or bad.
A Thought of Joy will fill your day with Peace,
And give your Soul from darkness quick release;
A Thought of Meanness, or of Evil Deeds,
Will fill your inner Garden full of Weeds,
And choke the Bloom that might be blossoming
Like fragrant bowers in the early spring.

*July Twentieth*

## THE CALL

OF all the sins that I detest
In this old whirling world of hurry,
Most useless in Pandora's chest
That held so many a noxious pest,
I deem the very worst is WORRY.

It never cures and often kills;
Of Ruin 'tis the own twin-brother;
It sears the soul, the heart it chills,
Destroys our hopes and fattens ills,
More certainly than any other.

Wherefore, I issue unto all
My Brothers in these days of flurry,
Who rest beneath its deadly pall
With heart and soul the clarion call—
Long live Good Cheer, and down with Worry!

*July Twenty-first*

## THE OPEN ROAD

FOR neighbors birds and busy humming bees;
For roof the starry sky and leafy trees;
For bed the soft, sweet slope of grassy sheen
Or some refreshing spread of piney green;
For cup of wine the stimulating cheer
Of laughing mountain waters, crystal clear;
For book those rarest tales of joyous love
The breezes through the woodlands whisper of;
For company the stars, and for my task
Some daily labor, great or small, I ask
Whereby my debt in thanks I may repay
For all these blessings of the Open Way!

*July Twenty-second*

## THE WORLD

DESPITE its sorrow and its pain I rather
like the world we dwell in,
And hope some day to come again its scenes
to pass another spell in.
I like its shape, I like its air; I like its
pleasures and its labors.
I like its people everywhere—my friends,
my enemies and neighbors.
I like the scheme of Age and Youth. I
like such words as Sister, Brother,
As Love, and Honor, Wisdom, Truth, and
Faith, and Father, Friend, and Mother.
I like its Rivers, Hills, and Dales; I like
the broad sweep of the Ocean.
I like its Light that never fails, its lovely
seasons e'er in motion.

*July Twenty-third*

I like the plan of Night and Day—its
coloring I deem exquisite,
And after I have passed away I'd like to
make another visit.

*July Twenty-third*

## EXTERNALS

WHEN ills beset me and my face
Begins of Age to show a trace,
And my bent form once lithe and bold
Gives signs that it is growing old;
When here and there a line appears
On cheek and brow to prove my years,
I do not sigh to find them there,
Grim tokens of life's wear and tear,
For deep within there dwells in truth
The spirit of abiding youth,
And in my soul lurks ne'er a doubt
'Tis but the case that's wearing out.

*July Twenty-fourth*

## THE BUILDER

IN childish mood I like to play
That I am building my own earth,
And some new corner every day
I fashion out of joy and mirth.
A little nook to sing in here,
A little spot to laugh in there,
And over all a sky of cheer
To lift the shadow of all care.

*July Twenty-fifth*

## SELF-APPROVAL

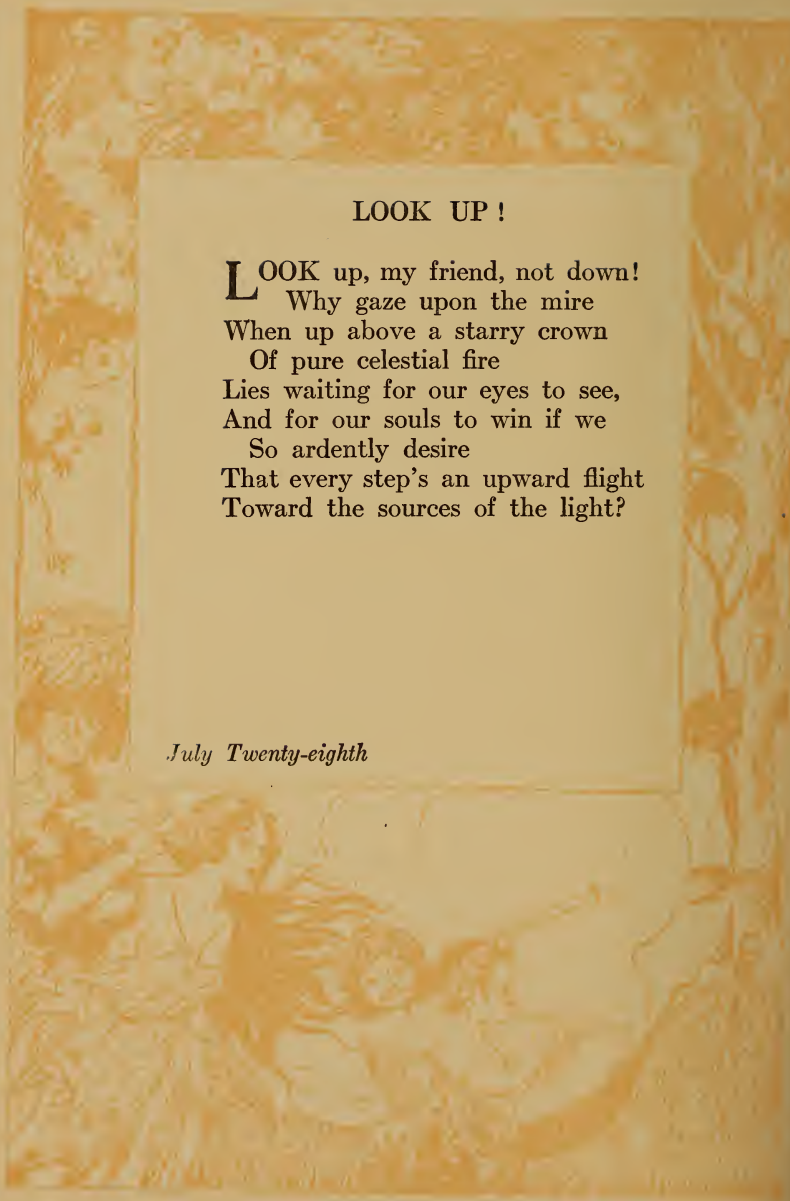
POOR mortal vain! He thought himself just right.
In self-approval sat both day and night;
And this strange circumstance soon came to be:
That everybody round him grew, but he
Stood stagnant there in body, soul, and mind,
And in the onrush lagged so far behind
That when he reached the place where bays are weft
He asked for his and not a wreath was left!

*July Twenty-sixth*

## THE QUESTION

WHEN folks dilate on Ancestry
And boast a chain of fine forebears
That stretches back beyond B. C.,
I envy not that line of theirs,
But look that chain so noble o'er
And ask those wights of blood so blue
In all their pride in things of yore—
"*What sort of Link in this are you?*"

*July Twenty-seventh*



## LOOK UP!

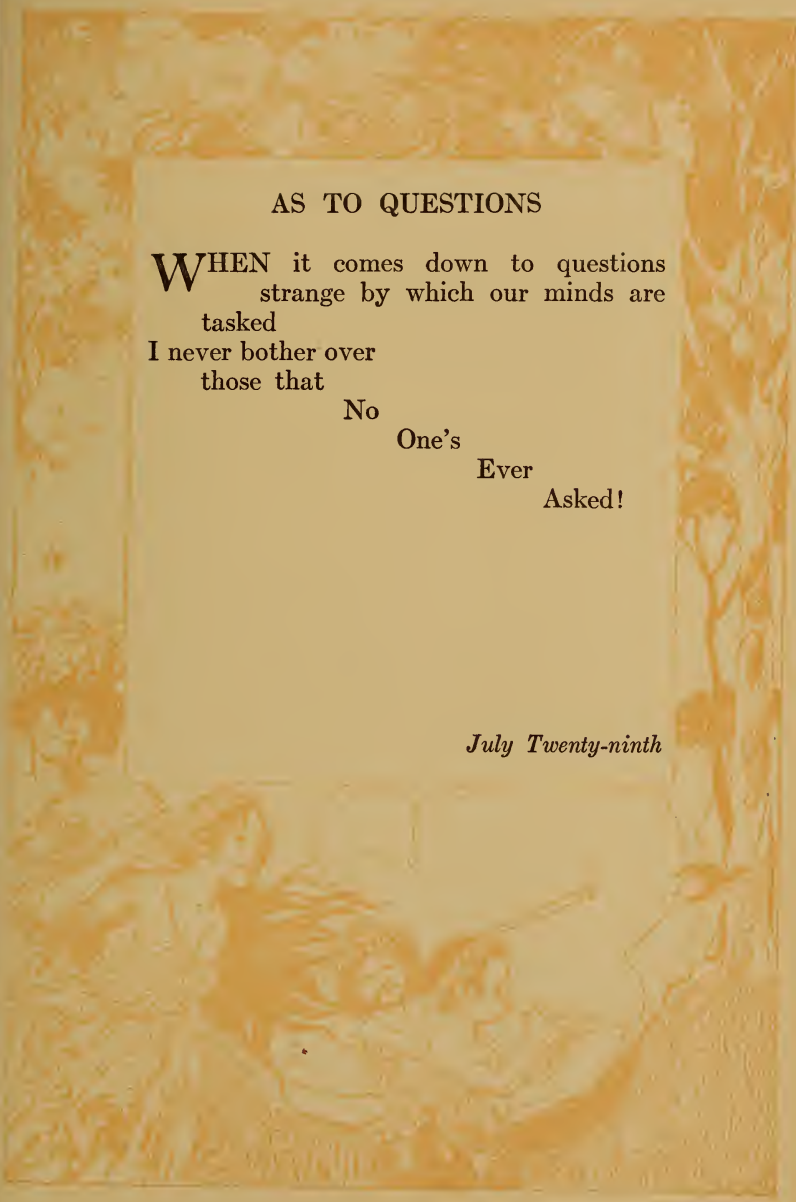
LOOK up, my friend, not down!
Why gaze upon the mire
When up above a starry crown
Of pure celestial fire
Lies waiting for our eyes to see,
And for our souls to win if we
So ardently desire
That every step's an upward flight
Toward the sources of the light?

*July Twenty-eighth*

## AS TO QUESTIONS

WHEN it comes down to questions strange by which our minds are tasked
I never bother over those that
No One's Ever Asked!

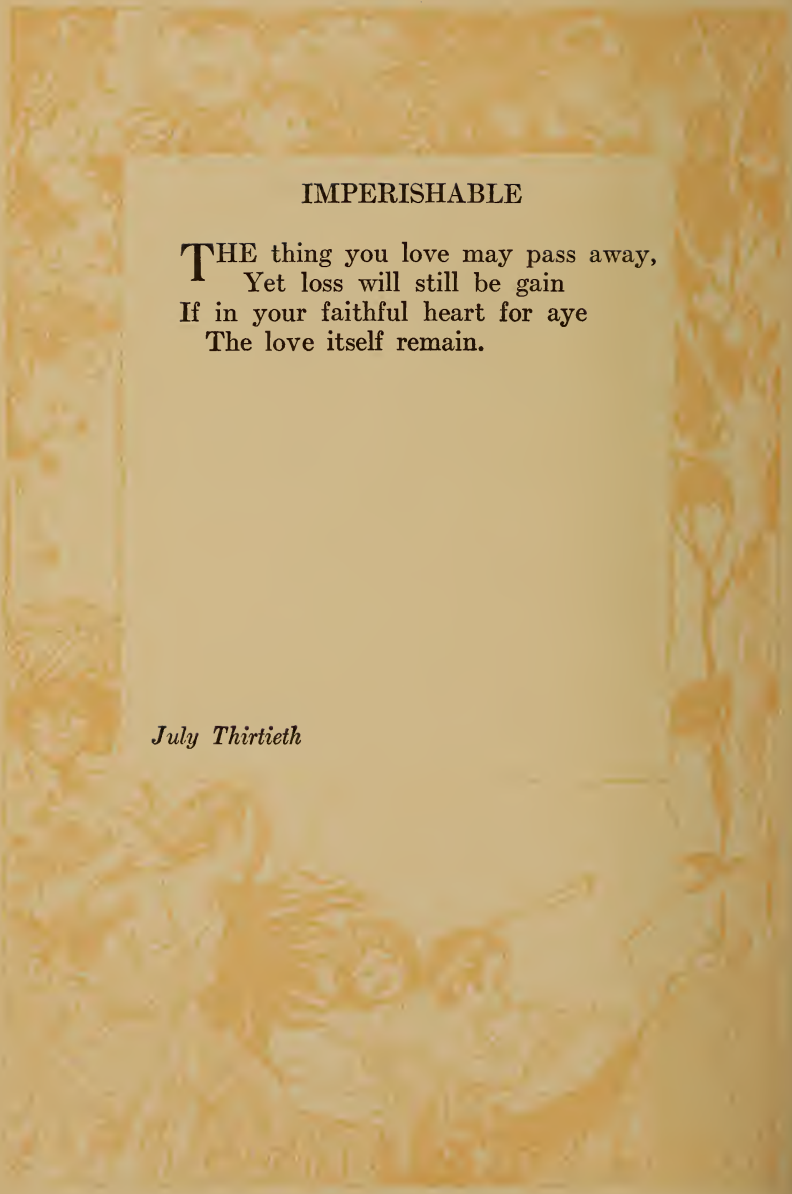
*July Twenty-ninth*



## IMPERISHABLE

THE thing you love may pass away,
Yet loss will still be gain
If in your faithful heart for aye
The love itself remain.

*July Thirtieth*



## WILLING TARGETS

LOVE'S archery is excellent,
No matter where his bow is bent.

His arrows speed through light and dark
And seldom fail to hit the mark.

I wonder if the reason's not
We're all so willing to be shot?

*July Thirty-first*

## AUGUST

NOW cometh August with her brood
Of joyous things in gracious mood—
The smiling skies, the laughing streams,
And from the sun the dancing beams
Of golden light that seem to play
Like pranksome elves along our way;
And leafy lanes in shimmer drest
Inviting weary souls to rest;
And trees that spread their welcome shade
O'er hill and dale, and forest glade;
And silken breezes come to do
The service God hath put them to;
And happy birds at twilight nigh
To sing some dreamy lullaby,

*August First*

Or at the dawn to tell us of
Another coming day of Love—
Ah! who can fail to find thee dear,
Most gracious daughter of the year?

*August First*

## A LIBRARY OF DAYS

I'D like to bind all pleasant days
And keep them in my library,
That when I come on sorrow's ways
I may get at them handily;
And as I open up some book
That's eased some bit of passing pain,
So on their pages I may look
As tho' I lived them o'er again.

*August Second*

## RATIONS

I LIKE the way old Nature serves her
rations day by day
That all of us can count upon, so promptly
doth she pay—
A meed of light at early dawn, and plenteous
stores of air,
And miles of blue sky overhead to cheer
away our care.

She gives us soft refreshing rains to cleanse
the atmosphere,
And breezes singing music that enchants
the weary ear;
She feeds our souls with vistas fine, and,
best of all, she dowers
Each day we live in gifts of time in four-
and-twenty hours.

*August Third*

## AS TO NIGHTMARES

I HAD a Nightmare t'other night,
A vision fierce and gory,
But 'stead of cowering with fright
I seized her mane, and, holding tight,
I rode the beast from dark to light,
To honor and to glory—
A rather pleasant way I find
To handle creatures of her kind,
No matter if they come my way
In dead of night or light of day.

*August Fourth*

## BROTHERS ALL

A PLEASANT word to everybody—
The rich, the poor, the real, the shoddy—
Somehow it does me good to greet
Whatever folks I chance to meet.
And tell 'em "howdy" just as though
They all were people that I know;
And wish 'em well upon the way,
And hope they'll have a pleasant day.
God made 'em all, and so you see
I guess they're good enough for me.

*August Fifth*

## A SHORT CUT

A PLEASANT road to clearer skies
When things go wrong is to surmise
How bright and gay
'Twould be if they
Would only run contrariwise,
As they will do, as sure as fate,
Full soon if we in patience wait.

*August Sixth*

## WORTH WHILE

WINNING, and sharing your gain;
Grinning, and bearing your pain;
Loving your friends and your foes forgiving
Make any kind of a life worth living.

*August Seventh*

## A PARALLEL

WHO lets a passing bit of woe destroy
The wonder of a world replete with joy
Is no more wise than he who would deny
The smiling glory of the summer sky
Because he'd got a cinder in his eye.

*August Eighth*

## ODDS AND ENDS

THE Odds and Ends that make up life
Are mixtures strange of peace and strife
In oft-amazing blends.
The issues? These are with the Gods,
But he who fears to take the Odds
Is like to lose the Ends.

*August Ninth*

## DEMAND AND SUPPLY

WHATEVER woes may chance to be
You'll get no groans or frowns from me,
For groans and frowns are sorry stuff
Of which already there's enough
And it were foolishness to try
To sell an over-large supply,
And turn one's hand
To making things with no demand.

*August Tenth*

## THE FAULT

WE blame the world for this and that,
In angry speech and lurid print,
But let me tell you plain and flat
The fault is with the people in't.

If we who think we run the same
Would do our part with smiling grace,
We'd find the poor old world we blame
A fine and dandy sort of place.

*August Eleventh*

## ETERNAL YOUTH

OUTSIDE I'm seeming old. My locks
are gray.
The one-time springy step is gone for aye,
And wrinkles chart my cheek and brow to
show
The paths I've trod in joy supreme and woe.

But deep within, down in the heart of me,
Where none but I alone the truth can see,
No hint of Age appears upon the scroll
That holds the written record of my soul.

In spirit, thanks to Cheer, as ever young,
My heart holds songs as sweet as ever sung,
And to the future still I look with zest
As to the coming of some welcome guest.

*August Twelfth*

## FORTUNE

'TIS said that Fortune's but a fickle jade
Who plays with man like some flirtatious maid,
Holds back her favors, and her smile denies
Despite the invitation in her eyes.

Believe it not! Th' indictment is not true,
For Fortune's just a woman thro' and thro',
Who, knowing well her favors to be good,
Insists that to be won they must be wooed.

*August Thirteenth*

## LOCKED IN

IF you must hoard your woes and fret
About their vast accumulation,
Let them in some steel vault be set
With key-proof lock, and then forget
The combination.

*August Fourteenth*

## MIST

SOMETIMES the heavy mists arise
To dim the luster of the skies,
But when they pass I find the blue
Above me still remaineth true.

So is it with my FAITH. I find
The mists of DOUBT flit thro' my mind,
And for a moment brief obscure
The beauty of BELIEF secure.

But as the mists from out the sea
Before the golden sunlight flee,
So passeth DOUBT—a spectral wraith
Before the sure light of my FAITH.

*August Fifteenth*

## A FOOLISH PLAINT

"TIME is dragging?" Heavens, man!
Let Time drag as best he can—
Lengthen out the minutes till
Each an hour seems to fill.
Let each hour drag away
Till it seems a good full day.
"So much to be done to win!
So few days to do it in!"
Raise no plaint if Time shall lag.
Let the sluggish seconds drag
If they help us to put through
Tasks that we are here to do!

*August Sixteenth*

## GOOD-WILL

FOR every babe that's born to-day
Let's wish a golden sunlit way
From racking care and sorrow free
Thro' all the days that are to be.

And for the souls by grief beset
To ease the pressure of regret
Stretch out the hand of friendliness
As tho' we knew of their distress.

Who keeps a stock of right Good-Will
On hand for all, in joy or ill,
Whate'er the drafts upon his store
With every spending winneth more.

*August Seventeenth*

## YIELD NOT

YIELD not yourself to grief, my friend,
Because some joy has reached its end,
For though your sorrow's deep and sore
For things now gone to come no more,
'Tis better rather to be glad,
In thinking on the joy you've had,
Nor mar with the excess of tears
The pure bliss of the yesteryears.

*August Eighteenth*

## VAULTING AMBITION

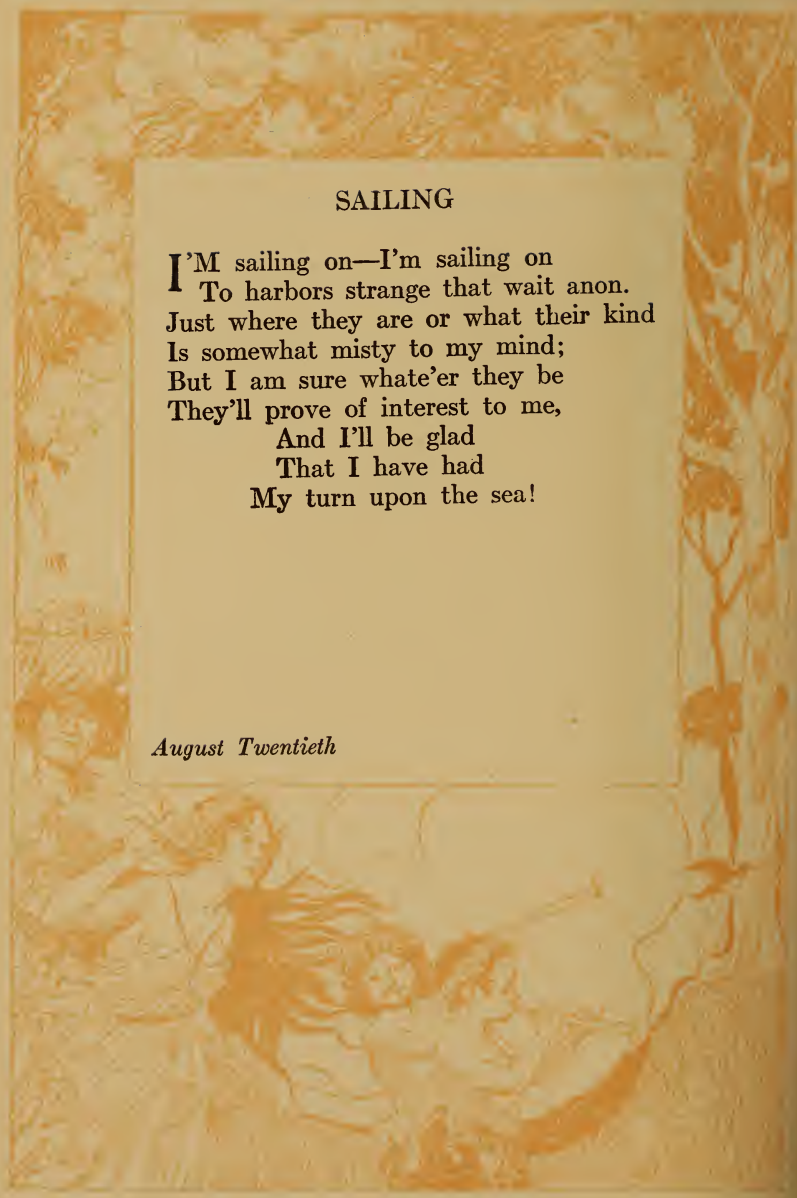
MY ambition's on a flier,
Gettin' ever higher, higher.
Once I thought it would be fun
Bein' like G. Washington.
Then I felt a sort o' pant
Jest to ekal Gen'l Grant.
Then I thought it would be fine
Comin' further down the line,
To be great and popular
Like our Six Best Sellers are.
But to-day I tell ye flat,
I'm aspirin' higher'n that,
And my efforts all is given
To surpass—THE COST O' LIVIN'!

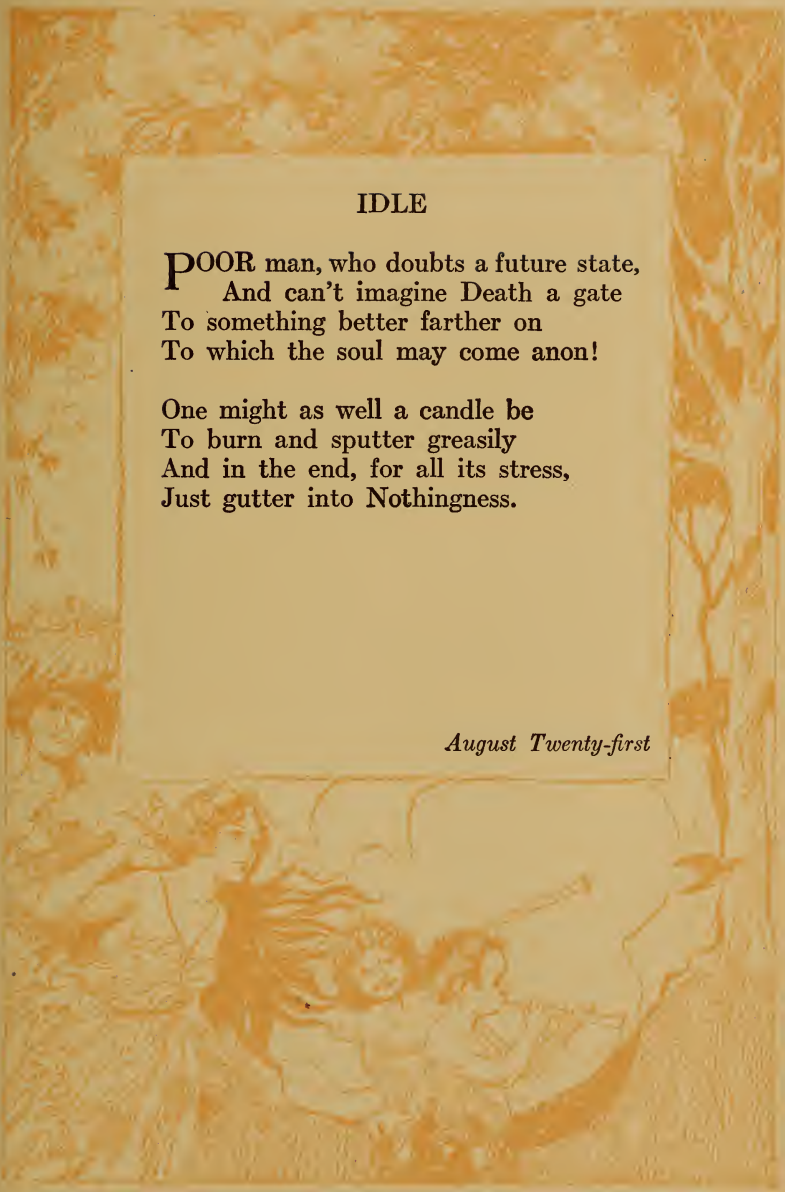
*August Nineteenth*

## SAILING

I'M sailing on—I'm sailing on
To harbors strange that wait anon.
Just where they are or what their kind
Is somewhat misty to my mind;
But I am sure whate'er they be
They'll prove of interest to me,
And I'll be glad
That I have had
My turn upon the sea!

*August Twentieth*





## IDLE

POOR man, who doubts a future state,
And can't imagine Death a gate
To something better farther on
To which the soul may come anon!

One might as well a candle be
To burn and sputter greasily
And in the end, for all its stress,
Just gutter into Nothingness.

*August Twenty-first*

## JOY O' LIVING

I'VE no plaint if it be cold,
I've no plaint if it be warm.
I'm content if I behold
Weather fair or raging storm.

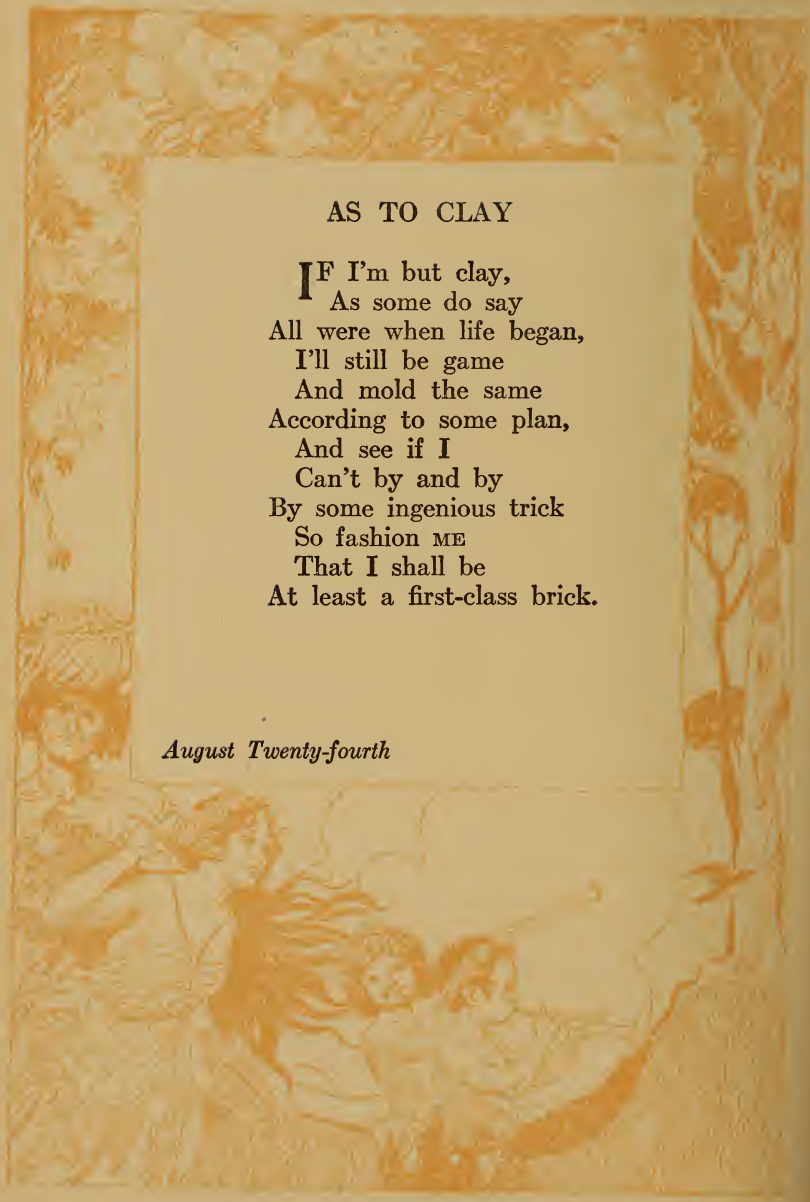
Dark or sunny matters not.
All's the same indeed to me—
Arctic breeze, or sizzling hot—
Long as I'm alive to see.

*August Twenty-second*

## REACTIONS OF RHYME

I LIKE to think my thoughts in rhyme
Because I find that half the time
A rhyme for sorry things that curse
Will set my mind on its reverse.
Thus "fear" and "drear" and "sneer"
and "tear"
Each sends my thinking off to "cheer";
And when there's something to annoy,
The rhyme that follows on is "joy"—
And old man Trouble
Nine times in ten's allied to "bubble."
So that my worries rhyme with things
That give my weary spirit wings
And set me singing like the lark
Who sees the morn emerge from dark.

*August Twenty-third*



## AS TO CLAY

IF I'm but clay,
As some do say
All were when life began,
I'll still be game
And mold the same
According to some plan,
And see if I
Can't by and by
By some ingenious trick
So fashion ME
That I shall be
At least a first-class brick.

*August Twenty-fourth*

## DEATHLESS

I CANNOT find that death upon this sphere
Does more than close a bit of travel here,
But rather sends the traveler on his way
To higher roads to labor as he may
In further pilgrimages to some goal
For which while here he has prepared his soul.
Wherefore my friends who've vanished from my sight,
And left me plodding still from vale to height,
Have merely gone ahead, not dead to me,
But closer drawn to realms of victory.

*August Twenty-fifth*

## A DIVISION

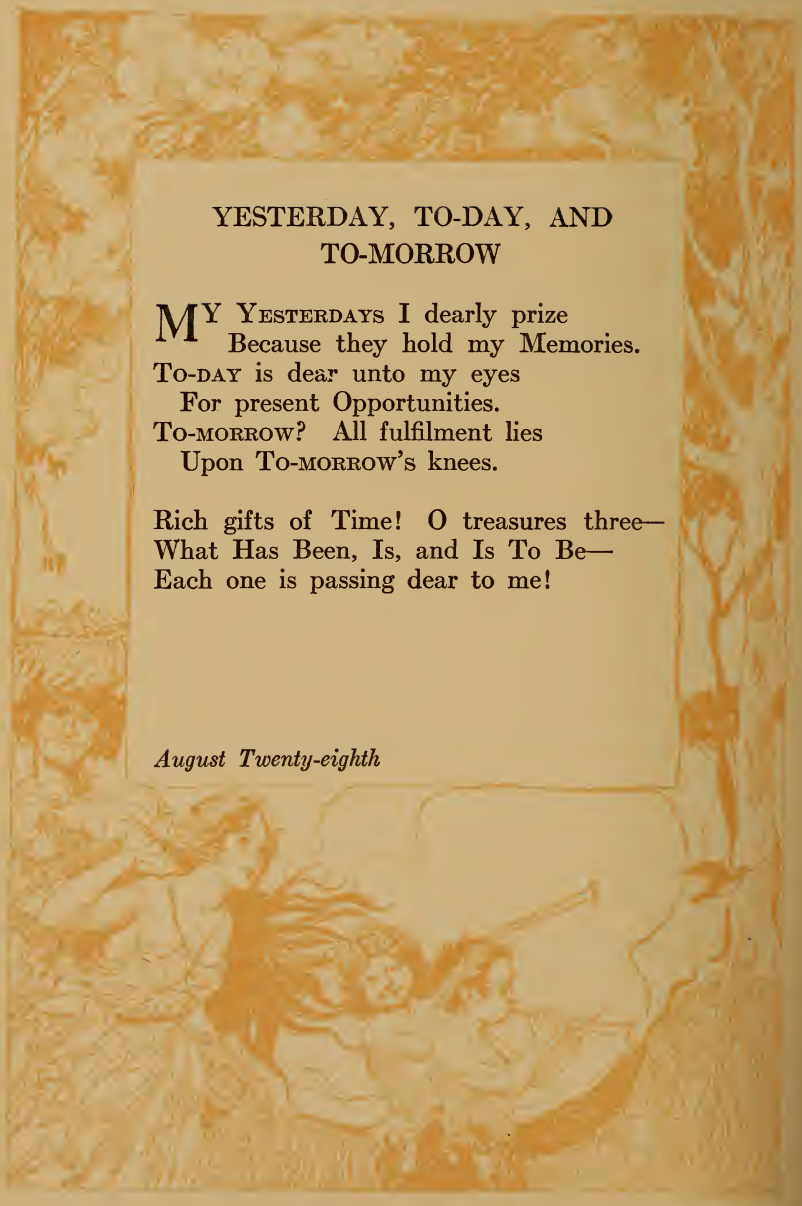
IF with some king I could divide
A portion of his treasure,
I would not seek to share his pride,
Nor any of his pleasure,
Nor any of the gold we find
In many a monarch's dower,
If but for Service for my Kind
He'd give me half his power.

*August Twenty-sixth*

## WEATHER-PROOF

WHO cares what sort the weather be
If only he the truth can see
That weathers all, or wet or dry,
If sun or cloud rule o'er the sky,
Each kind is good in its own way,
And neither makes nor mars the day
Of him who in the warp and woof
Of his own soul is weather-proof!

*August Twenty-seventh*



## YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW

MY YESTERDAYS I dearly prize
Because they hold my Memories.
TO-DAY is dear unto my eyes
For present Opportunities.
TO-MORROW? All fulfilment lies
Upon TO-MORROW's knees.

Rich gifts of Time! O treasures three—
What Has Been, Is, and Is To Be—
Each one is passing dear to me!

*August Twenty-eighth*

## MOLDING

PERHAPS when Fate hath hacked at you
And battered you about,
And with such buffets whacked at you
She's nearly knocked you out,
You'll find some comfort in the thought
That when she seems most cruel
Out of your sufferings she's wrought
A mighty precious jewel!

*August Twenty-ninth*

## THE BEE

I DO not love the buzzing Bee because he keeps so busy.
I grant his vast activity doth fairly make me dizzy.
What I like best about him is that while his work pursuing
He seems to find such perfect bliss in doing what he's doing.
He does the thing he has to do with truly joyous vigor,
And dances clover-pastures through just like a happy jigger.
And that's the way I like to see a chap take up his labor,
And that is why I deem the Bee a mighty worthy neighbor!

*August Thirtieth*

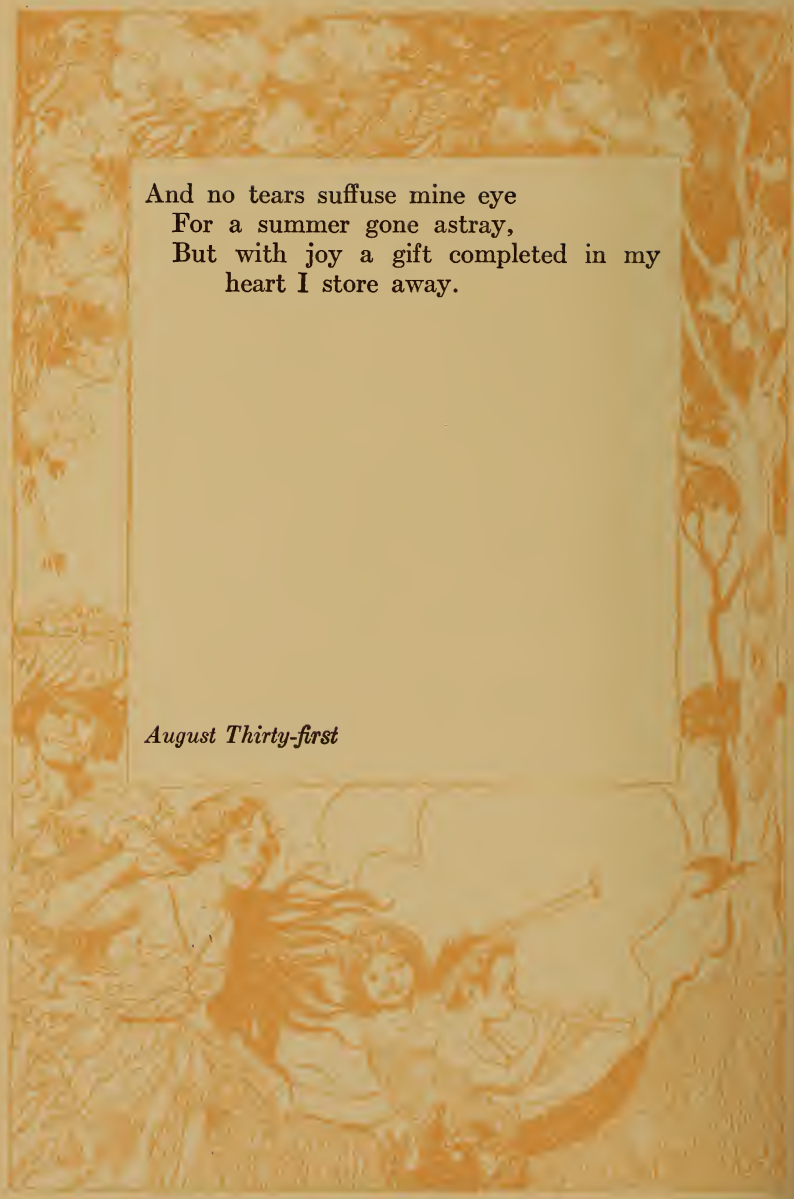
## SUMMER PASSES

"GOOD-BY Summer" 's not the tune
Sounding in my heart to-day,
For from now back unto June
Summer's with me, here to stay,
Every minute of its glory in my spirit
stored away.

What I've had in things of peace
Deep within my soul I hold,
With a joy that cannot cease,
Purer, richer far than gold
And the summer with its treasure is a
treasure yet untold.

So the word is not "Good-by,"
As to seasons dead for aye,

*August Thirty-first*



And no tears suffuse mine eye
For a summer gone astray,
But with joy a gift completed in my
heart I store away.

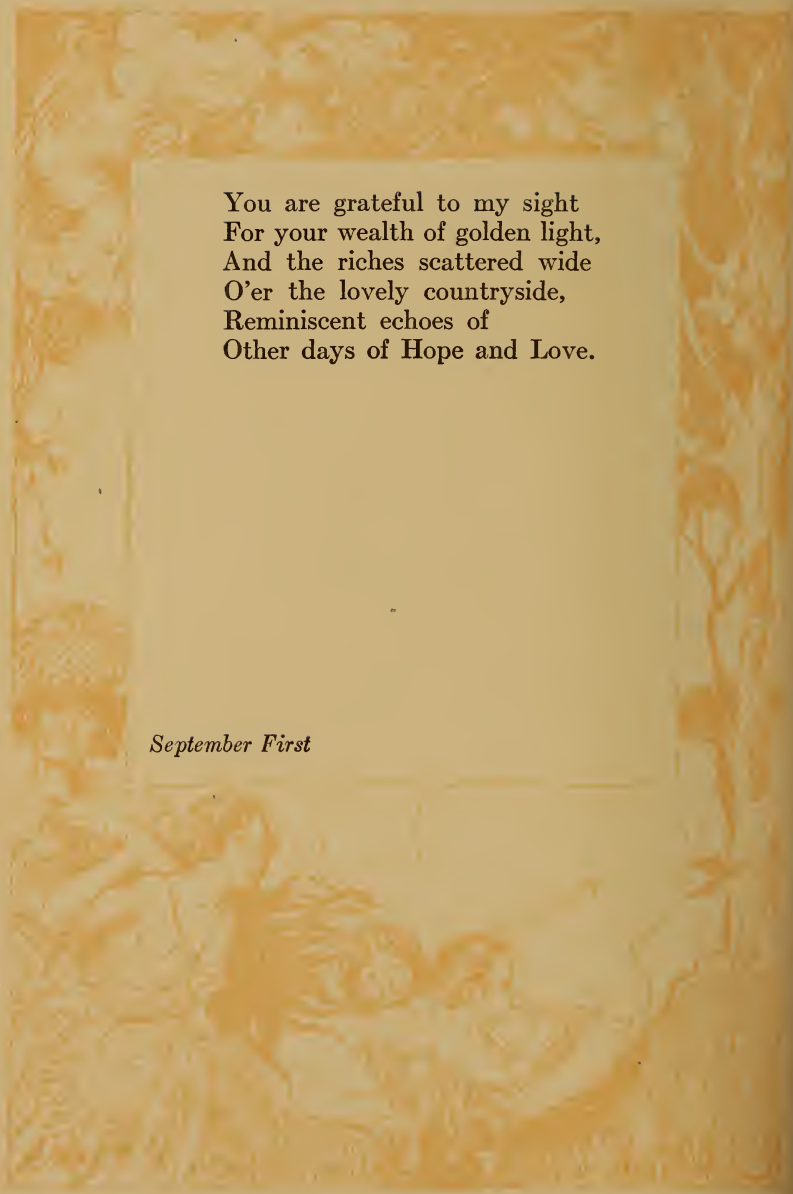
*August Thirty-first*

## SEPTEMBER FIRST

FALL or summer—which I pray
Is this first September day?
On the calendar they call
It the harbinger of fall,
But somehow its silky air
Seems to have a summer flair,
And its smile still speaks to me
Of the geniality,
And the color and the pride,
Of the pleasant summertide;
And its morning hours ring
With the voices of the spring—

Well, no matter what you are
On or off the calendar,

*September First*



You are grateful to my sight
For your wealth of golden light,
And the riches scattered wide
O'er the lovely countryside,
Reminiscent echoes of
Other days of Hope and Love.

*September First*

## SWIM OUT

I WAIT no ship
With prospects dim,
But thro' the drip
My way I swim.

To win myself
The prizes high
In fame or pelf
That yonder lie;

And tho' my goal
Too far may be,
It thrills my soul
To breast the sea!

*September Second*

## THE DOCTOR

WHEN with stress your eyes are blinking
And with fear your heart is shrinking,
Call in Doctor CHEERFUL THINKING.

He's the head of his profession,
Leader of the whole procession,
Curing trouble and depression.

Gives you medicines beguiling—
Hope and Faith on Courage piling,
Mixed with Sympathetic Smiling.

Tonic Thoughts and Sunny Notions,
Pills of Fancy, Mirthful Potions,
Soothing all the Soul's commotions—

Good old Doctor Cheerful Thinking!
He's the chap when Hearts are sinking,
And with tears your eyes are blinking.

*September Third*

## SUSPICIOUS

WHENE'ER by some sad chance I find
A man of pessimistic mind
Who sneers and jeers at all his kind,
I have a feeling somewhat grim
That if his faith in man is dim
There's something wrong inside with him—
A fact so clearly evident
I wouldn't lend the chap a cent.

*September Fourth*

## GHOSTS

I SURELY do believe in ghosts
Because they visit me in hosts—
Dear Specters of the days gone by
Rise clearly up before mine eye
With many a pleasant memory
Of golden hours that used to be;
And no less welcome ghosts of days
That lie along our future ways—
Visions of Hope that lead me on
To unknown joys that wait anon.

*September Fifth*

## THE RIVER

LIFE'S like a river broad to me
That flows forever toward the sea,
Now calm as any tranquil sky
That ever gladdened mortal eye,
And now a rushing torrent full
Of dangers dark and terrible;
Yet through the stress of troublous ways,
As through the peace of joyous days,
Forever on its waters roll
Straight to the everlasting goal—
As you and I, our journey run,
Will come at last into our own.

*September Sixth*

## THE PHŒNIX

THE Phœnix was a mystic bird
  Who out of ashes rose,
And with a spirit undeterred
Up toward the skies poked his absurd
  But mighty plucky nose.

His looks were never good to me,
  He was so very plain,
And yet I love him for that he
Rose up so strong and valiantly
  To victory from pain.

*September Seventh*

## A SUGGESTION

THE Landsman pities those at sea
When gales are roaring noisily,
And tempests rage like beasts of prey
Along the spumy ocean way.
The Sailor pities those ashore
Whene'er he hears the squally roar
That sweeps along the countryside
And levels trees of lofty pride.
Wherefore I deem it proper to
Assume in storms that this is true:
On solid land or ships at sea
We're best off where we chance to be.

*September Eighth*

## MY LOVES

I LOVE the land, I love the sea,
I love the flowers and the tree,
I love the fountain-head of light,
The moon, and little stars at night.
I love the deep blue of the sky,
The songs of warblers flying by.
I love the rivers and the rills,
The valleys deep and lofty hills.
But most I love with heart and mind
The loving kindness of my kind.

*September Ninth*

## AS TO CERTAIN DOSES

I AM not fond of bitter pills,
I have no love at all for squills,
But there be times, I must agree,
When both are mighty good for me.
And so when some mischance turns up
That brews for me a bitter cup
I drain it for the likelihood
That somehow it will do me good.

*September Tenth*

## THE WISE SPENDTHRIFT

FOR Time and Health I have such taste
That neither shall I ever waste,
But Love hath such a vast supply,
All ready-made and standing by,
That I shall scatter it as though
I were a Spendthrift, for I know
E'en though 'tis squandered recklessly
'Twill every bit come back to me.

*September Eleventh*

## THE INGREDIENTS

SINCE Heaven is the Home of Grace,
Good-Will, and Faith, and loving Cheer,
Who holds to these with smiling face
Is like to find his Heaven here!

*September Twelfth*

## THE WINNER

I LOVE to see a youth all undismayed
Who looks upon the future unafraid,
Who thinks upon the earth as just a ball
For catching which he hears a certain call,
As if the making of a splendid name
Were, after all, a pleasant sort of game
That he's been sent to play, and eager stands
With feet firm set, and ready, outstretched hands
To play his part, unmoved by raucous din
Of jeering Fate—he's in the mood to win!

*September Thirteenth*

## THE SAILOR

I RATHER like the Sailor's ways,
And pay them proper heed.
On adverse winds his tricks he plays,
And makes them serve his need!

He sets by chart the course he sails,
And toward what Port he goes
In weather clear, or howling gales,
The Sailor always knows!

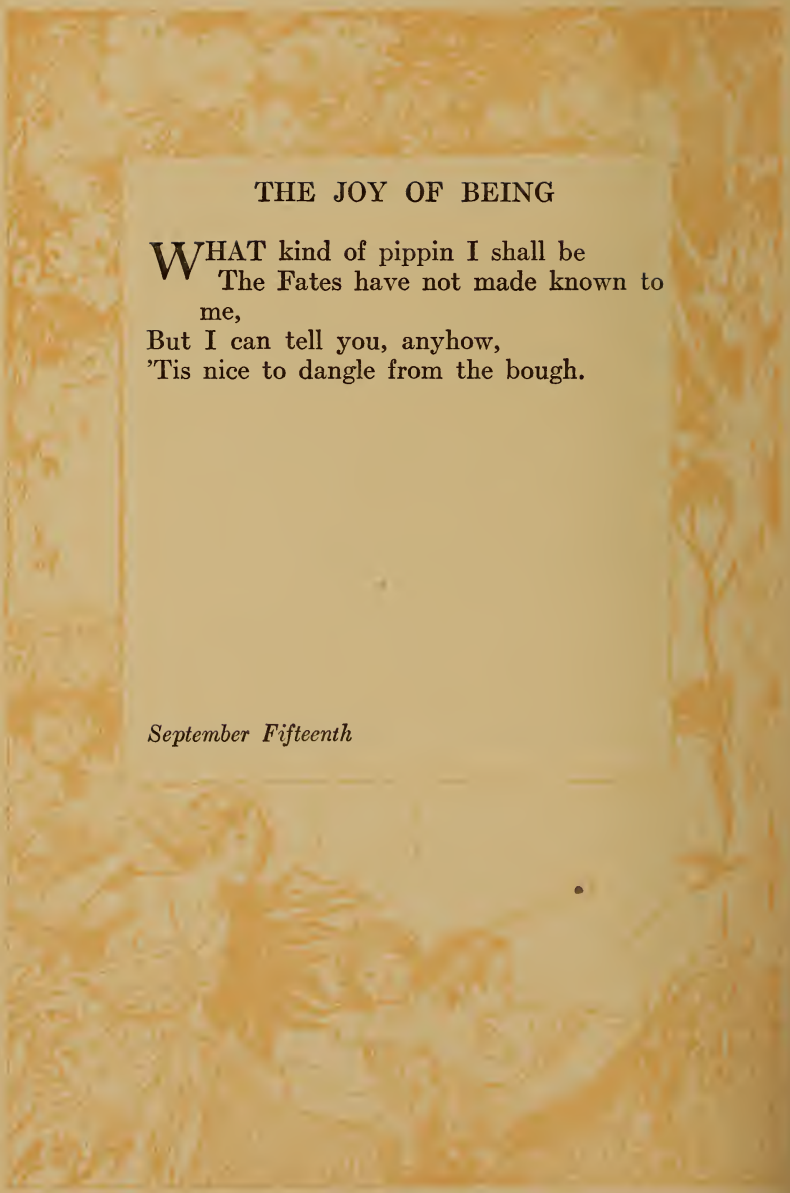
He keeps his eye on things on high,
On raging seas or flat,
And every day that passes by
He finds out where he's "at"!

*September Fourteenth*

## THE JOY OF BEING

WHAT kind of pippin I shall be
The Fates have not made known to me,
But I can tell you, anyhow,
'Tis nice to dangle from the bough.

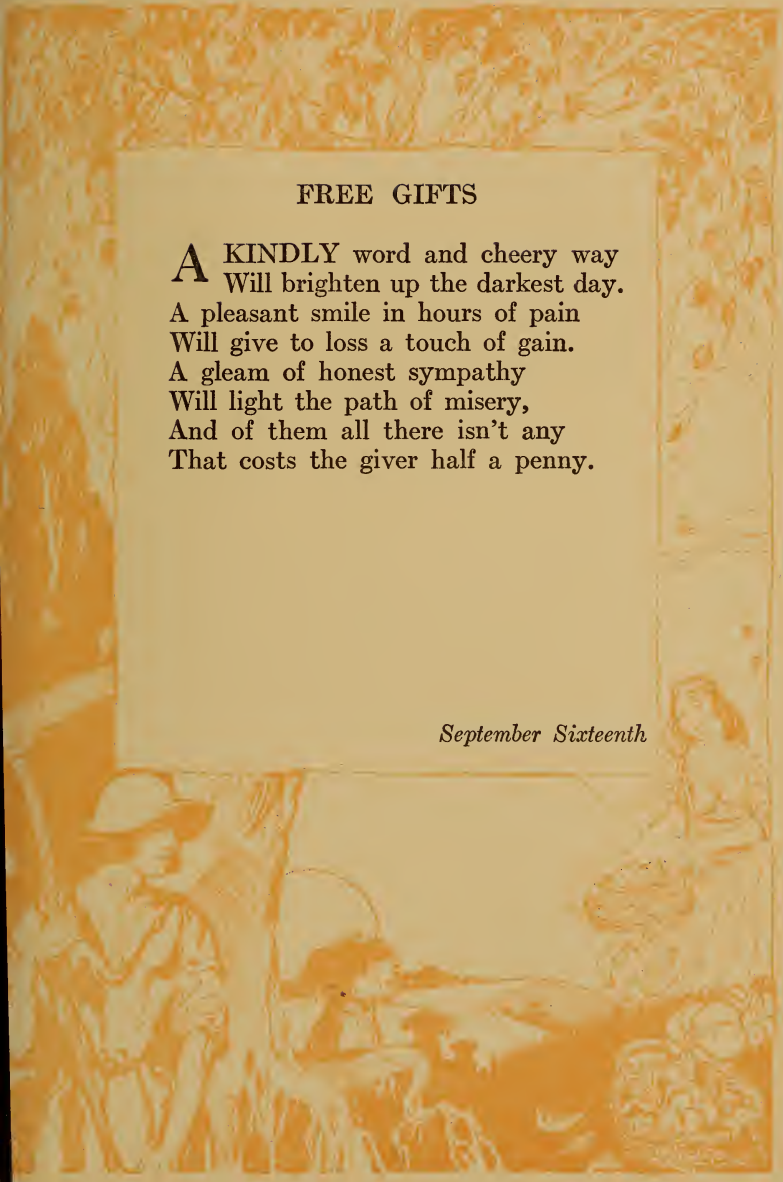
*September Fifteenth*



## FREE GIFTS

A KINDLY word and cheery way
Will brighten up the darkest day.
A pleasant smile in hours of pain
Will give to loss a touch of gain.
A gleam of honest sympathy
Will light the path of misery,
And of them all there isn't any
That costs the giver half a penny.

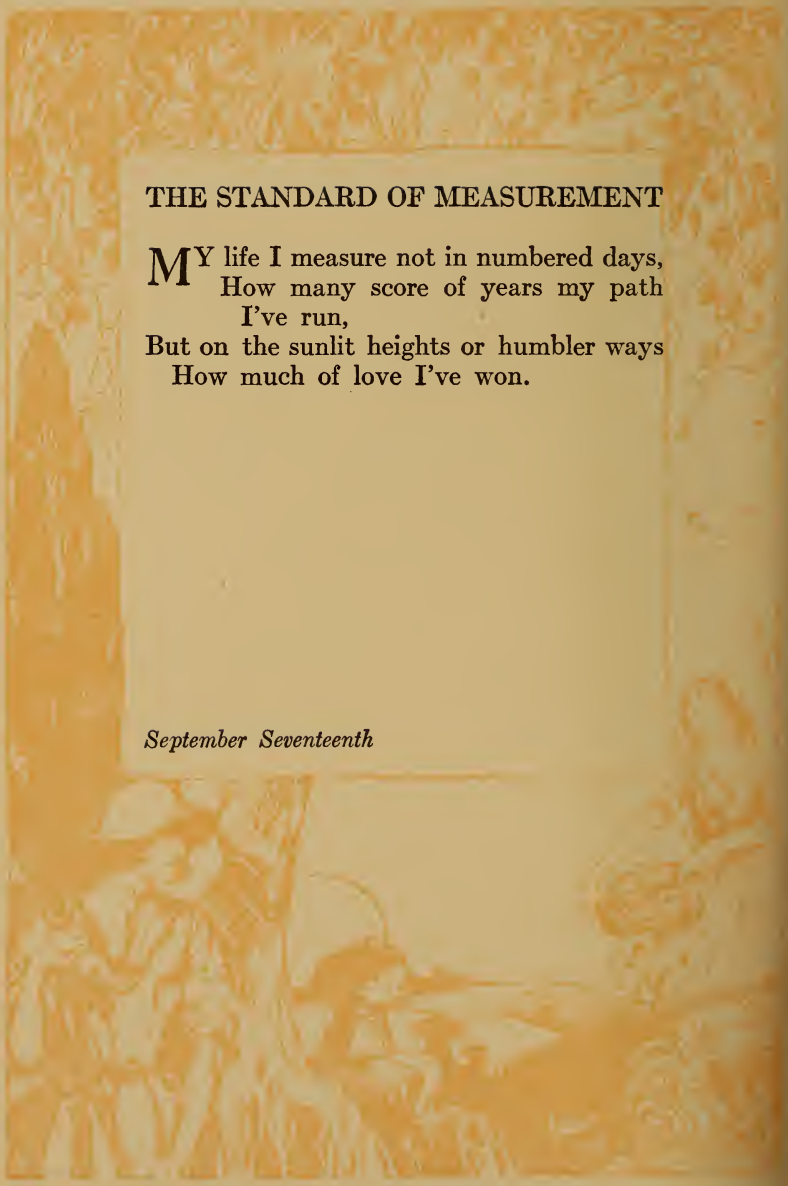
*September Sixteenth*



## THE STANDARD OF MEASUREMENT

MY life I measure not in numbered days,
How many score of years my path I've run,
But on the sunlit heights or humbler ways
How much of love I've won.

*September Seventeenth*



## MOTORS

YOU know the Model of your Car.
You know just what its powers are.
You treat it with a deal of care,
Nor tax it more than it will bear.

But as to SELF—that's different.
Your MECHANISM may be bent,
Your CARBURETER gone to grass,
Your ENGINE just a rusty mass.

Your WHEELS may wabble and your COGS
Be handed over to the dogs,
And on you skip, and skid, and slide,
Without a thought of things INSIDE.

What fools indeed we mortals are
To lavish care upon a Car,
With ne'er a bit of time to see
About our own machinery!

*September Eighteenth*

## A PLEASANT NOTION

HE was an ancient sort of wight,
But happy as a piper.
I asked the cause of his delight.
"I've found that years have no affright.
I am not aging day and night,"
Quoth he, "*But getting riper.*"

*September Nineteenth*

## SOUL-SCULPTURE

IF from some bit of marble cold,
Rough and forbidding to behold,
The Sculptor with his skill can trace
A form of beauty and of grace,
Who shall despair from human clay
In seeming ruin and decay
To mold a form in which shall be
The semblance of Divinity?

*September Twentieth*

## OVERLOOKED

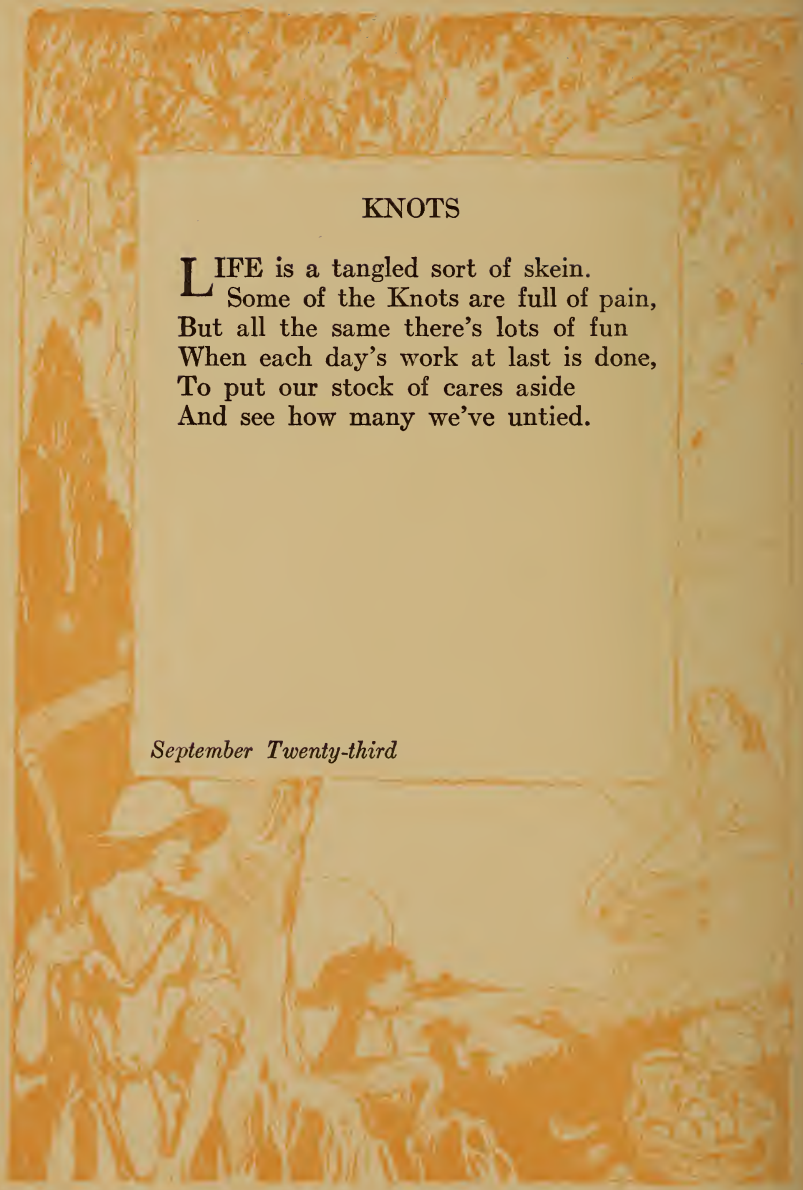
PHILOSOPHERS in marvelous array
Have written books of proverbs very full.
I wonder none of them has ever paused to say:
An Ounce of Push is worth a Ton of Pull!

*September Twenty-first*

## TOLERANCE

THE Raven's croak is harsh and flat,
But maybe 'tis HIS song at that,
And if he thinks his croak a song
And sounds it bravely all day long,
Altho' we know his voice is "broke,"
Let's let the poor old fellow croak,
And in his own way ease his woes
With such poor music as he knows.

*September Twenty-second*



## KNOTS

LIFE is a tangled sort of skein.
Some of the Knots are full of pain,
But all the same there's lots of fun
When each day's work at last is done,
To put our stock of cares aside
And see how many we've untied.

*September Twenty-third*

## AS TO ENEMIES

ONE thing about an Enemy
At least is wholly gain—
With empty bits of flattery
He does not make us vain;
And maybe thro' his subtle flings
Sharp as a serpent's tooth
We'll get a line on sundry things
Not far removed from truth.

*September Twenty-fourth*

## GOOD SAILING

HOLD your FRIEND-SHIPS, they're the fleet
Bound for Harbors fair and sweet.
Hurricane or howling gale,
If they're stanch they never fail,
And there's joy whate'er the weather,
Sailing on and on together.

*September Twenty-fifth*

## A DREAM?

A PLEASANT dream in days of yore
Sometimes comes back in days of doubt—
I thought the Sun was Heaven's door,
The Light God's glory streaming out,
And Stars the windows thro' which He
By night kept vigil over me.

"A childish dream indeed?" say you.
Who knows? Perhaps it may be true!

*September Twenty-sixth*

## FOOLS AND SAGES

SOME sages wise look down on folly,
And view the fool with melancholy,
But as for me, the foolishness
Of fools fills me with no distress,
For if we had no fools at all
The wise would find but little call
For all the wisdom they dig out
To put the foolish ones to rout,
And it would raise the very hob
If all the wise men lost their job.

*September Twenty-seventh*

## WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

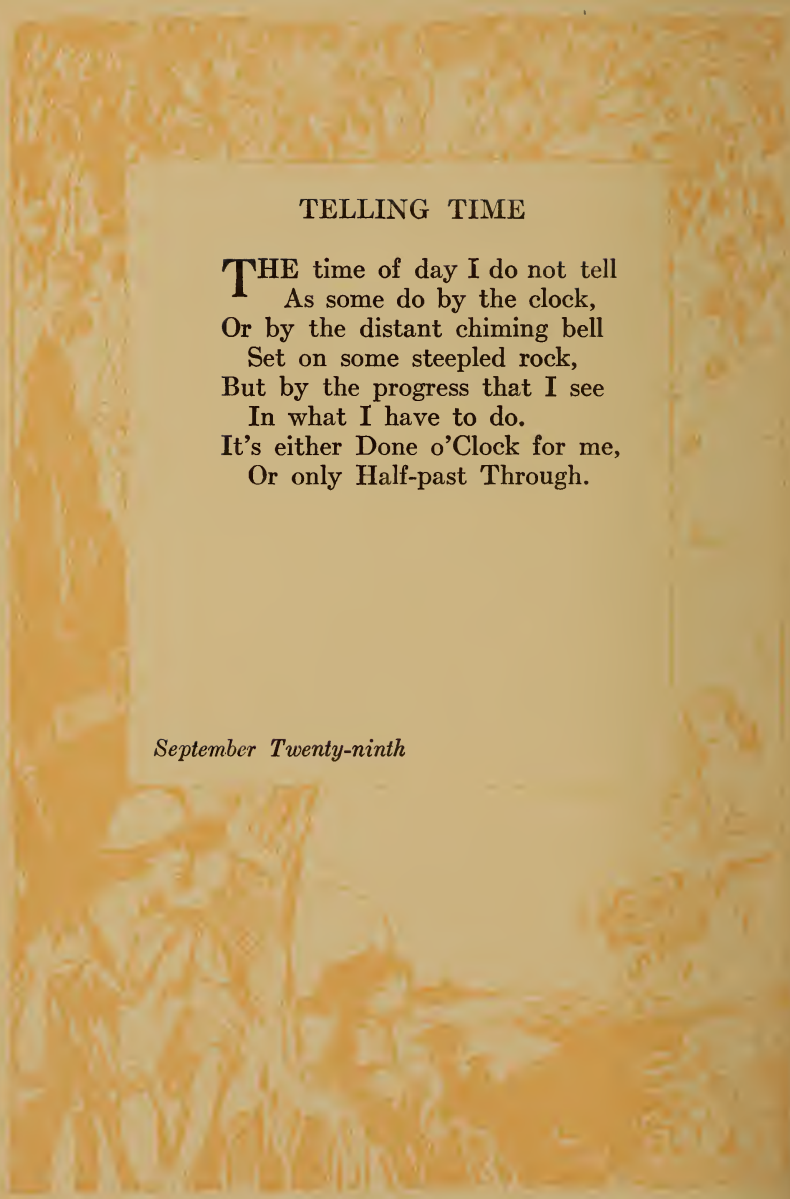
WHAT'S your hurry, Mister Man?
Slow down somewhat if you can.
Life's no sprint by swiftness won,
But a lengthy Marathon,
And the prizes of the race
Go to him of steady pace
With the long and sturdy stride
O'er life's gleaming countryside.
Stop your hurry! Heed this rhyme!
You'll be old before your time,
Using up your strength and powers
Pushing on the worried hours,
And tho' prizes may be had
Thro' this pace so swiftly mad,
What's the use of prizes won
With the zest for laurels gone?

*September Twenty-eighth*

## TELLING TIME

THE time of day I do not tell
As some do by the clock,
Or by the distant chiming bell
Set on some steepled rock,
But by the progress that I see
In what I have to do.
It's either Done o'Clock for me,
Or only Half-past Through.

*September Twenty-ninth*



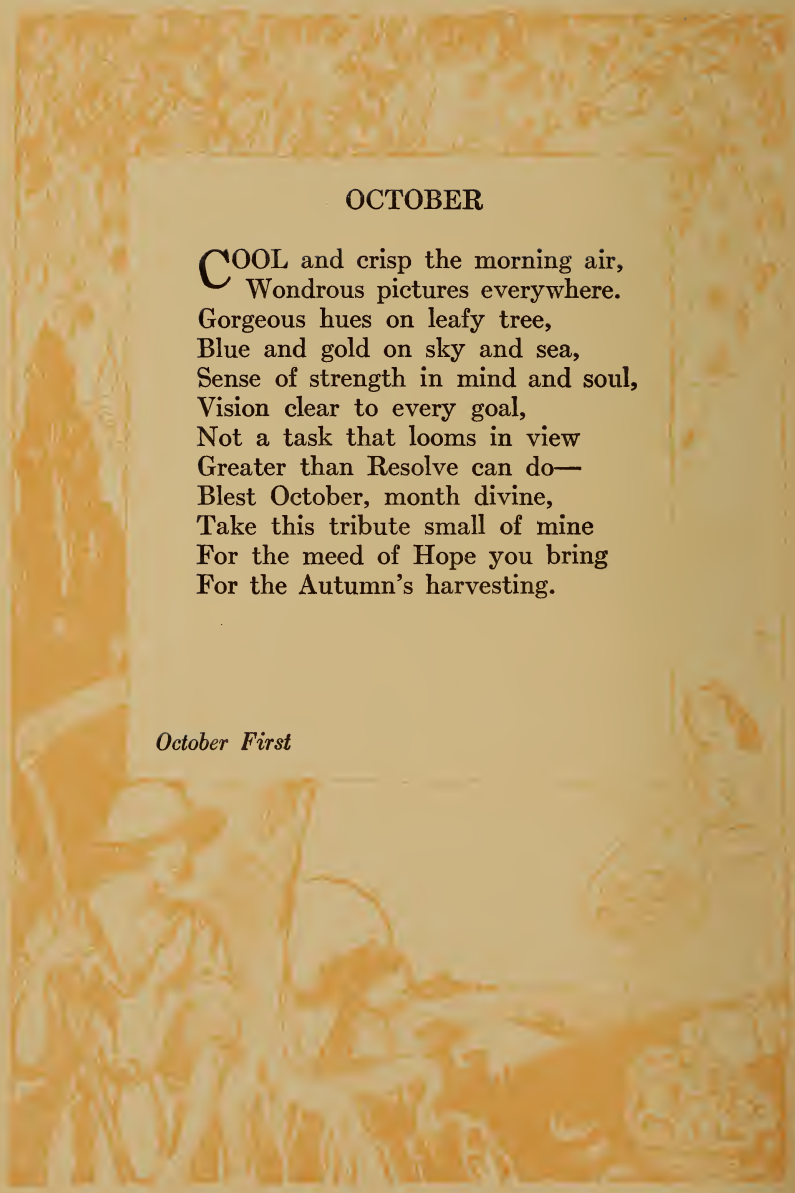
## ALL THE SAME

IF high your place it's in your gift
To give some other chap a lift;
Or, if you've but a lowly roost,
From lower levels you can boost,
And be as useful to your race
As anybody round the place.
To lift or boost, it's all the same
If you will only play YOUR game.

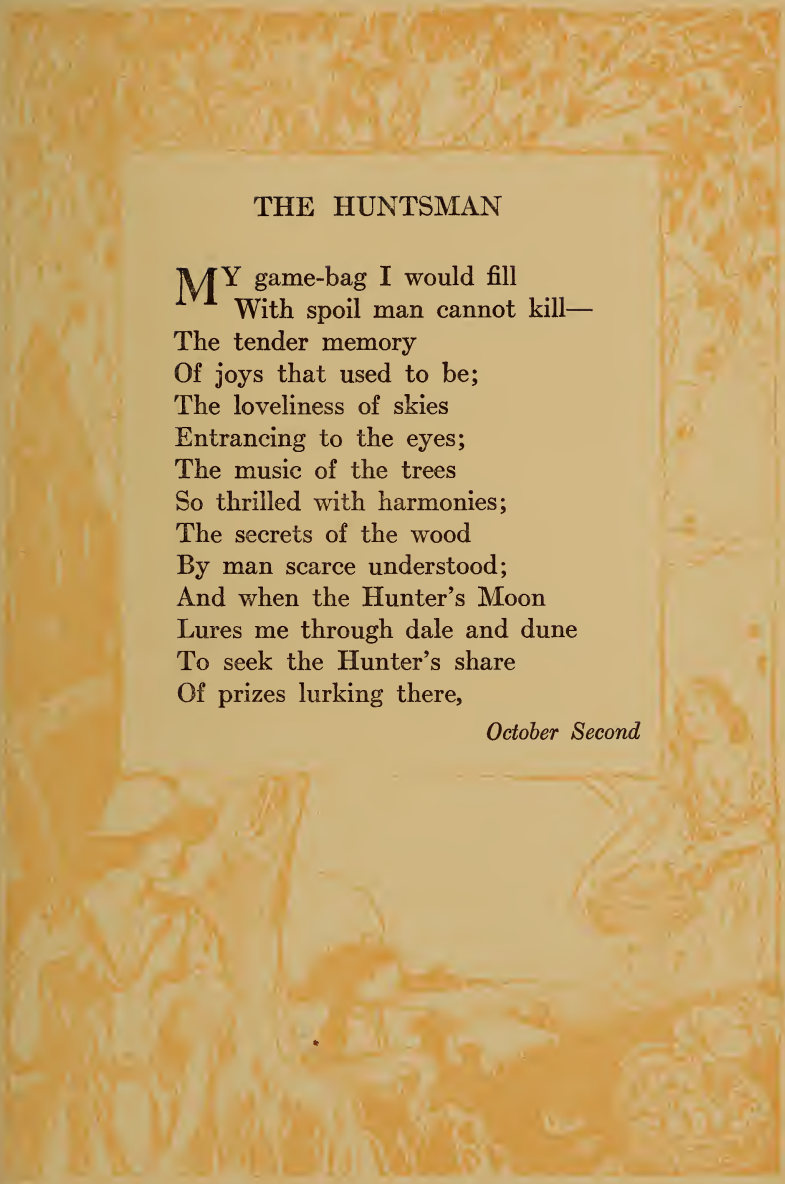
*September Thirtieth*

## OCTOBER

COOL and crisp the morning air,
Wondrous pictures everywhere.
Gorgeous hues on leafy tree,
Blue and gold on sky and sea,
Sense of strength in mind and soul,
Vision clear to every goal,
Not a task that looms in view
Greater than Resolve can do—
Blest October, month divine,
Take this tribute small of mine
For the meed of Hope you bring
For the Autumn's harvesting.



*October First*



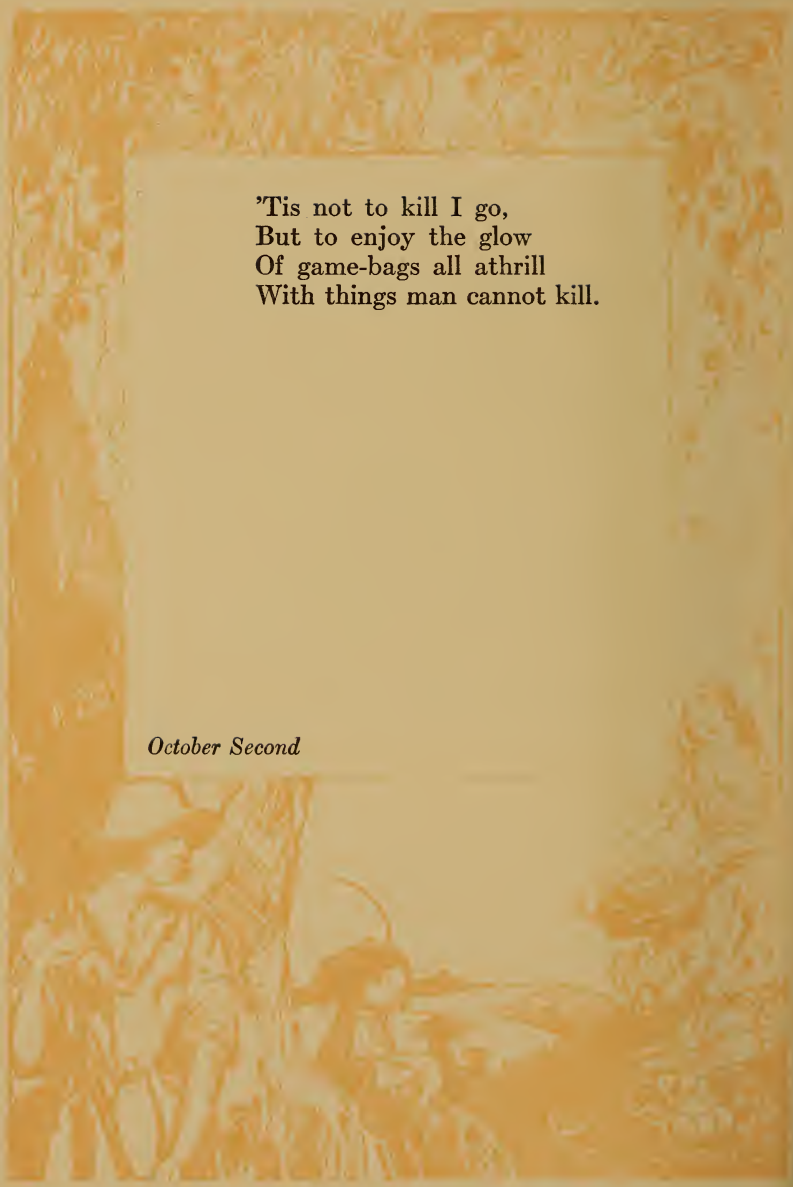
## THE HUNTSMAN

MY game-bag I would fill
With spoil man cannot kill—
The tender memory
Of joys that used to be;
The loveliness of skies
Entrancing to the eyes;
The music of the trees
So thrilled with harmonies;
The secrets of the wood
By man scarce understood;
And when the Hunter's Moon
Lures me through dale and dune
To seek the Hunter's share
Of prizes lurking there,

*October Second*

'Tis not to kill I go,
But to enjoy the glow
Of game-bags all athrill
With things man cannot kill.

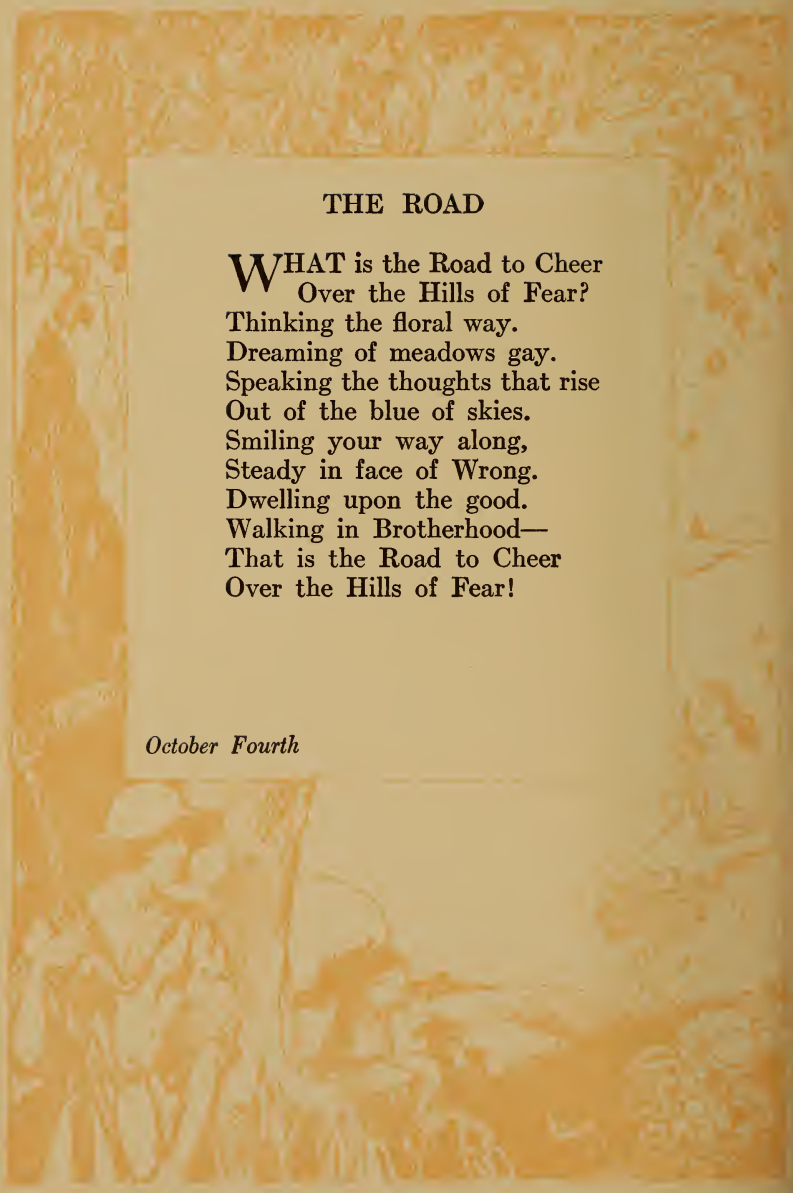
*October Second*



## HAPPINESS

ENOUGH to feed
One's daily need,
With something more
Always in store
For others' stress—
Methinks, my friend, that's Happiness!

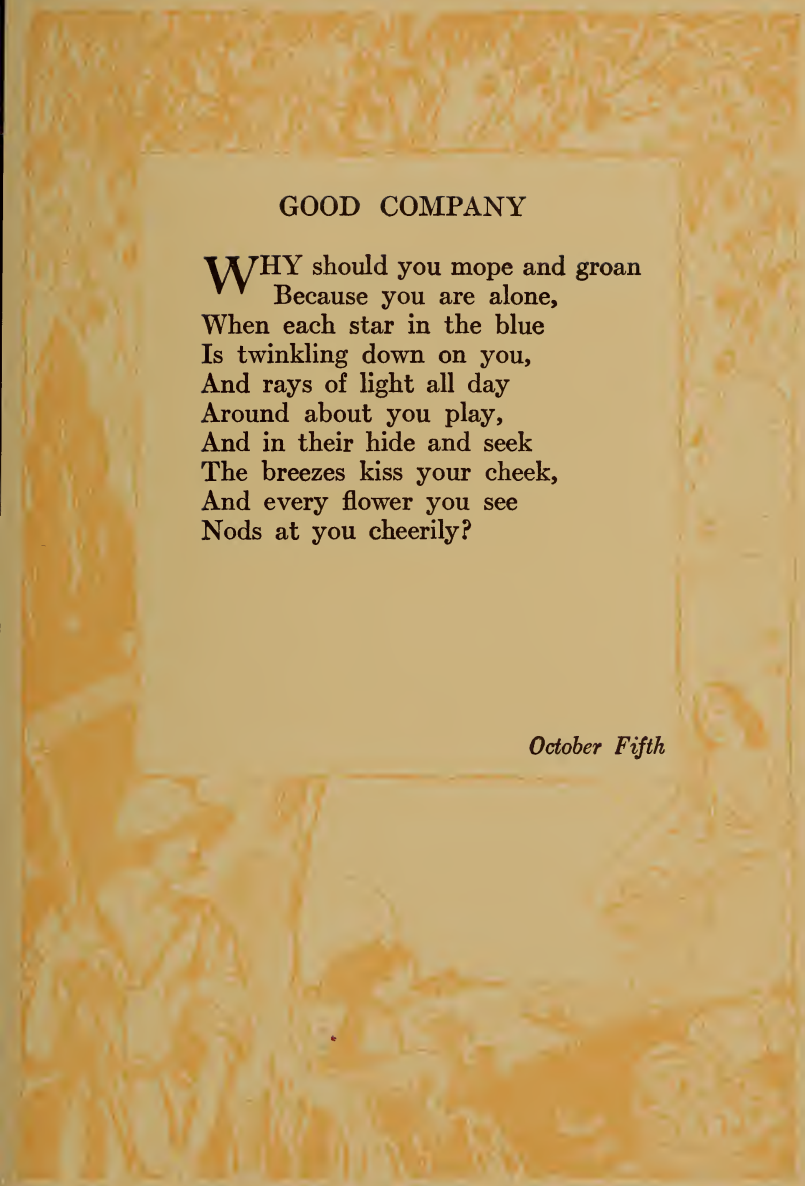
*October Third*



## THE ROAD

WHAT is the Road to Cheer
Over the Hills of Fear?
Thinking the floral way.
Dreaming of meadows gay.
Speaking the thoughts that rise
Out of the blue of skies.
Smiling your way along,
Steady in face of Wrong.
Dwelling upon the good.
Walking in Brotherhood—
That is the Road to Cheer
Over the Hills of Fear!

*October Fourth*



## GOOD COMPANY

WHY should you mope and groan
Because you are alone,
When each star in the blue
Is twinkling down on you,
And rays of light all day
Around about you play,
And in their hide and seek
The breezes kiss your cheek,
And every flower you see
Nods at you cheerily?

*October Fifth*

## GREETINGS

GREETINGS, Friend upon the way,
On this glad October day.
May the freshness of the morn
Drive away all thoughts forlorn.
May the skies so deeply blue
Smile protectingly on you,
And the treasures of the light
Guide you safely to the night
And be with you till anon
More light comes to speed you on.

*October Sixth*

## FRUITION

WHAT I planted in the spring
Shortly I'll be harvesting.
If I planted weeds in May,
Rue will be my lot to-day.
But the little seeds of love
While the June sun shone above
I implanted in the soil,
And have watched with patient toil
Through the summertide, will flower
In some rare autumnal hour
In the grain of joy to feed
Heart and soul through winter's need.

## A ROBBERY

A HIGHWAY robber pounced on me,
And stole from me my greatest treasure.
He rifled me relentlessly,
Yet left me rich beyond all measure.

His name was Cupid—precious thief!—
And 'twas my heart he ran away with,
But left behind a golden sheaf
Of Love to glorify my day with.

*October Eighth*

## OAK OR ACORN

I MAY not have a family tree
From Adam A to Izzard Me,
But maybe I can plant one now
That later from some leafy bough
Will sprout a bit of golden fruit
Of which I am the stock and root,
And gain the honorable pelf
They grant to ancestors myself—
The Oak with what is past is gray,
The Acorn holds the future day!

*October Ninth*

## TESTED

I'VE met some wights upon the way
Who've never yet been tempted,
Who seem to think they have the bay
Of virtue all pre-empted—
Fine folks indeed, but, after all,
Whene'er I chance to find them
I see much good in men whose fall
Has placed their sins behind them.

## MY STAR

I HAVE a Star up in the heavens high
Which I'm content to reach but with
mine eye.
I have no wish to climb to it and there
Find rest from earthly trouble and from
care.
I simply wish to keep it as a thing
To grow toward, and, when I feel the sting
Of some dark bit of misery and rue,
To know 'tis there for me to look up to.

*October Eleventh*

## THE BLIND MAN

WHO thinks of life in terms alone of woe,
Forgetful of its joys and days that glow,
Is like the man who thinks of busy bees
As noisy things that sting, and never sees
The stores of honey that their industry
Builds up to sweeten things for you and me.
He sees the thorn and overlooks the rose,
Forgets his friends and contemplates his foes,
And, 'spite the beauty of the summer skies
O'erlooks the birds and growls about the flies.

*October Twelfth*

## ALTERNATIONS

LIGHT and shadow—that is life!
Joy and pain and love and strife.
Up to-day and down to-morrow—
Some of laughter, some of sorrow;
Peace and war and war and peace—
To all things Time brings release.
Whate'er comes we all must share it;
Wherefore, let us grin and bear it,
Waiting, when our woes annoy,
For the alternating joy.

*October Thirteenth*

## THE BEST AVAILABLE

TO-DAY may not be all you wish,
To work, to laugh, to play, to fish.
It may not be of trials free
As you would like your day to be.
It may be overcast with storm.
It may be somewhat overwarm—
But dark or light, or chill or hot,
It's quite the best to-day you've got,
And you'll do well to use your wit
To get what good you can from it.

*October Fourteenth*

## THE PAINTER

JACK FROST came roving by last night
And dressed the fields in filmy white,
And left a silver etching plain
Upon my gleaming window-pane.
But more than that, with merry wink
He splashed my pallid cheek with pink,
And painted all the smiling land
With colors of a Master hand!

*October Fifteenth*

## THE REAL GENIUS

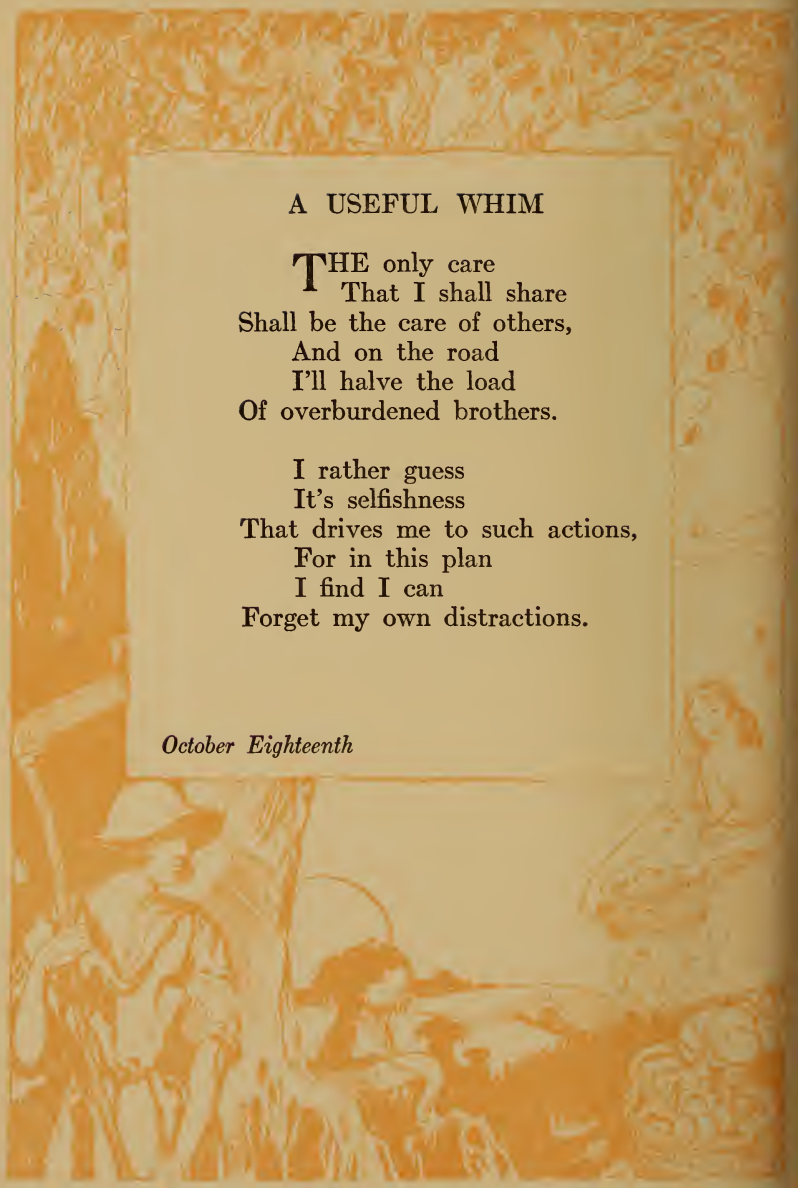
THE man who first invented sleep
Won laurels of a deserving kind,
The which I trust he'll ever keep
To please his fine inventive mind.
But if you'd ask of me to state
To whom I'd give the fairest cup
I'd say it was that genius great
Who first invented WAKING UP!

*October Sixteenth*

## THE OLD THINGS

IF it were by some mischance true
That 'neath the sun there's nothing new,
I'm sure I'd find a lot of cheer
In all the old things left us here—
The wisdom of the ancient sage,
The stories of each bygone age,
The chivalry of men of old
When knights were daring, brave, and bold;
In ancient cities, ancient hills;
In storied rivers, rocks, and rills;—
Indeed, so much of joy I find
In things of really ancient kind
That in my heart 'twere small ado
If it were true
That 'neath the sun there's nothing new!

*October Seventeenth*



## A USEFUL WHIM

THE only care
That I shall share
Shall be the care of others,
And on the road
I'll halve the load
Of overburdened brothers.

I rather guess
It's selfishness
That drives me to such actions,
For in this plan
I find I can
Forget my own distractions.

*October Eighteenth*

## WAITING

SOME day, somehow, somewhere,
The hours will be fair,
And for the good we've done
The prizes will be won.
The waiting may be long,
But if 'tis filled with song
And smiling cheer 'twill seem
But as a passing dream,
Whence, waking, we shall see
Sweeter reality.

*October Nineteenth*

## FRIEND AND ENEMY

I HOLD that man mine enemy who'd fill
My heart with mistrust of my fellow-men;
Who to the cause of envy and of ill
Devotes the powers of his tongue and pen;
But he's my friend who strengthens my belief
In all the goodness that surrounds us here,
And helps me on to gather up the sheaf
And fruitage of life's harvestings of cheer.

*October Twentieth*

## PRACTICE

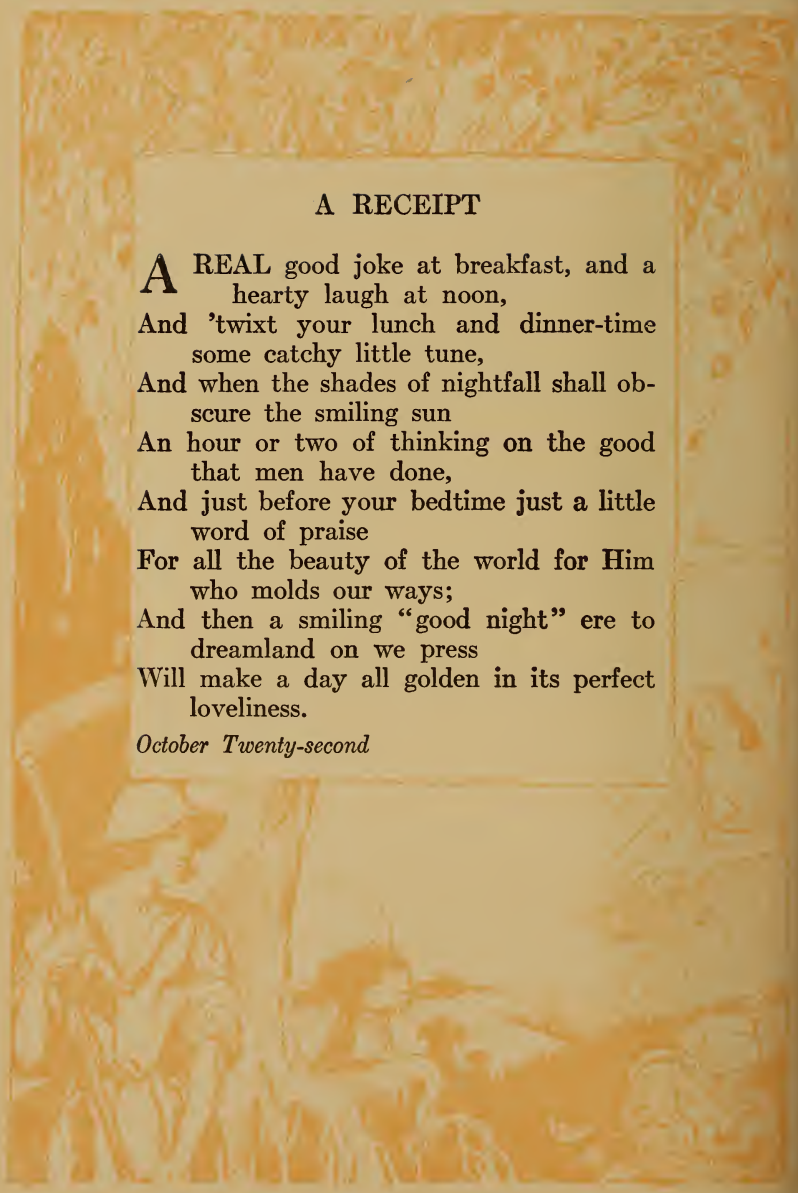
YOU say you can't be cheerful, but you can!
Just take a glance at yonder toiling man,
That Carpenter who uses well the tool
That makes him Master of his special school.
He couldn't use the chisel and the saw,
The hammer and the jackplane and the claw,
Until through constant failure he became
A Master in the uses of the same.
So is it with this task of cheerfulness
In moments full of worry and distress—
The effort baffles all our stores of wit,
But some day, if we only practice it,
We'll find it growing easier until
We handle cheer with all a Master's skill.

*October Twenty-first*

## A RECEIPT

A REAL good joke at breakfast, and a
hearty laugh at noon,
And 'twixt your lunch and dinner-time
some catchy little tune,
And when the shades of nightfall shall ob-
scure the smiling sun
An hour or two of thinking on the good
that men have done,
And just before your bedtime just a little
word of praise
For all the beauty of the world for Him
who molds our ways;
And then a smiling "good night" ere to
dreamland on we press
Will make a day all golden in its perfect
loveliness.

*October Twenty-second*



## POISON

WHO'D quaff a cup of poison if he knew
It held a deadly, soul-destroying brew,
To paralyze his step, and in one hour
Reduce to nothingness a span of power?

No more shall I those poisons tolerate
Which evil passions everywhere create—
The whispers mean of scandal, and the sneer
That makes me hold my fellow-man less dear.

The hints that tongues of malice love to spread,
In oozy swamps of hate and envy bred—
Those poisons of the soul that wither trust
And strive to lay life's beauty in the dust.

*October Twenty-third*

## AN EPITAPH

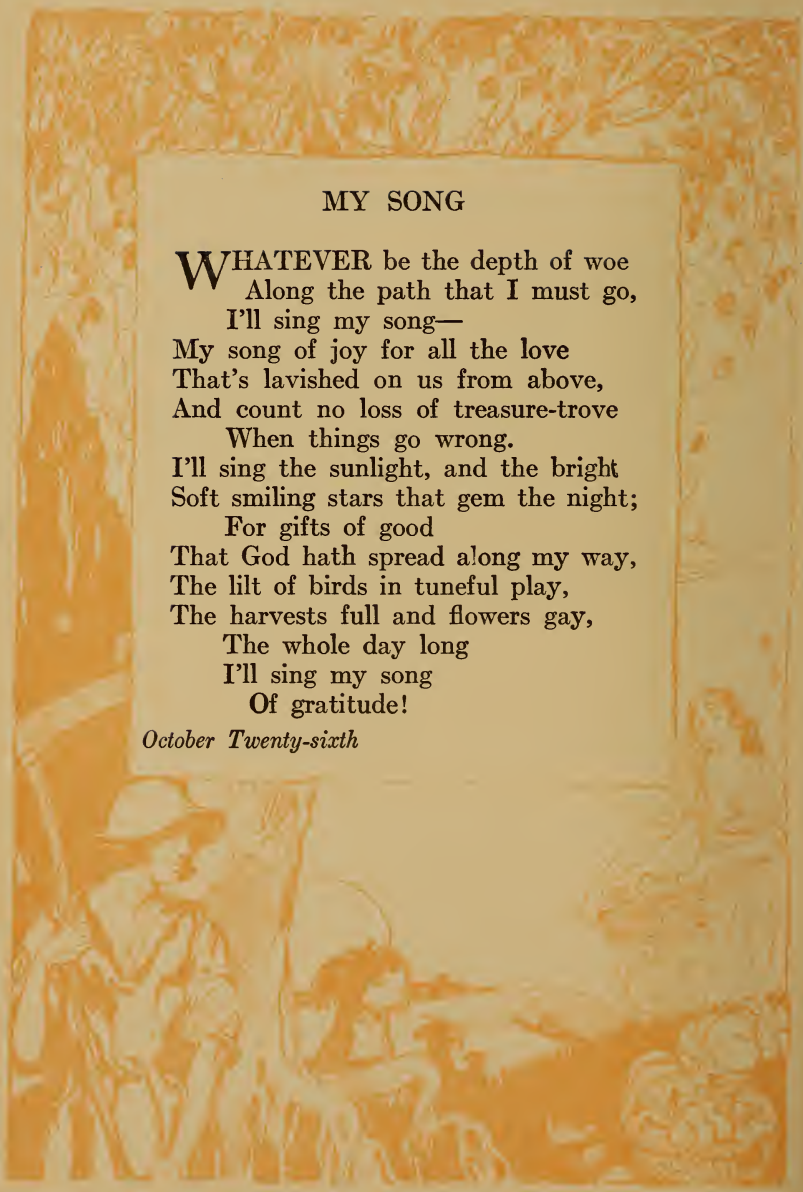
I SEEK no vain high-sounding epitaph
In fulsome line and ponderous paragraph,
But when the time at last shall come when I
Have put the things of earth forever by,
I hope some one will place upon the stone
Whereby my final resting-place is known,
The simple words to speak my gratitude—
HERE LIES A GRATEFUL GUEST, WHO FOUND LIFE GOOD.

*October Twenty-fourth*

## THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

THE tongues of men are many, but the heart
Hath little need of the linguistic art,
For where there's human sympathy the Eye
Hath potency no language can supply.
It speaks its sense of love in terms so clear
That e'en the deaf its messages can hear,
And whether you be Roman, French, Chinese,
A Briton, Slav, Egyptian, Singalese,
Danish or Swede, a Spaniard or a Greek,
Your eye that universal tongue can speak.

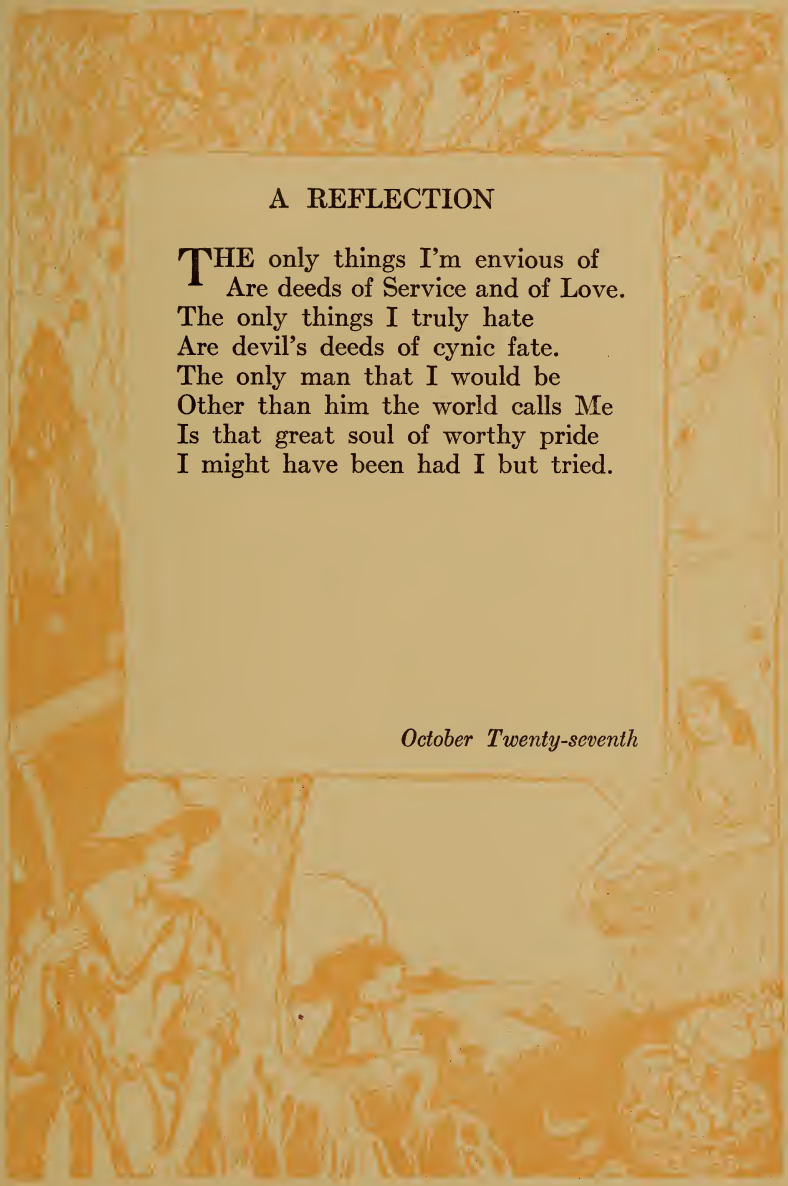
*October Twenty-fifth*



## MY SONG

WHATEVER be the depth of woe
Along the path that I must go,
I'll sing my song—
My song of joy for all the love
That's lavished on us from above,
And count no loss of treasure-trove
When things go wrong.
I'll sing the sunlight, and the bright
Soft smiling stars that gem the night;
For gifts of good
That God hath spread along my way,
The lilt of birds in tuneful play,
The harvests full and flowers gay,
The whole day long
I'll sing my song
Of gratitude!

*October Twenty-sixth*



## A REFLECTION

THE only things I'm envious of
Are deeds of Service and of Love.
The only things I truly hate
Are devil's deeds of cynic fate.
The only man that I would be
Other than him the world calls Me
Is that great soul of worthy pride
I might have been had I but tried.

*October Twenty-seventh*

## THE GAMBLER

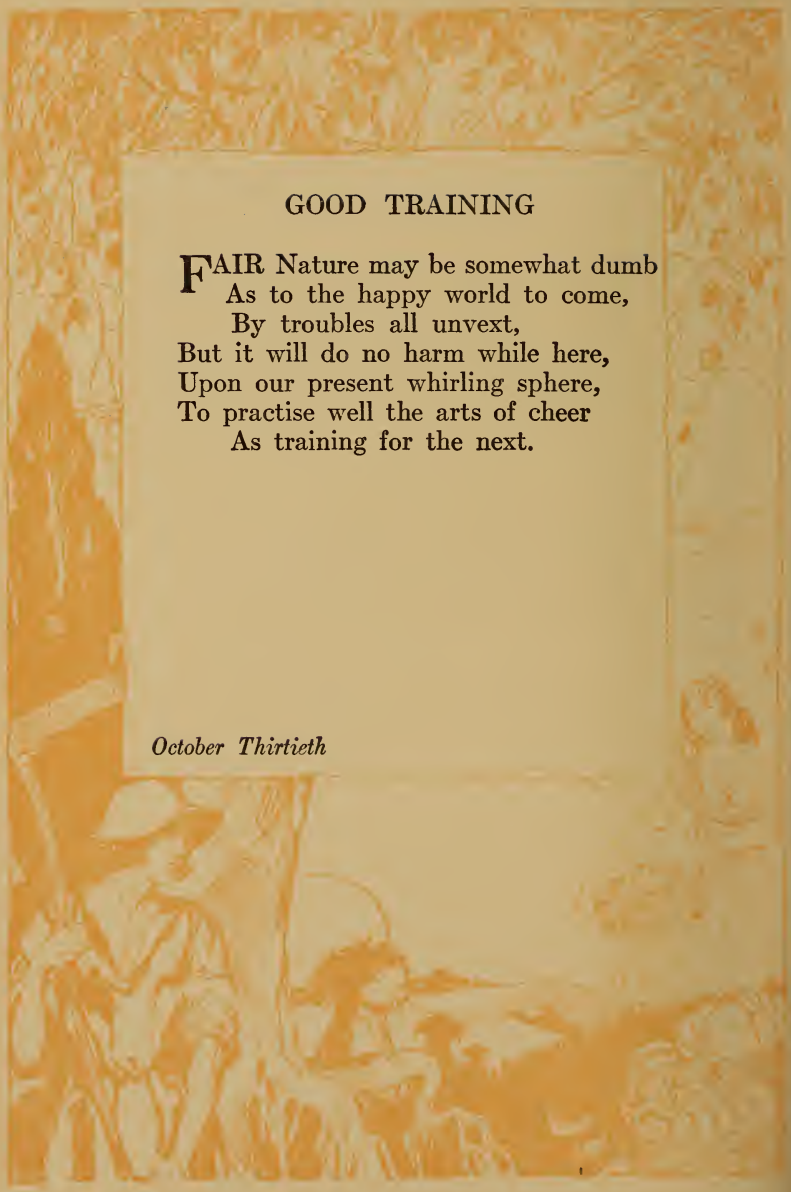
WHEN speculative fevers lure
Me into ventures insecure
I turn and put my stakes upon
How things will be in days anon,
When everywhere we look we'll see
Rich dividends in Cheer and Glee
On stocks of Kindness and the good
Of Peace, Good-Will, and Brotherhood;
In shares of Joy I tap the wealth
Of Love and Sympathy and Health—
And never have I lost a cent
In little fliers in Content.

*October Twenty-eighth*

## THE GIFT OF TIME

TIME cannot pause to wait on us,
Yet while he speeds along his way
A gift of hours right glorious
He grants afresh each passing day.
And none's so poor in place or deed
That Time forgets him and his need.

*October Twenty-ninth*



## GOOD TRAINING

FAIR Nature may be somewhat dumb
As to the happy world to come,
By troubles all unvext,
But it will do no harm while here,
Upon our present whirling sphere,
To practise well the arts of cheer
As training for the next.

*October Thirtieth*

## AN IMPROVEMENT

IN ancient days
The broad highways
Resounded to TOWN-CRIERS' cries.
They cried and cried
On every side,
And with their crying rent the skies.

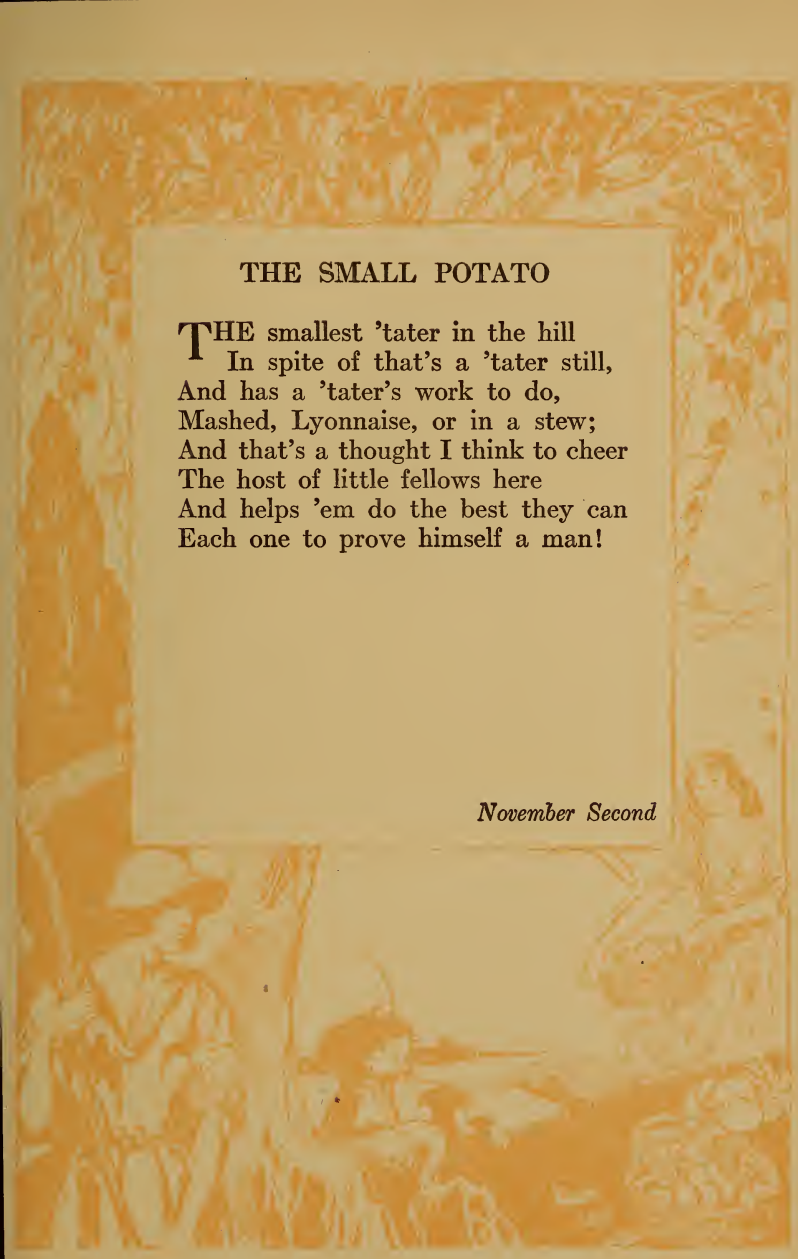
It seems to me
'Twould better be
If every TOWN a LAUGHER had
To fill the earth
With sounds of mirth
Where it to-day is oversad.

*October Thirty-first*

## GLAD NOVEMBER

GOOD old month November is.
Full of pep, and whirr, and whizz.
Something in the morning air
Sort of dissipates your care;
Makes you feel that you could spill
All the hopes of Kaiser Bill,
Cæsar, and Napoleon,
All of them rolled into one.
Something in the glistening skies
Lends its brilliance to your eyes,
And you run your way along
With a heart chock full of song—
Best of all, its symbol, "Nov."
Makes a bully rhyme for Love.
Life seems truly worth the living
In this month of our Thanksgiving.

*November First*



## THE SMALL POTATO

THE smallest 'tater in the hill
In spite of that's a 'tater still,
And has a 'tater's work to do,
Mashed, Lyonnaise, or in a stew;
And that's a thought I think to cheer
The host of little fellows here
And helps 'em do the best they can
Each one to prove himself a man!

*November Second*

## TRANSFERRED ROSES

THE autumn chill may drive the rose
To exile from the garden close,
Yet are the roses far from dead—
They bloom on human cheeks instead!

*November Third*

## LANDS OF PROMISE

SUNRISELAND is fair and sweet,
Lending vigor to our feet,
Offering gifts of light and cheer
To the doughty cavalier.

Sunsetland is soft and kind
In the glowing golden west,
Luring heart and soul and mind
To the dreamy Vales of Rest.

*November Fourth*

## THE EXPLORER

I WENT exploring yesterday,
Not in the Arctic Sea,
Nor other places far away,
But in the Soul of Me.
And, oh! the things discovered there
Not ever guessed before!
Things possible to do and dare—
A rich uncovered store.
I found no marveled stretch of earth,
But things of majesty—
And full of splendor in its worth,
The Man that I Might Be!

*November Fifth*

## THE WHIMSICAL PHILOSOPHER

WHILE Knowledge giveth wings,
I'd hate to know all things,
And live my life all through
With nothing ever new
That I could try to learn;
And meet at every turn
The same old facts that I
Had known in years gone by,
And Self become a gray
Old Cyclopediay!

*November Sixth*

## CO-OPERATION

THE Universe and I must work together,
However bleak or pleasant be the weather;
And though it's rather large and I am small,
That does not change the simple fact at all
That in our own respective sphere and line
It has its job and I likewise have mine;
And long as it provides heat, air, and light,
I'll do my stint with all my main and might.

*November Seventh*

## MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT

MORN is the time for stating creeds
Which Noon shall prove with faithful deeds,
That, when the sands of day are run
And all their duties duly done,
The Night may come with well-earned rest
To clasp the weary to her breast,
And up through Dreamland lead the way
Into another fruitful day.

## UNIMPAIRED

I'M not as young as once I was some
fifty years ago,
My step is somewhat halting and my hair
is white as snow;
But deep down in the heart of me I find a
stock of cheer
As joyous and as full as in the days of
yesteryear.
Earth's just as lovely to my sight as when
mine eyes were young,
And music to my ear's as sweet as when
songs first were sung;
The skies as blue, the stars as bright, as
e'er they were before,
And Faith and Hope are stronger for the
roads I've traveled o'er.

*November Ninth*

## TO THE UNKNOWN FRIEND

BECAUSE I've never seen you eye to eye,
Because, unknown, we've passed each other by,
Because our paths have never chanced to meet
In country lane or busy city street,
No reason is that you and I can't be
Firm friends in full and living sympathy,
If in the selfsame channels of the soul
Our hearts together seek the selfsame goal.
So, friend unknown, here's health and joy to you,
And to the Friendship fair betwixt us two!

*November Tenth*

## THORNS AND ROSES

A THORN had I that pierced my side,
A thorn whose hurt ran deep, whose pain
Brought suffering to flesh and pride,
And made my days seem dark and vain.

Yet when its hurt ran deepest, then
Amid the pressure of its woes
Down in the hearts of fellow-men
I sought and truly found—the rose!

The rose of human sympathy,
The rose of loving heed and care,
And now whatever thorns there be
I know the roses, too, are there.

*November Eleventh*

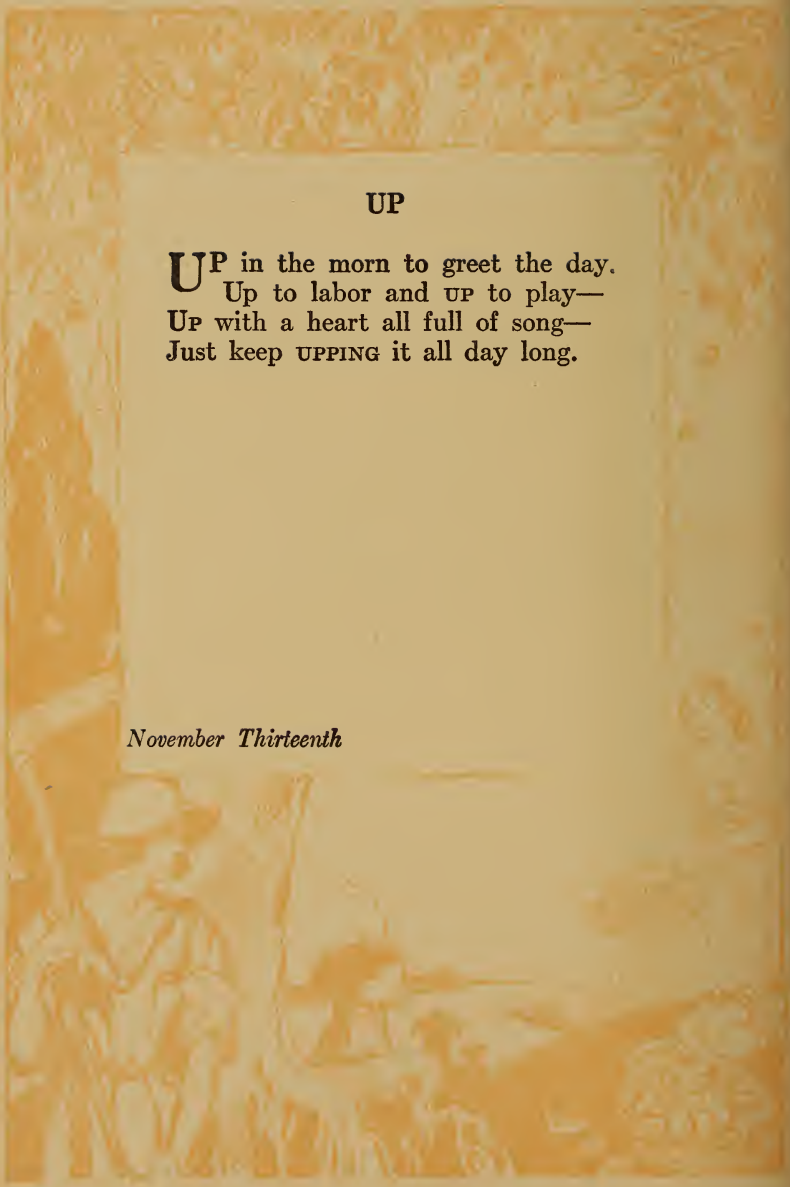
## THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

A CHAP I knew—he was no fool—
Rejoiced that he was thro' with school,
And seemed perplexed because I said
If that were true he must be dead.
He did not know that every day
We walk on our appointed way
In joy or woe, in peace or strife,
We're in the splendid School of Life,
And learning fine things by the score
We never even dreamed before,
And what is more, despite our brass,
We're only in the Infant Class!

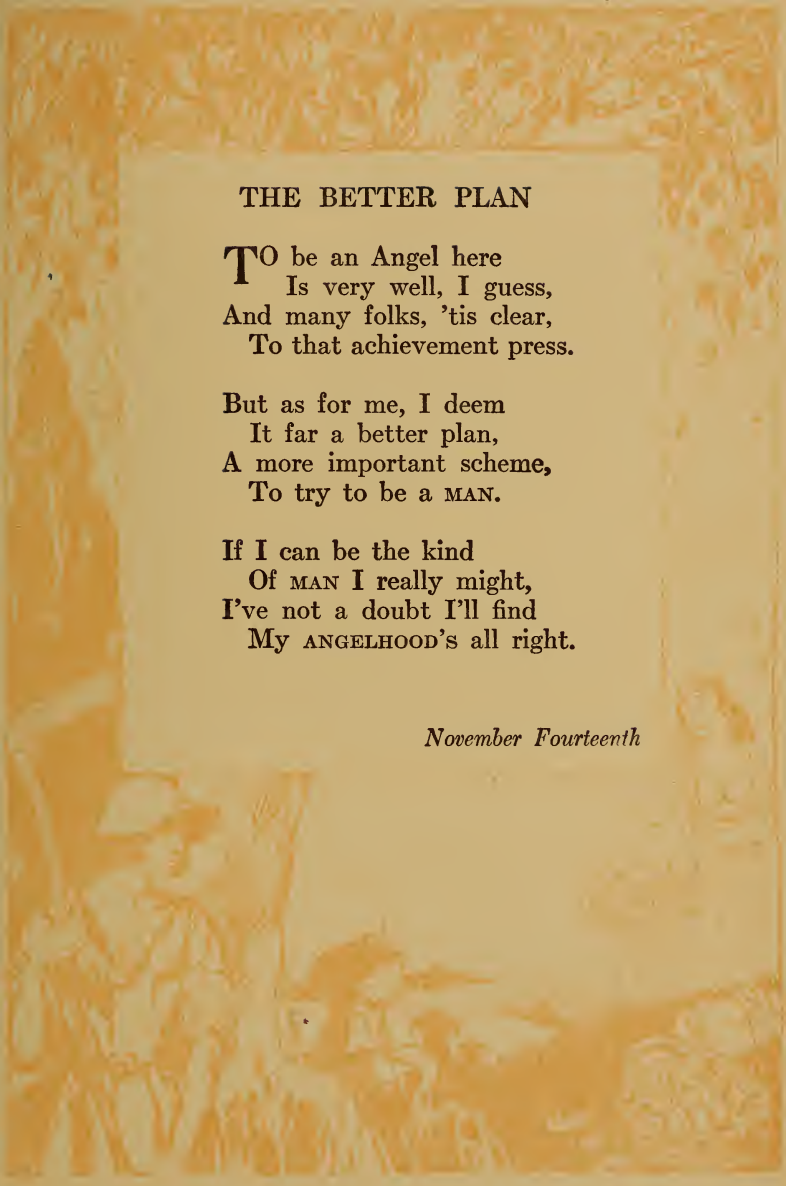
*November Twelfth*

## UP

UP in the morn to greet the day.
Up to labor and UP to play—
UP with a heart all full of song—
Just keep UPPING it all day long.



*November Thirteenth*



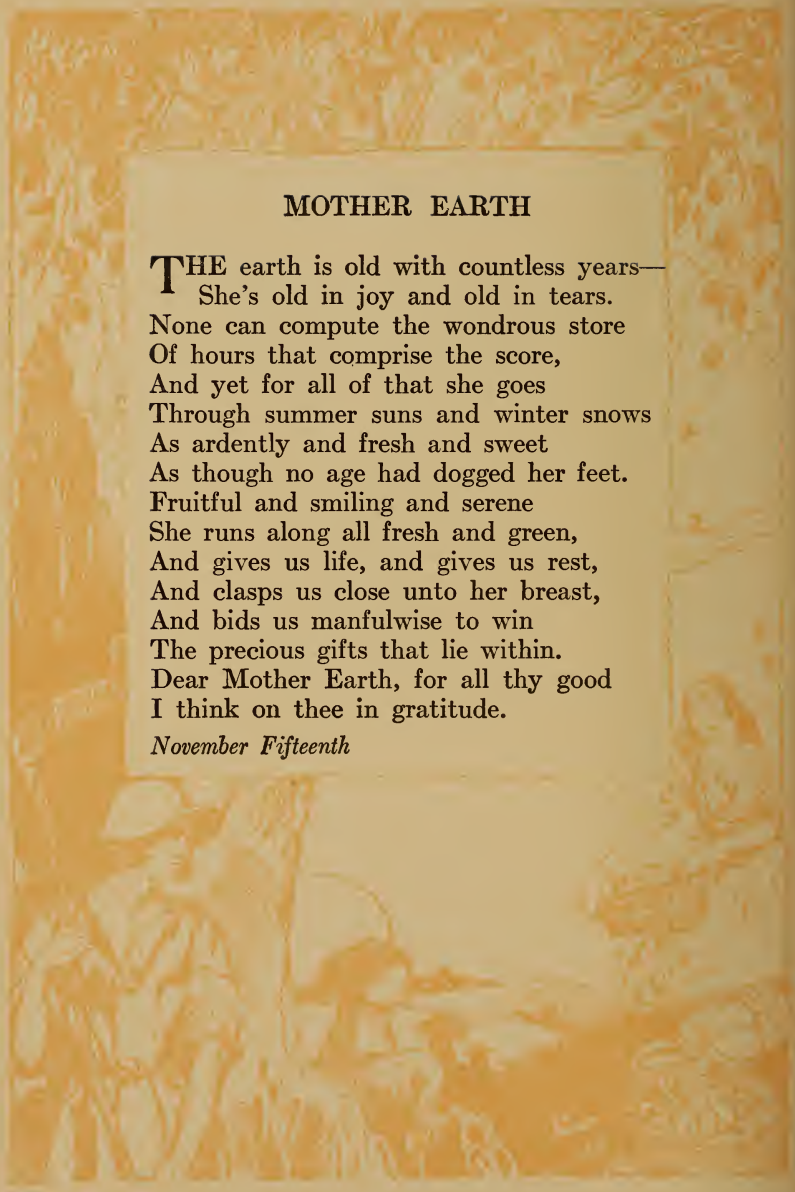
## THE BETTER PLAN

TO be an Angel here
  Is very well, I guess,
And many folks, 'tis clear,
  To that achievement press.

But as for me, I deem
  It far a better plan,
A more important scheme,
  To try to be a MAN.

If I can be the kind
  Of MAN I really might,
I've not a doubt I'll find
  My ANGELHOOD'S all right.

*November Fourteenth*



## MOTHER EARTH

THE earth is old with countless years—
She's old in joy and old in tears.
None can compute the wondrous store
Of hours that comprise the score,
And yet for all of that she goes
Through summer suns and winter snows
As ardently and fresh and sweet
As though no age had dogged her feet.
Fruitful and smiling and serene
She runs along all fresh and green,
And gives us life, and gives us rest,
And clasps us close unto her breast,
And bids us manfulwise to win
The precious gifts that lie within.
Dear Mother Earth, for all thy good
I think on thee in gratitude.

*November Fifteenth*

## IMAGINARY TROUBLE

OH, the tolls that I have paid,
Tolls of worry and of care,
Over bridges never made,
Bridges dark that never were;
Crossing streams unreal that lie
In the gloom of unborn days,
Streams ne'er seen by mortal eye
Bordering untrodden ways.
That's the poorest kind of Tax,
Bearing useless loads of fear
On already burdened backs
At the present cost of cheer;
Running up appalling bills
Paid in worry and distress
For imaginary ills—
That were sheerest foolishness!

*November Sixteenth*

## A REVERSIBLE HEART

IN times of my adversity
A heart of steel I'll hold
To meet the things confronting me
Undaunted and as valiantly
As any warrior bold.
But when some other in despair
Comes begging and besieging there,
May it be pliant to his stress
And full of smiling tenderness,
And loving heed and care!

*November Seventeenth*

## HEAD AND HEART

WHAT'S in my head my tongue may say.
What's in my heart my eyes betray.
When tongue and eyes do not agree
And fail to stand in unity,
The man who's wise
Will trust the eyes!

*November Eighteenth*

## IN DEFEAT

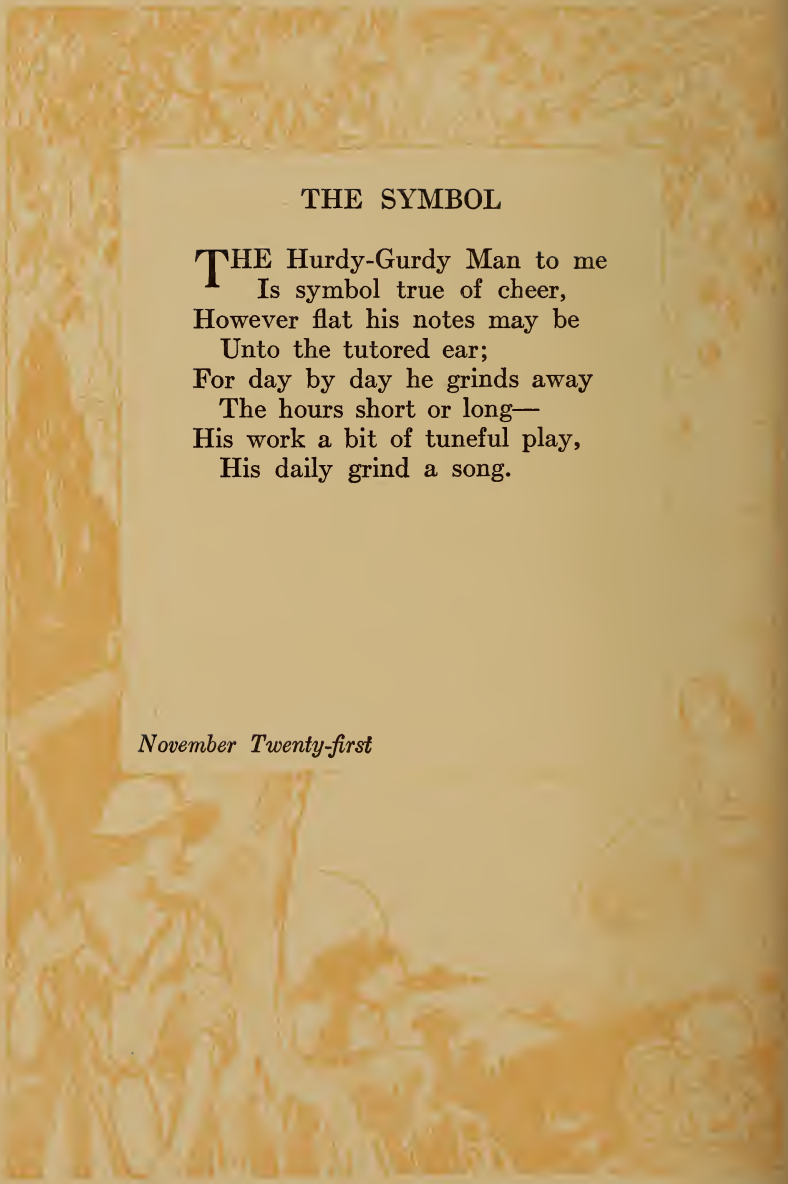
WHEN by some evil tricked
Your strength runs under par
Just don't admit you're licked
Until you really are;
And even then
Get up and fight again.

*November Nineteenth*

## THE TRUER JOY

COULD I return to Youth I would not try,
Tho' fair indeed I hold the days now gone,
For that would be a turning back, and I
Hold fairer still the joy of going on.

*November Twentieth*



## THE SYMBOL

THE Hurdy-Gurdy Man to me
Is symbol true of cheer,
However flat his notes may be
Unto the tutored ear;
For day by day he grinds away
The hours short or long—
His work a bit of tuneful play,
His daily grind a song.

*November Twenty-first*

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS

THE kingly pomp of Charlemagne
Has gone, nor will return again.

The lives of Martyrs on the Cross
Spelled golden gain where all seemed loss.

When woe hath claimed thee for her own
And bound thee helpless to her throne,

Yield not to envy of great kings
Renowned for warlike conquerings—

Their glory dies in one brief hour—
Thy pain may make for lasting power.

*November Twenty-second*

## THE DAILY HARVEST

MY friend of yesterday I keep,
Mine enemy I cast away.
All things of joy I fondly reap,
To beckoning woe I answer Nay.
No use to me are bygone cares.
I hoard alone remembrance sweet,
And with back turned unto the tares
I start my day with garnered wheat.

*November Twenty-third*

## THE JOY OF HOPING

THROUGHOUT my days I've hoped for much
I've not been able yet to touch;
I've had ambitions truly high
And found fulfilment passing by;
And while I've seldom realized
The goals that I've so dearly prized,
I've found a deal of joyous pelf
In HOPE itself.

*November Twenty-fourth*

## PUZZLES

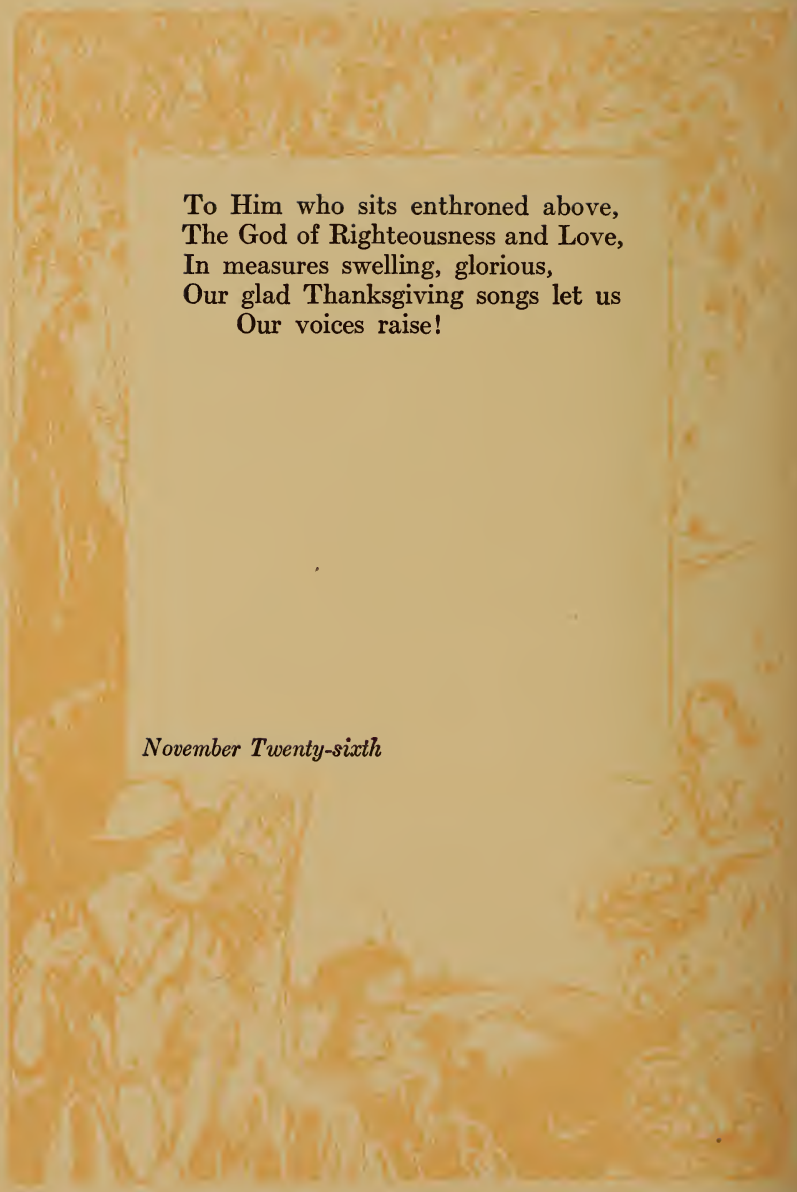
I LIKE to take the old mischance,
The mind-disturbing circumstance,
And treat it as a puzzle I
Must solve before I pass it by.
Hard riddles and deep rebuses
Used in my childish days to please,
And still I take a meed of joy
In solving puzzles that annoy,
And finding out the answer to
Perplexities that rise in view—
And, oh, the bliss, the sheer delight
That comes when I've the answer right!

*November Twenty-fifth*

## THANKSGIVING

FOR all the glorious Sons of Earth
With souls of purest golden worth,
Who've rendered up their All that we
May dwell secure in Liberty,
Our thanks arise!
For all the treasures of the heart
Revealed amid the sting and smart
Of strife and pain the world o'ercast,
The Love, the Sympathy so vast,
The Sacrifice;
For willingness of Man to yield
His life and happiness to shield
The helpless from the brutal hand,
And of all tyrants free the land,
In hymns of praise

*November Twenty-sixth*



To Him who sits enthroned above,
The God of Righteousness and Love,
In measures swelling, glorious,
Our glad Thanksgiving songs let us
Our voices raise!

*November Twenty-sixth*

## ACTION

DREAMING things,
Scheming things,
Setting things a-going;
Planning things,
Spanning things,
Plowing things and sowing,
Brewing things,
Doing things,
Taking things and giving—
That's the way
To make the day
Truly worth the living.

*November Twenty-seventh*

## A PREFERENCE

TO write a great romance, I'm sure,
Would give me happiness secure,
And fill my soul with pride that I
Had reached at last a goal so high.
And yet when thinking love tales o'er,
With all their golden, blissful store,
No matter how their joys delight one,
I'd truly rather LIVE than WRITE one.

*November Twenty-eighth*

## THE WISDOM OF THE MOTH

'TIS said the Moth the Star desires,
  And yet I note the scamp,
Despite ambition's inner fires,
  Takes pleasure in the lamp;
And doing thus, it seems to me,
  Gives us suggestions wise,
To rest content with earth if we
  Can't hope to win the skies.

*November Twenty-ninth*

## THE THING THAT COUNTS

WHY vex your mind with worry sore
On what to-morrow holds in store?
If it be joy or dull regret,
Remember well—it is not yet.

Why worry over yesterday
And all its stock of trials gray?
Whate'er the burden of its pain,
'Tis gone—and can't return again.

Think on To-day—the present hour—
If it be sunny, sweet or dour.
The thing that really counts is how
We meet the everlasting Now!

*November Thirtieth*

## THE ICY ROAD

OLD graybeard Winter cometh forth
Backed by his hosts from out the North
To subjugate the earth.
O'er all his icy pall is cast—
His Arctic legions flying past
With bitter sleet and chilling blast
Have routed Autumn's mirth.

And yet, for all his work so grim,
Faith, Hope, and Love are waiting him
Not far along the way,
And all his grievous deeds of rue
Will fade like mists from mortal view
As on and up they lead us to
The joys of Christmas Day.

*December First*

## MIRRORS

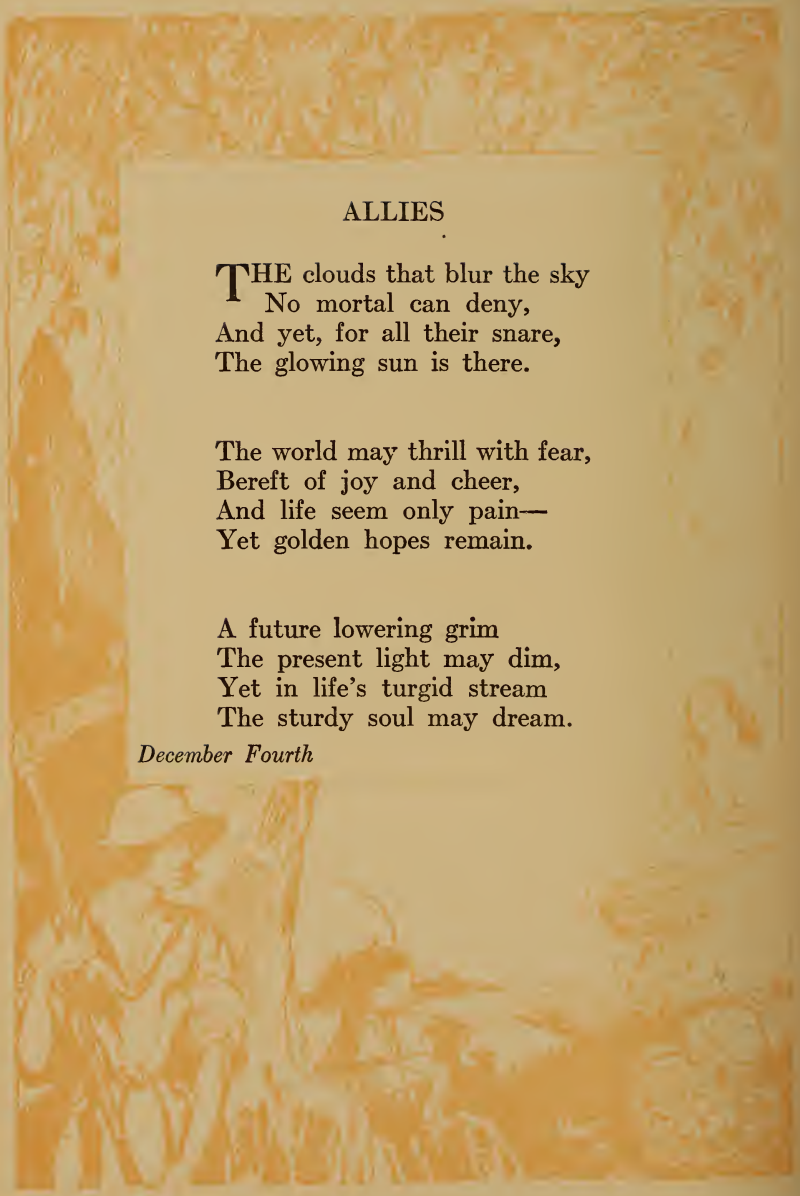
A MIRROR for the face is well,
And truths of worth its verdicts tell.
How fine 'twould be if we could find
Another for the heart and mind
That it might tell us in our pride
If things are right or wrong—inside.

*December Second*

## THE HUMOROUS PHILOSOPHER

TIME is a vast, inexorable Hen,
And each new day a nice fresh egg, new-laid,
That's placed each dawn before all living men
From which some new refection may be made;
And each man takes his egg in his own way,
And uses it with foolishness or wit—
For me I fondly hope and ever pray,
Whate'er I do I shall not scramble it.

*December Third*



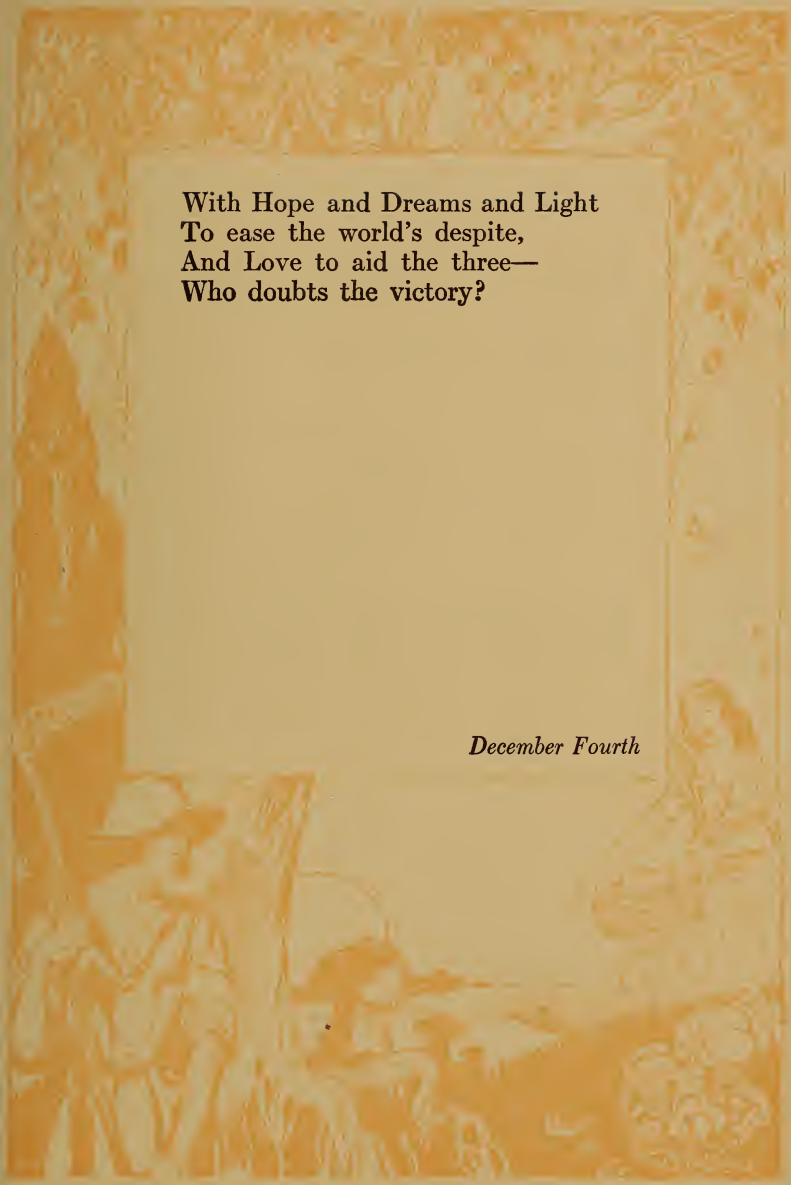
## ALLIES

THE clouds that blur the sky
No mortal can deny,
And yet, for all their snare,
The glowing sun is there.

The world may thrill with fear,
Bereft of joy and cheer,
And life seem only pain—
Yet golden hopes remain.

A future lowering grim
The present light may dim,
Yet in life's turgid stream
The sturdy soul may dream.

*December Fourth*



With Hope and Dreams and Light
To ease the world's despite,
And Love to aid the three—
Who doubts the victory?

*December Fourth*

## OUT OF THE MURK

NIGH prison walls I one time heard
The joyous singing of a bird.

On sordid ways by grime beset
I've spied a smiling violet,

And in the depths of squalor wild
I've heard the laughter of a child.

Are you in woe? Ah, well—for you
There may be yet some joy that's true,

E'en as these hints of bliss I've found
With naught but misery around.

*December Fifth*

## THE CUP

WHATE'ER man was when life began,
I think I have discerned the plan
For which he was designed when he
First came to be:

A sort of Chalice tried and true
For God to pour Himself into
That the Divine might carry on
Thro' years anon,

And with its inspiration draw
The world up to the higher law
Where selfish pride and seeking fall,
And love is all.

*December Sixth*

## AT SUNSET

WHEN the rare grandeur of the sunset sky
Reveals itself to my enchanted eye
With all the golden glory of the cloud,
And gorgeous pageantry of hue endowed,
And through my soul the truth hath come to me
That over yonder lies Eternity,
I thrill to dream of the Eternal State
With so much splendor lavished at the Gate.

*December Seventh*

## THE WILLING WILL

I LIKE a willing horse or man:
I like a willing mind
That willingly does all it can
Its special task to find;
But most I like that willing Will
That in the midst of blight
Gives battle dauntlessly to ill
And wills its way to light.

*December Eighth*

## A WAR IMPRESSION

I Gazed upon a scene of war
And there amid the welter sore
The birds sang sweetly in the wood,
And even where I stood
Grass green as ever mortal knew
And flowers full of beauty grew;
And gleaming thro' the flare
Of conflict and the glare
At night the stars shone brightly o'er
That scarry field of war,
And seemed to send down smiles of love
As token from the hosts above
That all the sacrifice and pain
That Valor suffered there was not in vain,
While Mother Earth's rich arms were wide
apart
To clasp her weary sons close to her heart.

*December Ninth*

## EARNINGS

THERE'S many a thing in life I lack,
And yet I don't regret 'em,
But put my pack
Upon my back
And hie me forth to get 'em.

I've strength of arm, and will to toil,
And eye for lurking treasure,
And from life's moil
I gather spoil
According to my measure.

*December Tenth*

## THE WEATHER-MAKER

I'M sure if you could have your way
You'd make each day a pleasant day,
And keep the skies forever clear
Of clouds that hide the fount of cheer.

Well, rain or shine, in raging storm,
A smile will make the prospects warm
For some one that you chance to meet
Upon the sorrow-burdened street.

A pleasant word will bring the light
Into a noon as dark as night,
And any act of brotherhood
Will make the bleakest weather good.

So up and at it, Friend o' Mine!
Get busy in the weather line,
And make fine days for every one
As Understudy of the Sun.

*December Eleventh*

## A QUERY

YOU'VE sat your lunch and breakfast through.
Perhaps you've had your dinner, too,
Regaling self on bread and meat
Until your stomach is replete.
But as you've run along your way
What have you fed your soul to-day?
What thing of beauty or of cheer
Of all life's lovely menu here?
What food of Selflessness and Love
Have you perchance partaken of?
I'm asking this about your food
With no intention to be rude,
But just to put a simple question
To save you mental indigestion.

*December Twelfth*

## A RESOLVE

I'M just a bit o' human seed
  The Fates have planted on this earth,
And whether I be flower or weed,
  A thing of sorrow or of worth,
I'm goin' to get my roots in deep,
  And day by day, and night by night,
Without cessation ever keep
  A-growin' upward toward the light.

*December Thirteenth*

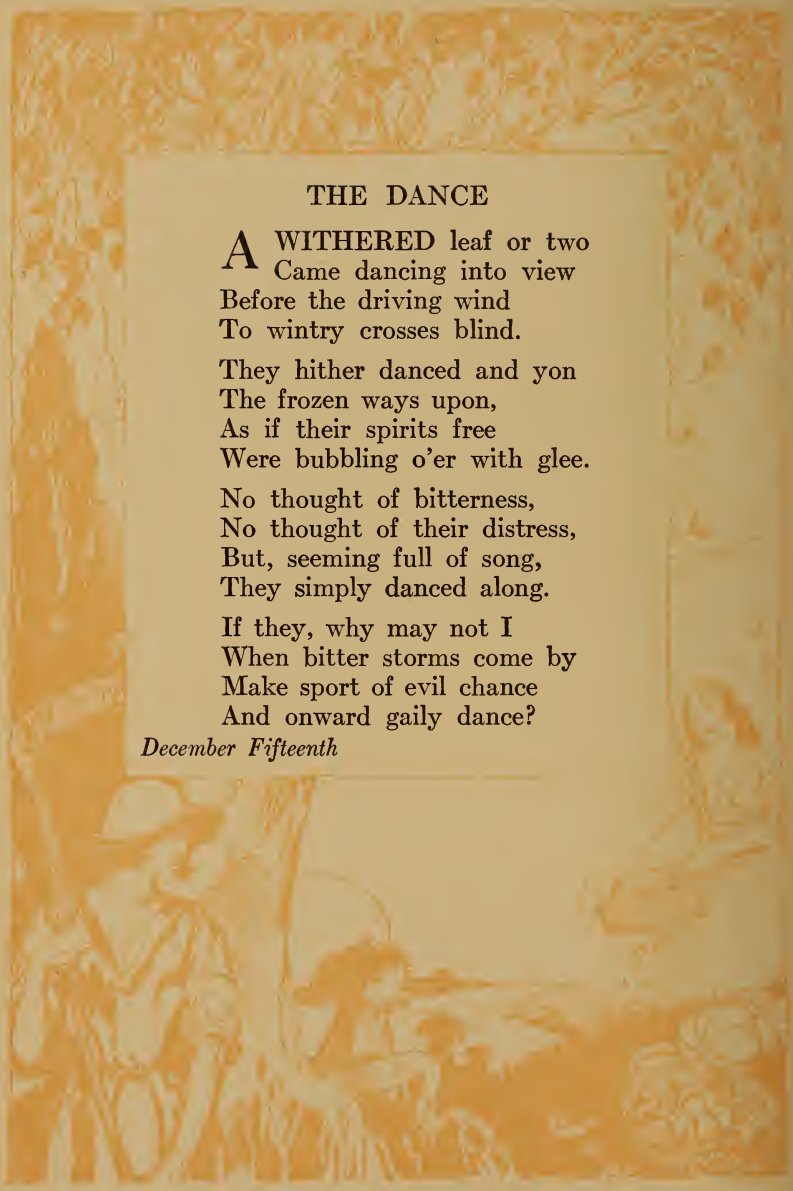
## THE OVERBURDENED

HI there, my friend! Just pause awhile.
Sit down and for a moment smile.
Why try to carry all the wrack
Of this whole world upon your back?

There's others right beside you here
With shoulders broad and purpose clear
Who're ready to take up their share
Of our great Universe of care,

And what they cannot carry leave
To other shoulders to retrieve;
And—hist!—those Souls have farthest trod
Who've left SOME part of it to God.

*December Fourteenth*



## THE DANCE

A WITHERED leaf or two
Came dancing into view
Before the driving wind
To wintry crosses blind.

They hither danced and yon
The frozen ways upon,
As if their spirits free
Were bubbling o'er with glee.

No thought of bitterness,
No thought of their distress,
But, seeming full of song,
They simply danced along.

If they, why may not I
When bitter storms come by
Make sport of evil chance
And onward gaily dance?

*December Fifteenth*

## THE THIEF

SOMEHOW I always think of grief
As just a sorry sort of thief
Who robs me of my peace of mind,
My joy, my cheer, and leaves behind
To vex to-day and cloud to morrow
Naught but a useless meed of sorrow
That cannot help the thing I mourn,
Or soothe a heart by trial torn;
And likely graves upon my face
A mark no years can e'er erase
To thrust on other men the moan
I should have guarded as mine own.

*December Sixteenth*

## CLEARING THE WAY

I'LL take my share
Of daily care
And smilingly its burden bear;

Nor add a jot
To what I've got
By wailing o'er my woeful lot.

For as I see
The way things be
Tears only fatten misery,

While patient cheer
Confronting fear
The thorniest of paths will clear.

*December Seventeenth*

## IN THE WOODS

AMONG the proverbs writ of old I find
a lot of chaffing,
And if it were not overbold I'd say they
keep me laughing.
For instance, "When you're in the wood
don't whistle," said the sages—
And maybe that advice was good in those
far-distant ages—
But as I go my way in life through jungles
black and scary,
Through vales all full of lurking strife, while
careful to be wary
Amid the dangers dark and grim with which
the forests bristle,
I find to keep my nerve in trim that's just
the time to whistle!

*December Eighteenth*

## SANCTUARY

WHERE are the songs of summer days,
The joyous notes of spring?
Where are the gladsome roundelays
The song-birds used to sing?

Safe, my Brother, one and all;
Safe and secure they be,
Hid from the winter's chilly pall
Deep in the heart of me.

*December Nineteenth*

## AS TO HEAVEN

WHEN I look on brilliant skies,
When I breathe the keen crisp air;
When I see the light that lies
Round about me everywhere;
When I taste the fruits of earth
Toil provides for appetite;
When I glimpse the things of worth
Lying everywhere in sight—

Mother-love and children's glee,
Kindly hearts and smiling lips,
Touch of human sympathy
Thrilling myriad finger-tips—
Then I wonder if indeed
With these gifts of loving cheer,
If we do but give them heed,
We have not our Heaven here?

*December Twentieth*

## SPACE AND TIME

NOW what is Space that we should dread
The distances before us spread?
A million leagues plus millions more,
The smiling stars have traveled o'er,
To bring to us their golden dower
Of light to ease the shadowed hour—
There is no Space however, wide,
Light cannot ride!

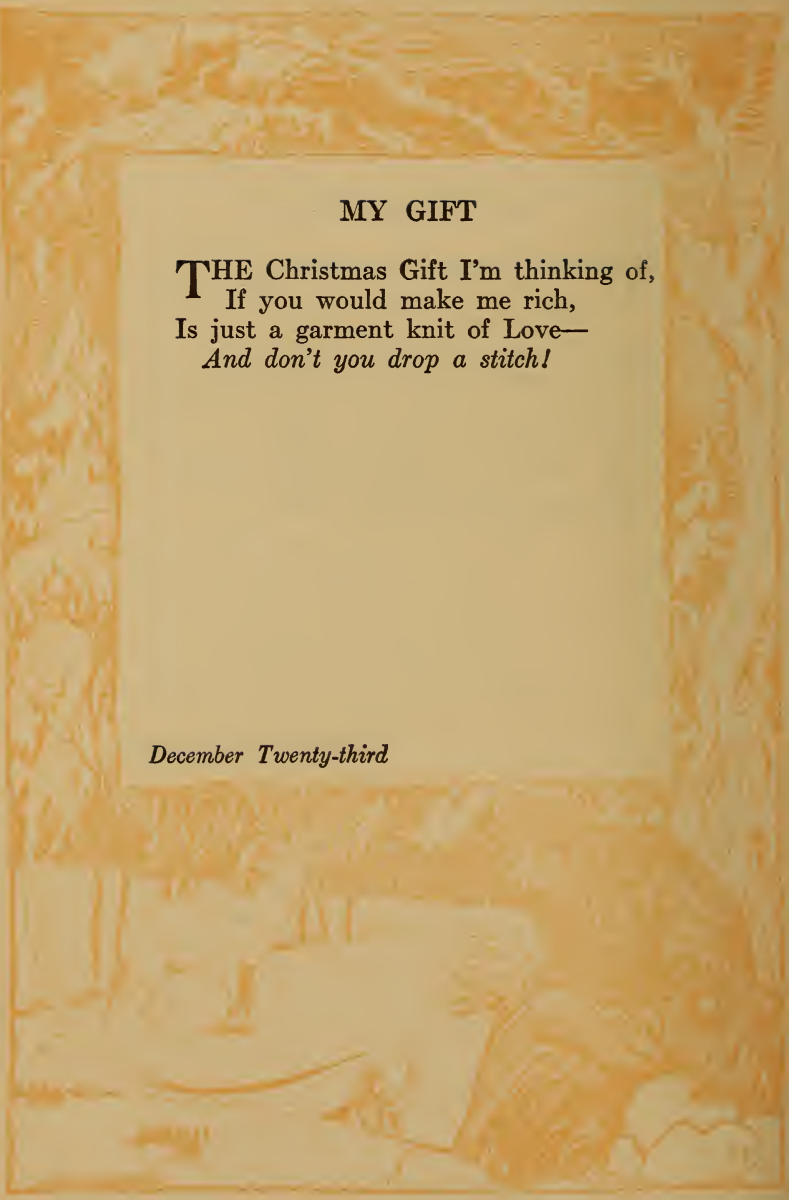
Now what is Time that we should fear
The passing on of year on year?
Back in the ages past I see
A love begun to reach to me
From Him who gave His life and died
That I might into Glory ride—
There is no age since Time began
Love cannot span!

*December Twenty-first*

## STAR-LED

WHEN I recall the spirit-feast
Spread for those Wise Men of the East,
Star-led across the desert plain
To Him who taught that Loss was Gain,
In moments of my stress I gaze
Into the Heavens' starry ways,
And choose some star of Hope to lead
My soul to plenty out of need.

*December Twenty-second*



## MY GIFT

THE Christmas Gift I'm thinking of,
If you would make me rich,
Is just a garment knit of Love—
*And don't you drop a stitch!*

*December Twenty-third*

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

WHOSE heart doth hold the Christmas glow
Hath little need of Mistletoe;
Who bears a smiling grace of mien
Need waste no time on wreaths of green;
Whose lips have words of comfort spread
Needs not the holly-berries red—
His very presence scatters wide
The spirit of the Christmastide.

*December Twenty-fourth*

## SANTA CLAUS

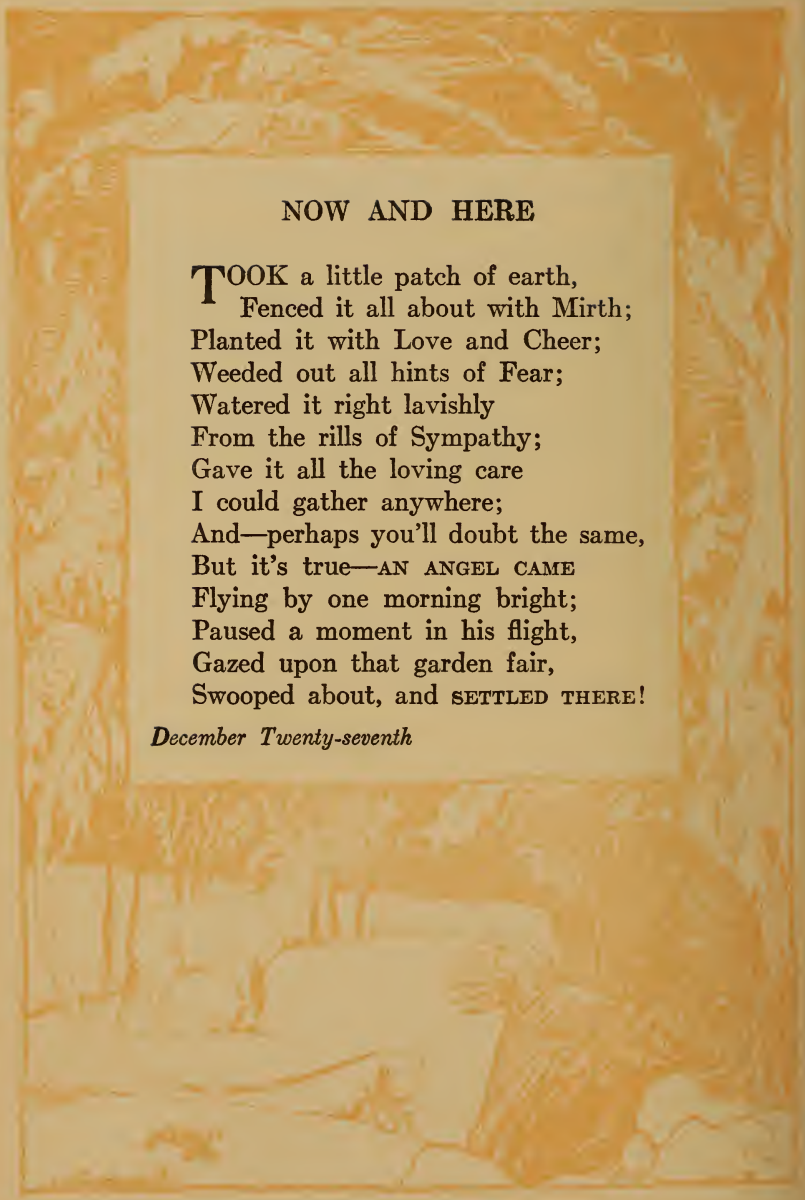
DO I believe in Santa Claus? Well, I
just guess I do!
He is no Ghost of filmy gauze, but spirit
stanch and true.
He's much too fine for any eye of mortal
man to sight,
And on this Christmas Morn speeds by
like any flash of light.
There's such a lot that must be done in
all parts of the land,
He cannot interrupt his run to shake you
by the hand;
But when by deeds of thoughtfulness you
find yourself inclined
To help another in distress he has you in
his mind.

*December Twenty-fifth*

## THE AFTERMATH

TO all he gave, from none received,
But was his spirit sore or grieved?
Not so! The glow of giving filled
His heart, and all his being thrilled
With so much joy, the aftermath
Next morning glorified his path
And gave him, as I heard him say,
*A double-barreled Christmas Day.*

*December Twenty-sixth*



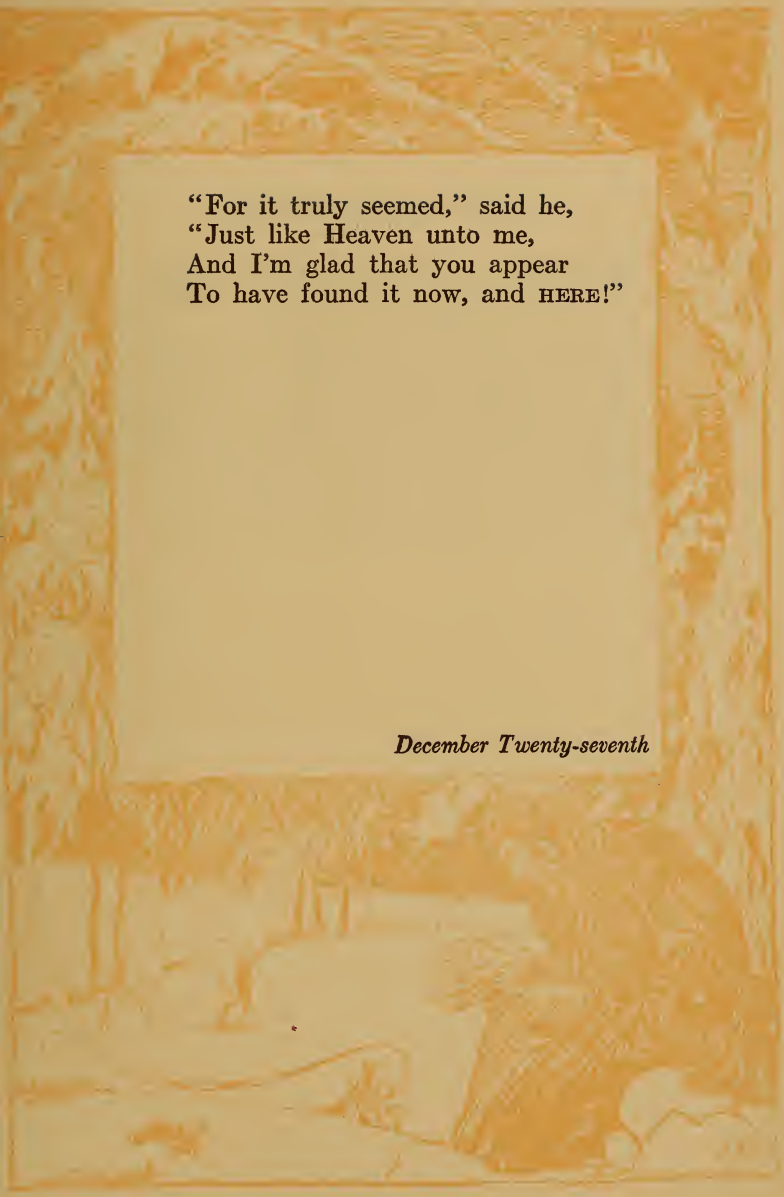
## NOW AND HERE

TOOK a little patch of earth,
Fenced it all about with Mirth;
Planted it with Love and Cheer;
Weeded out all hints of Fear;
Watered it right lavishly
From the rills of Sympathy;
Gave it all the loving care
I could gather anywhere;
And—perhaps you'll doubt the same,
But it's true—AN ANGEL CAME
Flying by one morning bright;
Paused a moment in his flight,
Gazed upon that garden fair,
Swooped about, and SETTLED THERE!

*December Twenty-seventh*

"For it truly seemed," said he,
"Just like Heaven unto me,
And I'm glad that you appear
To have found it now, and HERE!"

*December Twenty-seventh*



## PLEASANT THINKING

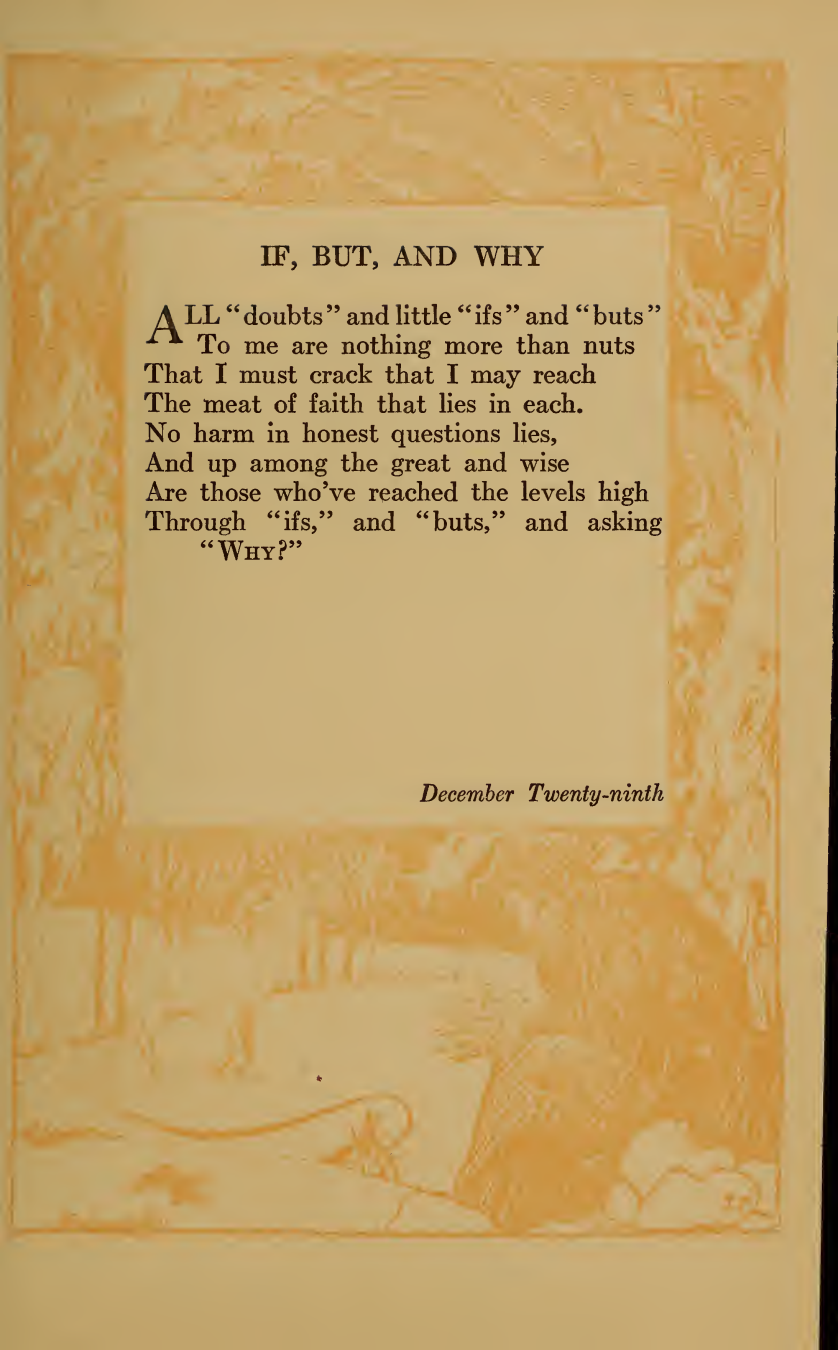
BY thinking pleasant thoughts to-day
I'll strew with flowers all my way,
And maybe scatter unto others
The seeds of joy to help my brothers;
And when the night has come along
Those thoughts will fill my dreams with song,
And maybe ease some passing sorrow
That may await me on the morrow
By giving me the smiling start
That comes from cheeriness of heart.

*December Twenty-eighth*

## IF, BUT, AND WHY

ALL "doubts" and little "ifs" and "buts"
To me are nothing more than nuts
That I must crack that I may reach
The meat of faith that lies in each.
No harm in honest questions lies,
And up among the great and wise
Are those who've reached the levels high
Through "ifs," and "buts," and asking
"WHY?"

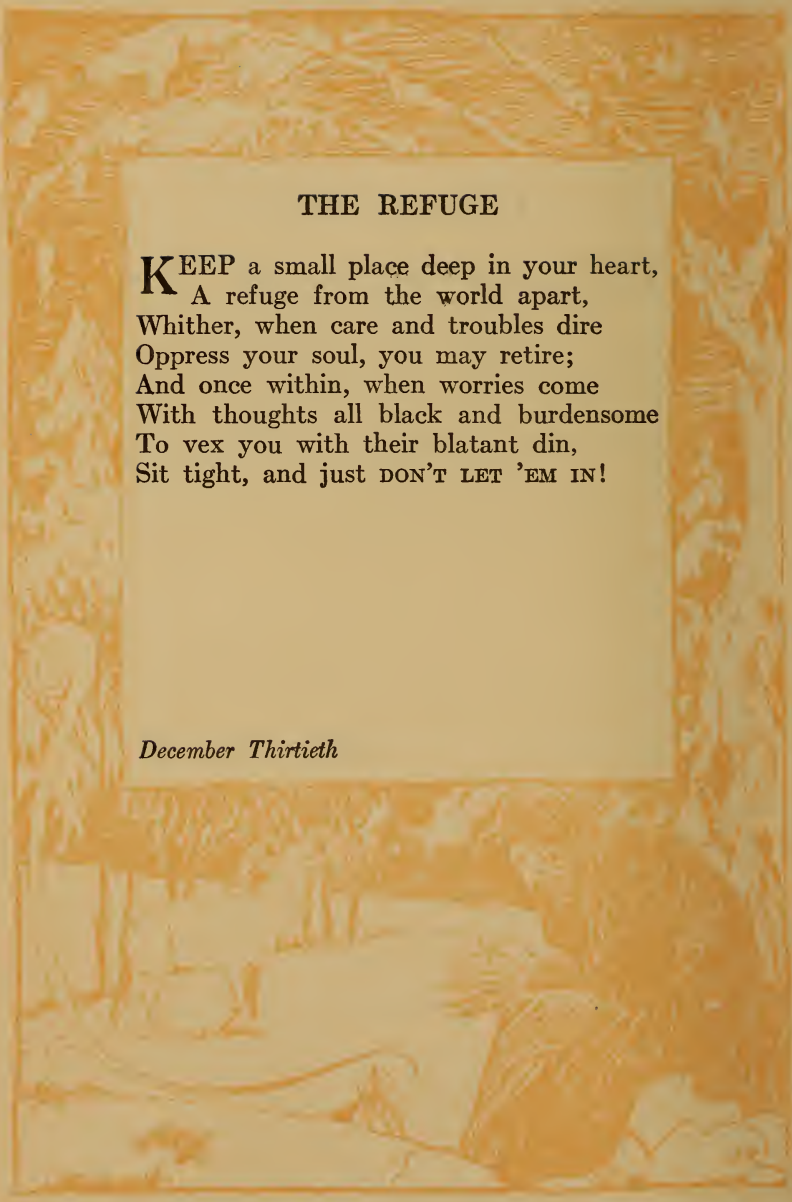
*December Twenty-ninth*



## THE REFUGE

KEEP a small place deep in your heart,
A refuge from the world apart,
Whither, when care and troubles dire
Oppress your soul, you may retire;
And once within, when worries come
With thoughts all black and burdensome
To vex you with their blatant din,
Sit tight, and just DON'T LET 'EM IN!

*December Thirtieth*



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## A PARTING GIFT

UPON this last day of the dying year
Fling on all sides thy gifts of Love and Cheer
In such abundant stores that all mankind
A portion of thy Goodly Will shall find,
And give thee in return some little part
Deep in his heart,
For he who in the human Heart doth dwell
Hath won a home no palaces excel,
And hath no need to fear the fateful thing
The dawning of the New-born Year shall bring.

*December Thirty-first*

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Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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